THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REGIMENT





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"LEVIATHAN" IN BREST HARBOR

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REGIMENT

A HISTORY OF THE
304TH FIELD ARTILLERY
IN THE WORLD WAR

BY

JAMES M. HOWARD

CAPTAIN, REGIMENTAL CHAPLAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY

MR. PERRY NEWBERRY
LIEUT. ROGER McE. SMITH
CPL. MICHAEL LEMMERMEYER
PRIVATES ARCHIE ANDERSON
FRED DALRYMPLE
REVARD GRAHAM
E. H. REIMS, JR.
W. H. TRUESDELL
CAPT. HARRY KEMPNER

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TO

THOSE MEN OF THE 304TH FIELD ARTILLERY

WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN BATTLE

FOR THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY AMONG THE PEOPLES OF THE EARTH

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

IN THE NAME OF THE REGIMENT IN WHOSE RANKS THEY SERVED

WITH PERFECT LOYALTY AND UTTER DEVOTION

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

1917

Officers commissioned	Aug. 15
Officers reported to Camp Upton	Sept. 2
Regiment organized	Sept. 5
Arrival of first increment of first draft (N. Y. C.)	Sept. 9
Arrival of second draft (N. Y. C.)	Oct. 10–12
Arrival of third draft ("Up State")	Dec. 10–12

1918

Col. Briggs took command of reg't.	April 1
Departure of Infantry of 77th Div.	April 12
Replacements arrived (Iowa and Minn.)	April 18
Dedication of the colors	April 18
Departure from Camp Upton	April 22
Sailed on *Leviathan* from Hoboken	April 24
Arrived at Brest	May 2
Trip to Bordeaux and Camp de Souge	May 7–10
Training at Camp de Souge	May 10–July 1
First day on range with guns	May 27
First road march	June 27
Parade in Bordeaux	July 4
Entrained at Bonneau for front	July 9–11
Arrived at Baccarat	July 12–14
First battery in position (Btry D)	July 12
First shot fired by reg't (Btry D)	July 14
Left Lorraine front	Aug. 1st
Entrained at Einvaux for Vesle front	Aug. 6
Detrained at La Ferté Gaucher	Aug. 7
Hike to Vesle front	Aug. 10–12
First battery in position (Btry B)	Aug. 13
First casualties (Btry B)	Aug. 19
Group of officers transf. for duty in U. S. A.	Aug. 23
Col. Briggs commissioned Brig. Gen.	Aug. 25
Lt.-Col. McCleave assigned	Sept. 2
Advance to St. Thibault, Vesle River	Sept. 4

Advance across Vesle to Vauxcéré Sept. 5
Gen. Briggs left regiment, Col. McCleave in command .. Sept. 10
77th Division relieved by Italians Sept. 14–15
March to the Argonne Sept. 15–24
Opening of Argonne drive Sept. 26
Fight through Argonne Forest Sept. 26–Oct. 16
77th Division relieved by 78th Oct. 16–17
Division in reserve, reg't at Four de Paris Oct. 17–25
Division in position for new drive, 304th guns near Fléville Oct. 26
Opening of Argonne-Meuse drive Nov. 1
1st Bn. demobilized at Verpel Nov. 3
2nd Bn. reached final positions at Meuse River Nov. 6
Armistice signed Nov. 11
77th Div. relieved by French Nov. 12
304th in billets at Sommauthe Nov. 12–23
2nd Bn. back in position at front Nov. 14–19
Col. Enos took command Nov. 20
304th at Briquenay Nov. 23–Dec. 2
Entrained at Autry for 9th Training Area Dec. 2
Arrived at Aubepierre and Lignerolles Dec. 3

1919

In billets in Aubepierre and Lignerolles until Feb. 8
Trip from Latrécy to LeMans Area Feb. 8–11
Billeted in Fercé, Pirmil and LaSuze Feb. 11–Apr. 17
Entrained at LaSuze for Brest April 17
Arrived Brest April 18
Embarked on U. S. S. *Agamemnon* April 20
Sailed from Brest harbor April 21
Arrived New York (Hoboken pier) April 29
Reached Camp Mills, L. I. April 29
Parade in New York May 6
Regiment disbanded May 10

FOREWORD

In the summer and fall of the year 1917 a group of men who had been called into the service of their country were put together, by the hazard of military life, to form a regiment known as the 304th Field Artillery. Two of them were officers from the Regular Army. Not a few had seen service on the Mexican Border with the National Guard. A great majority were essentially civilians who had become soldiers simply in answer to the call of duty in a time of national need. Most of them were from New York City. They came from every conceivable walk of life. Some entered the service as commissioned officers, and some as enlisted men.

During the winter and spring which followed, other men joined the group, some from New York State and a good many from Iowa, Minnesota and various parts of the country.

Together they trained as soldiers, first in Camp Upton, Long Island, and later in Camp de Souge, near Bordeaux, France. Together they served at the front, in the quiet Lorraine sector, on the Vesle and the Aisne Rivers, and finally in the great Argonne-Meuse offensive which ended the war. There developed among them a spirit of comradeship which surpassed anything they had known before. Whether or not they liked army life, these men learned to love their regiment.

This book is intended simply as a record of the experiences which they shared during their twenty months of service together. It does not purport to be in any way a history of the Great War. Its purpose is to preserve in concrete form for the men themselves and for their friends the story of their experiences.

Parts of the narrative, especially in the first two chapters, will doubtless be dry reading for an outsider. If the reader

will remember that the details of those early days are recorded for the benefit of the men who lived through them, and will pass on to the later chapters, he will find there the story of actual war as it was fought by a regiment of soldiers who were second to none in the American armies.

The author desires to express his profound admiration of the officers and men with whom it was his privilege to serve, and his appreciation of their fellowship, without which the story could never have been written. In the preparation of the book itself, the help of certain individuals has been invaluable:

Colonel Copely Enos, who commanded the regiment from November 20, 1918, until demobilization, not only gave the whole project his enthusiastic support, but read the manuscript with minute care and offered wise and constructive criticism.

Major Lewis Sanders was from the first a resourceful advisor in everything which had to do with the publication of the book, and furnished considerable information about the work of the First Battalion.

Major Alvin Devereux, of the Second Battalion, contributed written accounts of various episodes connected with the operations of his command from which the author has drawn freely without always using quotation marks or indicating the source.

Captain Harry Kempner was an unfailing source of information regarding the operations in which the regiment was engaged. He also made one of the illustrations.

Lieutenant Lawrence Thornton, of the Brigade Commander's Staff, wrote an account of the Plattsburg Training Camp and of the beginnings of Camp Upton without which the first chapter could hardly have been written, and as Brigade Historian he has offered helpful advice and criticism.

Lieutenant Roger McE. Smith gave a great deal of time to the work of illustrating, produced many of the best of the drawings, and supervised the final preparation of the cuts. His helpful labors and loyal coöperation after the regiment was disbanded and the artists scattered, deserve special thanks.

Sergeant William K. Vernon collected and arranged a vast amount of information and furnished many helpful suggestions.

Mr. Perry Newberry, the regimental Y. M. C. A. Secretary, took entire charge of the illustrating, laid out the work for the artists, lived and labored with them for weeks, and himself drew some of the pictures. His wide experience, both as an illustrator and as a writer, as well as his sincerity and enthusiasm in the work, made his criticisms invaluable. The whole layout of the book is the work of Mr. Newberry. His work for the regiment in the making of this memorial volume is surpassed only by the resourcefulness, the genuineness, and the unfailing good will of his life and work among the men, both at the front and during the trying period after the fighting was over. He was not an adjunct, but an integral part of the regiment, respected and beloved by officers and men as a tried and trusted friend.

Under him in the task of illustrating worked Corporal Michael Lemmermeyer, whose cartoons enliven the entire book; Private Dalrymple, whose brush work has given most of the full-page illustrations; Private Revard Graham, who has done the decorative chapter headings; and Privates Archie Anderson and E. H. Reims, Jr., whose pen drawings have helped to make the story interesting. Sergeant Stephen Ayres, as a member of the Art Department, did considerable work on the maps.

Two members of Battery E, Corporal Edwin C. Cass and Private George Petri, were kind enough to lend their diaries, which not only furnished numerous quotations, but suggested a great many things which the author has himself written. Several others, who would prefer that their names did not appear, have contributed bits from diaries and letters.

To all these friends the author extends his sincere thanks. Their coöperation has made the whole work a joy.

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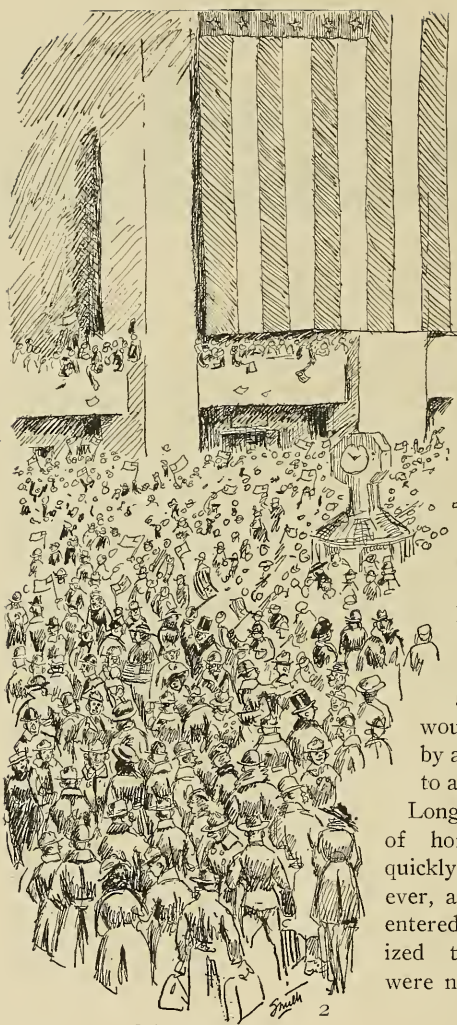


CHAPTER I

BEGINNINGS

For three long months before the 304th Field Artillery existed most of those who were to be its officers had been together. The United States had declared war on Germany on April 6, 1917, and on May 15th those New York men who had been accepted as candidates for commissions in the Officers' Reserve Corps were summoned to Plattsburg, New York, to undergo a period of intensive training. There for three months they lived bunk to bunk in the barracks and ate the same army food. For three months they toiled with mind and body to master the elements of things military. When, at the end of that time, they left the camp as commissioned officers, they took with them not only a somewhat confused mass of technical knowledge but also a spirit of comradeship which went far toward insuring the success of the regiment in which they were to serve.

At the beginning of the course every one started as an infantryman. With rifle, bayonet and pack he drilled and hiked like any doughboy. After a month of this the men who had chosen to serve in the artillery were reassembled and assigned to provisional batteries for special instruction, and it was with supreme satisfaction that they laid aside their packs and congratulated themselves on the prospect of future hikes on horse-



Off for Plattsburg

back. Let the doughboys laboriously plod their way on foot—the artillery would ride. Some three-inch guns had arrived in camp, and they looked to be man's size weapons. What a splendid showing they would make, rumbling by at a trot, six horses to a gun!

Long-cherished visions of horseback riding quickly vanished, however, as the artillerymen entered on their specialized training. There were no horses in camp.

Hikes on foot were as frequent as before, only instead of packs and rifles the men now carried instruments. Classes were held from seven in the morning to quarter of twelve, and in the afternoon from one-thirty to half-past four. There was a two-hour study period every evening. The path was not strewn with roses; leisure hours were rare. Barracks and company streets had to be policed (i. e., cleaned) before class in the morning, and the strict insistence on personal neatness made it necessary to fill in the precious moments between four-thirty and retreat with shaving and the polishing of personal equipment. The life was all work, with mighty little play.

When the First Provisional Battery was assembled, Captain Ned B. Rehkopf, a field artilleryman of the Regular Army, introduced himself as its commanding officer and senior instructor. With his hat tilted down over his eyes he looked slowly along the line of faces before him, said a few words and dismissed the battery. The men's first impression of him was one of calm, impersonal leadership, and as the weeks wore on the impression deepened and left a lasting influence.

Second in command was Lieutenant Barnes, also of the Regular Army. Like the Captain he had a faculty of smoothing over difficult places, of which there were not a few. Major Lewis Sanders, although on cadet status, assisted in the instruction, and with terrible energy he spurred his charges on



Led Them on Strenuous Hikes

through the intricacies of firing data and reconnoissance, and led them on strenuous hikes, which even the long marches in France never effaced from their memory.

The men lived in a state of uncertainty. Each day brought new and difficult things to learn, as well as fresh rumors. The latter always had to do with the prospects of being or not being commissioned. Joy rose and fell according as the rumors were propitious or unpropitious, and each candidate measured his chances by the successes or failures of each day's work. At the most unexpected moments the instructors would call a man forth from the obscurity and oblivion of the ranks and thrust upon him a position of command where his shortcomings were painfully conspicuous. He might do well, or he might do ill, but in either case he was apt to feel that he had lost his chance of winning a commission.

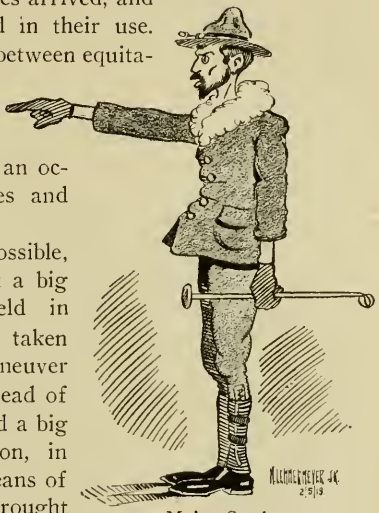


From One Farmer's Roof to Another

In the morning tactical walks under Major Sanders became the usual thing. The camp edged the shore of Lake Champlain, and back from it the roads led into the sandy, pine-tree country, and the region of the Chateaugay branch railroad and the Salmon River. Commanding this country from the north

was a hill on which stood the Hotel Champlain and its water tower. Hither the men hiked along the Peru Road and fought strategic battles with imaginary guns against an imaginary enemy, and always the water tower figured as an important element. Observers were shot from it daily. There was not a copse or knoll for miles around but sheltered artillery, friendly or otherwise.

After a time some horses arrived, and three batteries alternated in their use. Just enough days elapsed between equitation lessons to heal the soreness of the previous riding, but at least there was some satisfaction in an occasional drill with horses and guns.



Major Sanders

Actual firing was not possible, but every one hoped that a big maneuver might be held in which batteries would be taken into position. The maneuver never took place, but instead of it the instructors arranged a big problem in communication, in which all the different means of signaling were to be brought into play.

When the day arrived, the legions started forth at dawn, equipped with blinker lights, signal flags, field telephones, rockets, and horses for messengers. Observers were stationed in the tower to flash the progress of events, while groups of runners relayed messages. From one farmer's roof to another instructions were wig-wagged, and rockets and bombs went up all along the line. At the close of the day it was de-

cided that if communication had won the fight the enemy had certainly been surrounded and taken.

The Plattsburg course ended with a grand review of all the troops in camp. One battery of artillery, patched together for the occasion, passed proudly in review with guidons flying and guns and caissons bowling along behind the horses,—a stirring spectacle for the men who had toiled through the terrible heat of the summer to become artillery officers.

On August 15th the commissions were announced. Captain Rehkopf assembled the successful candidates and made a characteristically short speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you enter the service to become representatives of the American Army. It has been very difficult to choose among you. I trust I may be able later to say that I have chosen wisely."

Where all had been comrades of equal standing, each successful candidate was now to take on rank commensurate with his age and, it was to be hoped, with his ability; but a fellowship had grown up in those three months which rank could not efface. It was a group of friends who separated on August 15th for a brief vacation, with orders to report at the end of the month at Camp Upton, Long Island, there to take up their duties as officers of the 304th Field Artillery.

Camp Upton, on September 1st, was a howling wilderness of stumps, lumber piles, civilian workmen, ditches and half-finished buildings. The stumps were all that was left of a forest of scrub oak and pine which had been cleared away to provide an area for the camp. The lumber was strewn in wild confusion all over the place. The civilian workmen swarmed like so many ants, and often with as little apparent aim. The ditches marked the first stage of what was to be an elaborate system of water supply and drainage, while from day to day newly completed buildings showed the progress of the great wooden city which was to house forty thousand men.

In this wilderness our newly commissioned officers found themselves when, after alighting from the train, they walked the long dusty road to camp and sought out the headquarters of the Commanding General. There the Adjutant assigned them to their regiment, and told them to report to the headquarters of the 304th Field Artillery. The vague address given was "J-1," and it was difficult at first to determine just which part of the camp the constructing engineers had labeled "J"; but as soon as the section was located the building was not hard to find, for it was one of the few finished barracks in the area, situated between what afterward became 2nd and 3rd Avenues above 11th Street. Here, amid a confusion of desks and papers pertaining to other regiments, Captain Leonard Sullivan, the regimental Adjutant, was already busy with that bane of all army officers, "paper work."

There was not much about the camp at that time to suggest military life. Steam stump pullers were tearing roots out of the ground to make way for new buildings. Great noisy machines were plowing up new ditches and adding to the pitfalls which made walking dangerous after dark. Carpenters were hammering, and plumbers were littering the floors with pipe, bolts, solder and tin. The only warlike touch was a battalion of the 15th New York Infantry (colored), who were acting as guards until the camp should boast a military police force of its own. These happy-go-lucky blacks furnished as much amusement as protection. They presented arms with superb dignity whenever an officer passed by, and when off duty they laughed and chased each other about among their tents, or beat out marvelous rag-time on the piano in the Y. M. C. A tent.

Major Sanders was at first in charge of the 304th. On paper one Colonel Westervelt was in command, but he was in France at the time and the regiment never saw him. The real commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Kelly, had not yet reported, so it was Major Sanders who marshaled

the officers and gave them their instructions. No soldiers would be on hand for some days, and the officers must practice on each other. Each battery commander took his lieutenants out and every officer had his turn at giving commands to the others. The Major took them all on a personally conducted tour of the camp and pointed out where in the great U-shaped city the various parts of the division would eventually be. As the officers stumbled along over the stumps and leaped the ditches they wondered where, in all this animated desert, there would be any room to drill.

In a few days Colonel Kelly arrived to take command. As a captain of infantry in the Regular Army he had been an instructor in the civilian training camps at Plattsburg in 1916, and had earned a good name as a leader of tact and force. This reputation did not belie him, for in a very short time the officers of the 304th had learned to rely on his judgment and had been won to a strong personal attachment to their commanding officer. The only other regular army officer in the regiment was Major Leonard C. Sparks, who arrived about the same time. He was a field artilleryman and an exceptionally capable one, as well as a man of rare personal charm.

Presently there arrived a group of non-commissioned officers who had been sent from the Regular Army to help in getting the new National Army into shape. Some of these men were fine soldiers of the stamp of Sergeants Cronin and French, who were made first sergeants of B and D Batteries respectively and served in that capacity until the regiment was disbanded. Others of them, however, came with an utterly wrong notion of the National Army and had an idea they could do about what they liked with the reserve officers. They were mistaken. A strenuous sifting process was instituted which soon got rid of the undesirables. Those that remained were worth keeping, and they served right through with faithfulness and often with distinction.

Meantime, on September 10th, arrived the great day to which thousands of people had been looking forward, some with eagerness and some with dread, the calling out of the first draft. Even since they had registered on June 5th and had been declared physically fit for military service, these men had been watching for the day when there should come a pink card through the mail telling them to report for duty. Now the day had come. Great masses of friends and well-wishers turned out to see them off, and the first instalment of the new National Army from New York City boarded the Long Island train for Camp Upton.

As the first trainload pulled out of the station men hung from the car windows and crowded the platforms, shouting and singing and hailing every one in uniform who came near. Officers had boarded the train some distance from the camp, so that the leaders appointed by the local draft boards had been relieved from their none too easy job of trying in some measure to control the enthusiastic or defiant curiosity of the recruits.

The occupants of the cars needed no command from the officers in charge to swarm out, pushing and yelling, and fall into something which vaguely resembled a line. There was no lack of comments and suggestions from the ranks as the officers struggled to straighten out the formation so that they could tell who was present and who was missing. Finally the roll-call was finished and at the command "Right face—forward march!" the men picked up their grips and bundles and started to march with ragged and uneven strides toward camp.

These first recruits had been largely picked by the local boards as being likely men to form the nucleus of the regiments and perhaps to become non-commissioned officers, and in most cases the selection had been fairly good. Nevertheless it is doubtful whether there had ever been a stranger assemblage for the making of an army. They came from every nook and

corner of Greater New York and from every stratum of society and every walk of life. Fifth Avenue and the lower East Side, men who had lived on inherited incomes and men who toiled as day laborers, university graduates and illiterates, those whose ancestors had fought under Washington and those whose parents were still living in Italy and Russia walked side by side in a column of twos through the dust and confusion of the camp.

At last the strange procession halted before a new barrack which had been prepared for their reception. In groups of eight they were told off and summoned inside, where each man was led up stairs and assigned to a bunk. On every cot lay a mess kit, two or three blankets and a bed sack, which, when filled with straw, would serve as a mattress. Odors of a steaming hot lunch were coming up from the kitchen, and by the time the last man had been given his bunk, mess was ready and every one fell to with a will. The first army chow these rookies got was a real one. Chefs from New York hotels had been employed to prepare the meals until cooks could be selected and trained from among the soldiers, and although the service might have been more dainty the food was good and there was plenty of it.



The First Army Chow

After mess began the weary process of being mustered into the army. The men were lined up alphabetically, and as each one's name was called he entered the mess hall and took his place at table.

Opposite him sat an officer with a pile of large cards on which were innumerable questions to be answered by the recruit: name, age, place of birth, nationality of parents, previous occupation, salary, schooling, previous military experience, and all information which might be of assistance in determining a man's fitness for the different branches of the service, and later, for the various special duties connected with army life. All this had to be extracted by questions and entered on the qualification cards and finally signed by the candidate and by the officer.



Oh, the Needle! the Needle! The Pro-phy-lac-tic Needle!

As the men completed this inquisition they were marshaled outside and marched to the building where the medical examiners held forth. Here through the various departments the recruits were shoved like meat through a sausage mill, and some who were palpably unfit were eliminated and given a slip entitling them to a discharge from present military service. The rest were hustled along to the unfeeling doctors who administered the prophylactic needle.

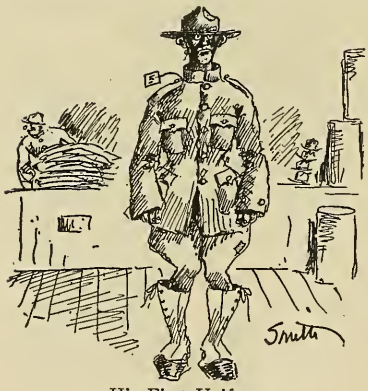
The needle deserves special mention, for it loomed large in the imagination of the rookie. To the first lot sent it came as a surprise—before the man knew what was happening the needle had been thrust into his arm and the damage was done.

But those who came later were greeted all the way from the station with jeering cries of "Wait till you get the needle!" "You want to look out for that needle—three men died from it yesterday!" For weeks afterward any reference to inoculations in songs or skits at the battery entertainments was sure to bring a laugh.

After the physical examination there was another line-up and the men were marched off to the mustering office. Here more questions were asked and answered, and finally each man signed his name to a document which made him at last a soldier in the United States Army.

The next formality, and one which must be completed at all costs before bed time, was a bath. Into cold showers the men were hustled for a good clean-up. Any man who emerged from the bath house with a dry head, indicating that his ablutions had not been thorough, was compelled to go back again and make a good job of it.

Bed felt good that night to a tired lot of men. There was some noise and hilarity in the barracks, but after a while the place quieted down, and in the dark strangeness of the dormitory each man was left to his own turbulent thoughts.



His First Uniform

During the next few days new increments of recruits kept arriving, and presently they were assigned to the various regiments. About a hundred came in the first lot to the 304th and were put in charge of Captain Ewell and the offi-



"Wait Till You Get the Needle!"

cers of A Battery. Nominally they were assigned to the different organizations in the regiment, but while their officers were busy equipping them and straightening out their records, for the sake of convenience the men were all kept together in a single barrack down in the P section until enough were assigned to make it worth while to move them and separate them according to batteries.

Meanwhile our regimental headquarters had shifted from J-1 and was now located in J-45 on 3rd Avenue. There, in a large room on the ground floor, a space was fenced off for the office of the Commanding Officer, the Adjutant and their clerks. In another corner the Surgeon, Lieutenant (afterwards Major) Horton, had his infirmary, and those men who had physical ailments filed in at sick call in the morning and crowded the room. Diagonally opposite were the offices of the Headquarters and Supply Companies and the desk of the regimental Exchange Officer. Over by a window was stored a pile of brooms, picks and shovels—the only weapons as yet available—and hard by the infirmary was the post office where huge piles of wrongly addressed mail were fast accumulating. In the center of the room, in the midst of all the hubbub and confusion, the Headquarters Company tailor maintained a pressing establishment.

Up stairs lived the enlisted men of the Headquarters and

Supply Companies, while in the building on either side the orderly rooms and sleeping quarters of the six batteries were established. The 305th and 306th regiments, as well as some hundreds of civilian workmen, were all about us and in our midst. For several weeks we stumbled over each other in our attempts to keep out of the ditches and holes, and made ineffectual efforts to create an atmosphere of order and efficiency in our section of the camp, while the infantry, over in the older P-section, with finished buildings and level ground, began to get their drill fields in order.



When New Recruits Arrived



CHAPTER II

LIFE AT CAMP UPTON

Colonel Kelly departed for a three months' course at Fort Sill on September 27th, and Major Sparks assumed command of the regiment. It was under his direction that the work really began. A new lot of recruits arrived early in October, and they were all presently doing squads right and squads left in whatever place could be found among the piles of lumber. Much more than this it was not possible to give them for there was no material at hand with which to work. On paper, we were armed with three-inch guns and equipped with a full complement of horses; but in reality there was just one old gun—a cast-off from some National Guard regiment—and no horses.



They Used to Make Hideous Noises

One thing we did have, long before any other regiment had thought

of such a thing, and that was a band. Colonel Kelly had been keen on this from the very start. As soon as he found that we had been assigned an ex-army bandsman, Andrew Dolphini, he set him to work rounding up musicians, and within two weeks after the first draft men arrived, there was a band of about ten pieces, including a bass drum which proudly bore the legend "304th F. A. Band." They used to make hideous noises as they practiced in the barracks, for some of the candidates with whom Dolphini had to labor were musicians made, not born; but when they came outside and gave little concerts, and when, "The Star Spangled Banner" mastered, they began to play for retreat, crowds used to gather to listen, and they would say one to another, "What manner of regiment is this, which already boasts a band?"


General View


The Officers House

Camp Upton-Yaphank, L.I.


Typical Street

When new recruits arrived, our band would be ordered to meet them at the station and serenade them with martial music as their train pulled in. It put new courage into many a frightened rookie to fall in line and march behind a band. On Sunday afternoons, when the camp was overrun with fond relatives from New York, "J-45" was always a center of attraction, with the musicians ranged in front of the stoop, and a mixed crowd of soldiers and civilians gathered about to enjoy the music. On more than one occasion, when there were distinguished guests at divisional headquarters, General Bell sent for the 304th F. A. Band to entertain them. Once, when the Canadian government wanted some American troops in a

vast parade to boost bond sales and recruiting, the infantry which was to represent the National Army marched to the music of Mr. Dolphini and his band.

One day in October an order came through for a sweeping transfer of some five hundred men from Camp Upton to Camp Gordon, at Atlanta, Georgia. Our regiment contributed its quota, perhaps fifteen from each battery, and one of our officers, Lieutenant Amy, of Battery A, was put in charge of the movement. A motley array of rookies assembled in front of the barracks and, with their blue bags over their shoulders, marched off to the railroad station. This was the first experience of the kind we had, and no one was much disturbed by it, but as time went on such transfers became very frequent and withal very annoying. The authorities did not again frame their orders so that organization commanders could send whom they would. They would call for so many mechanics, so many saddlers, so many gas engine men to be sent to a certain place, never stopping to inquire whether the regiment furnishing the men could afford to send them. It became very discourag-



On Sunday Afternoons

ing to those who were in charge of the instruction; for as soon as a few men were beginning to show promise in any given line of work, half of them would be transferred. There never was a time through all those months when we were sure of our personnel.

Among the men, transfers came to be a standing joke. Sometimes at an entertainment in the Y. M. C. A., an announcement would be made from the platform that "the following men will report at once to their orderly rooms." Always there was a shout of laughter, and cries went up of "Blue bag!" "Good-by, Billy!" "See you in France!" Many a man went A. W. O. L. (absent without leave) because he was transferred to some distant point without a chance to say good-by to his family in New York.

While the battery commanders were searching through their files of qualification cards to find men who had had experience with horses, so that the animals when they arrived might be put in good hands, a new transformation took place.

The 304th was changed from a regiment of horse-drawn three-inch guns to one of "four-point-sevens" (i. e., 4.7-inch caliber), to be drawn by tractors. This threw consternation into many of the officers, for a large number of them had served in the cavalry on the Mexican border, and they had elected to serve with the artillery in this cavalryless army because they wanted to be with horses. And now we were to have tractors! Boots and spurs became an anomaly, and many caustic remarks were passed to the effect that the natty little riding crops which the officers had had made should be exchanged for monkey wrenches. Moreover, the change to a heavier gun meant a complete reorganization of the regiment. Instead of two battalions we were to have three, of two batteries each. Stable sergeants must give place to motor experts, the size of the gun crews must be increased, classes for instruction in gas engines must be instituted, and a selected

number of officers and men must be sent away to the motor and tractor school at Peoria, Illinois.



Learning Obedience

Instead of one gun for drilling the cannoneers, we now had none. Neither were there any of the fire control instruments so necessary in adjusting the range and deflection of a gun, nor any battery commanders' telescopes or field telephones for training the special details of men who were to work with the battery commanders in the field. An automobile engine was set up in an empty room for the motorists to study, and a number of dummy instruments, designed by Captain Kempner, were constructed to give a touch of reality to some of the special work, but in all the training the imagination played a large part. Everything had to be simulated. It was like little boys playing they were soldiers. Not until February, when we were almost ready to start over seas, did two four-point-sevens arrive and a few of the instruments necessary to artillery work.

What were the men learning, then? Many things. They learned obedience, that first great requisite of a soldier. For some the lesson came pretty hard. These were boys who were accustomed to having their own way and suiting their own convenience, like the good New Yorkers they were. For a man to be obliged to do certain things whether he liked it or not, just because some one told him to, was absolutely new to many a member of our own and of every other regiment. Battery

punishments and summary courts-martial were frequent. A few offenses occurred which called for more serious treatment, but happily not many. Considering the way in which the draft, like a great fish net, scooped down and brought up every conceivable species of men from Greater New York—deacons and gunmen, bankers and prize fighters, lawyers and crooks—it is remarkable how free our regiment has always been from vicious and unruly men.

Besides obedience, the soldiers were learning cleanliness. That, too, was for some a hard lesson. Men who had been in the habit of never changing their clothes from one end of winter to the other found themselves compelled, by good husky sergeants, to bathe regularly and change their clothes frequently, and to keep themselves clean-shaven and neat in appearance.

A far more difficult lesson was team work. The New



Compelled to Bathe Regularly

Yorker likes company, but ordinarily he lives unto himself and works for his own interest. The idea of throwing his energies in with those of other men whom he knows little and cares less about, and getting behind a job which will not particularly benefit him personally, is about the hardest thing in the world to teach him. That was the battery commanders' biggest problem from the very start. The lack of team work showed itself in everything from digging stumps to learning regimental songs, from scrubbing floors to putting out the infirmary fire.



Major Devereux

This fire was one of the great events of our life at Camp Upton. It was just about noon, and the officers were all sitting in their mess hall, when suddenly a messenger ran in breathless and spoke a hasty word to Major Sanders, the Fire Marshal.

"Everybody out," cried the Major, as he dashed for the door.

No one knew just what was up until we got outside and saw the smoke pouring out from every window in the infirmary. There were no patients there, of course: the infirmary is simply the surgeons' office and the sleeping quarters of the Medical Detachment. So there was no danger, but there was excitement a-plenty. Battery D, the regimental Fire Company, got a bucket line established, and succeeded in splashing considerable water on the ground and on the side of the building away

from the fire. They also brought out a couple of reels of hose with which they squirted water all over each other and all over the rapidly assembling crowds, and particularly all over Major Sanders, who, with his drenched sheepskin coat, came out of the door looking like a drowned rat. But, after carrying the mattresses carefully down stairs and throwing the medicine bottles out of the windows, they got the fire out, and within a few days the building was restored to its normal beauty.

December brought us our first quota of men from outside New York City. They came from "Up State," mostly from the neighborhoods of Olean and Buffalo. When they first arrived, these "Hicks" furnished considerable amusement to the city boys. Undoubtedly they were a different breed; and yet



Putting Out the Infirmary Fire

they added a certain element of wholesomeness that soon won for them a real place in the hearts of the whole regiment. Many of them were accustomed to out-door life, and they infused a healthy attitude toward cold winds and snowstorms which put to shame some of the city boys who had been brought up to dread any kind of exposure. Once the regiment got to the front, all the men alike braved the discomforts and endured the hardships, but it must be confessed that during the winter at Camp Upton there was some who resorted to attendance on "sick call," with a hope of being marked "quarters," whenever the weather was particularly bad—which, be it said, was most of the time.

One reason for this softness was undoubtedly the nearness of home, and the constant recurrence of week-end passes to the city. Many of the men lived from day to day with just one thought in their minds: "Will I get a pass this week?" The first sergeants, one of whose multifarious duties was arranging the rosters for these passes, were driven to distraction by the piteous appeals for special privileges in going to New York. No office boy ever found so many sick fathers and dying grandmothers as were produced by some of the soldiers. They supported their claims by urgent telegrams from home, of which an enormous quantity arrived regularly on Friday evening. On Saturday mornings the orderly rooms were besieged by men who had been disappointed when the passes were given out, each armed with a tale of dire necessity which demanded his immediate presence at a wedding or a funeral or a baptism, or at the settling of an estate. The result was that, not only were the men's minds constantly lured aside from their military duties, but their physiques, which should have been toughening under the rigors of camp life, were all too frequently subjected to a let-down by a week-end in the city, and their health further endangered by the long, cold journey back to Camp Upton.



Pushed and Jammed to Suffocation

Those Long Island trains! The railroad, a single-track, one-horse affair, was hard put to it to maintain the usual daily traffic of freight and passenger trains to and from the camp, and when the week-end rush set in the system was simply swamped. The trains going to New York were bad enough on Saturday morning; but when it came to the return trip on Sunday evening they were impossible. From the Pennsylvania station to Jamaica it was all right: electric trains brought the troops through the tunnel in good time. But after the men had crowded onto the platform of the Jamaica station to change for a Camp Upton train, they would be compelled to wait for hours, sometimes, before any provision was made to take them the remainder of the journey. There were no adequate waiting rooms, and the platforms were elevated above the street, so that the wind swept across as if it would like to blow

everybody away. And finally, when a train pulled up and the waiting soldiers pushed in and jammed it to overflowing, they would often find themselves in steel cars with concrete floors, lighted only by an occasional flickering kerosene lantern, and absolutely without heating arrangements. In these death-traps the journey would continue. Sometimes the engines took the trains, rocking and plunging at a terrific speed, clear through to Camp Upton; but more often they got tired about half-way and stopped, panting and coughing.

"What's the matter now?" some one would ask a train-man.

"Can't get up enough steam," would be the reply. "Engineer says the coal is no good."

Or perhaps the locomotive would be broken down. "We've got to wait here until another engine can be brought up." And then the soldiers would have the pleasure of sitting on a siding and seeing their comrades, who had been assigned to later trains, glide past from behind, jeering as they went.

It was a bitter cold winter, and sickness, encouraged by such conditions as these, became frequent. There was a great deal of ice and snow, which rendered out-door drilling impossible. Then the officers would have to invent new devices for keeping the men busy. Lectures on all sorts of abstruse subjects connected with artillery, in-door calisthenics, and even boxing and games were resorted to. It was difficult work, without any kind of apparatus, to keep the men interested. No wonder they wanted to go home!

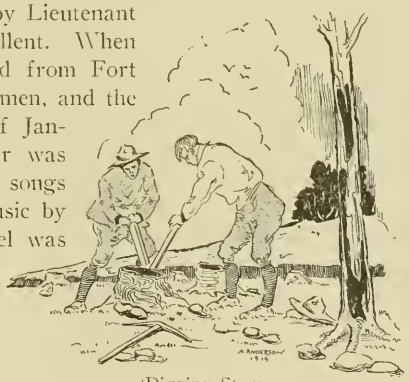
One valuable thing was accomplished during that winter, and that was the teaching of English to men of foreign birth. There were thousands of foreigners in Camp Upton, many of whom could speak little or no English when they arrived. The 304th and, indeed, all the artillery regiments, had perhaps fewer than some of the other organizations, but there were enough to make it worth while to establish schools. For those

men whose commanding officers decided that their ignorance of the language interfered with the proper performance of their military duties, the classes were made compulsory. That was Major Sparks's ruling, and it set a standard for the whole camp. There were experienced school teachers in the regiment, notably Private (afterwards Corporal) Eugene Brown, of Battery E, who became under the Chaplain's direction supervisor of the educational work, and Corporal (afterwards sergeant) Hunt, of Battery A. These men and others, of perhaps less experience but of equal desire to help, took hold of the classes and accomplished remarkable results in overcoming the difficulties, and especially the diffidence, of shy but eager Italians, Greeks, and Russian Jews.

In this educational work, the coöperation of the Y. M. C. A. was of infinite help. That organization held a place in the life of Camp Upton the importance of which it would be hard to overestimate. In their various huts and in their big auditorium they had something worth while going on every night, be it a concert, a boxing bout, a lecture, a vaudeville performance, a movie show, or a religious service. Our own regiment was extremely fortunate in having the closest kind of association with the directors of the work, for not only did two of the secretaries from the building in our immediate neighborhood eat at our officers' mess, but all the personnel of the headquarters office as well. A splendid lot of men they were. Mr. Hainer (afterwards Chaplain Hainer of the 502nd Engineers), director of the Artillery Hut, and Mr. Hedrick, his associate, were, to all intents and purposes, members of the regiment, and their building was in constant use by our men. There they wrote their letters; there they met their friends; there they entertained their visitors on Sundays; there they enjoyed themselves of an evening when there was nothing going on in their own barracks; and there they went to church. Always there was a Protestant service conducted by the artillery chap-

lains on Sunday morning, and a general gathering of men of all faiths in the evening; and, until the Knights of Columbus had their huts finished, the Catholic chaplains used the "Y" huts for their masses. The Y. M. C. A. at Camp Upton was a remarkably fine institution, without which the life of the soldiers when off duty would have been barren indeed. It is only right to add that this was due largely to the fine leadership of the Camp General Secretary, Mr. William F. Hirsch, of Brooklyn.

It cannot be too often emphasized that one of this regiment's greatest assets has always been the get-together spirit of its officers. Many of them had worked together at Plattsburg, but their real fellowship did not begin until they came to Camp Upton. The first group, quartered in the old "J-21," made a good start, and as other officers joined them, first in the "J Section" and later in the snug little officers' barracks which were finally occupied on Fourth Avenue, the spirit continued to grow. Most important of all was the Officers' Mess. This was a regimental affair. All the officers sat down in the same dining-hall for every meal. The place was agreeably decorated by some of the men, and the mess itself, managed by Lieutenant MacDougall, was excellent. When Colonel Kelly returned from Fort Sill, about the first of January, a formal dinner was held in his honor, with songs by the officers and music by the band. The colonel was delighted, and he promptly suggested that we organize the mess and make a club of it. This was done,



Digging Stumps



Glee Club Composed of Captain Doyle, Captain Lyman, Lieutenant Smith and the Chaplain

and from then on it became more and more of an institution that made for good fellowship and coöperation.

Singing always played an important rôle in the life of the officers. A glee club, composed usually of Captain Doyle (ever a leader in such matters), Captain Garrett, Captain Lyman, Lieutenant Roger Smith and the Chaplain, was in frequent demand. Urged on by their success, some of the others formed what they called the Anti-Glee Club, which soon became famous for the originality of its songs. After the war was over, these two organizations, each bereft of some of its best singers, merged into one chorus, in which everybody joined, but at Camp Upton the Anti-Glee Club, jealous of the fact that it boasted no singers who could carry any part but the air, never allowed any member of the Glee Club to participate in its functions. But aside from these two groups there was a great deal of general singing in which all the officers joined. Colonel Kelly's chiefest joy used to be to invite some distinguished guest to dinner, and then, when the repast was over, to call for song.

The men, too, did considerable singing, although it was difficult for some of them to get to see the fun in mass singing. Nevertheless, music featured largely in all their entertainments, of which there were a great many. Each battery at some time put on a show in its own mess-hall. Usually outside talent was called in to round out the program, for there were a good many professional comedians and singers in the camp, and the amateurs were a little backward about volunteering. Battery E, indeed, for some time had "battery night" every week just for its own men, but not until we got to Camp de Souge, where there were few outsiders to depend on, did we begin to realize how much talent we had in the regiment.

Encouraged by the success of these purely local shows, our men undertook to get up a regimental show on a bigger scale. The two other artillery regiments were invited to join us at the big "Y" auditorium, each of our batteries having as its guests the men from the corresponding batteries in the 305th and 306th. The division commander, General Johnson, as well as all the brigade commanders in the camp, were the guests of Colonel Kelly. Several ladies, professional stage people whom Mrs. Rachael Frohman Davison had offered to bring out to entertain the regiment, came with Mrs. Davison to dinner, and the whole affair was worked up with considerable care.

After a short musical program by the band, and by a regimental glee club of twenty voices which had been trained by the Chaplain, Mrs. Davison's friends entertained with dances and songs and recitations. The *pièce de résistance,* however, was a one-act farce entitled "The Lure of Pills, or the Camouflage of the Sick Call." From the moment the curtain went up, disclosing the Medical Detachment clerk asleep in the infirmary office, until the final chorus, in which the entire cast sang "The Sick Call never will sound again," the audience was convulsed. The hit of the evening was McManus, of Battery B, who had already become famous throughout the camp as

a comedian. But what really made the thing a success was the less showy but very steady and faithful work of Sergeant Carlson, of Battery F, and Sergeant Pons and Private (afterward Sergeant) Grandin, of Battery D, whose parts formed the backbone of the play.

After the show the officers and their guests returned to the mess-hall for a dance, and the men entertained their fellow-artillerymen with suppers in their own barracks. The whole evening was a fitting climax to the season's entertainments.

More important in its permanent results was the grand review of the 152nd Artillery Brigade, held in March in the old 69th Regiment Armory, New York. As a military spectacle it was not very imposing, perhaps, for there was barely room for one regiment in the armory at a time. It was necessary for each in turn to enter by the narrow door, get its formation and alignment as perfect as possible in a march half-way round the hall, and then pass in review before the brigade commander, General Rees, and make its exit before the next regiment could enter. We had at the time a great many new recruits, and the marching was a bit ragged. But the affair gave the men a new feeling, for they were showing off their own brigade to their specially invited guests.

After the review the friends of the regiments got together and formed the three Regimental Associations, which were to mean so much to the men all through their service in France. By their gifts to the soldiers, by serving as a medium of communication between the men and their families during the long months of separation, by their monthly mass meetings, where relatives and friends of men at the front had an opportunity to learn what their boys were doing as well as to get to know each other, the 304th F. A. Association was to fill a place of inestimable importance in the life of the regiment. This organization had its beginning the night of the review.

The business meeting over, most of the men stayed to dance

with their friends to the music of the three regimental bands, and no one returned to camp until the following day.

Our stay in Camp Upton was now drawing to a close. Evidences of this were becoming apparent. Full equipment was being issued to the troops, and what seemed like a final sifting process of the physically and otherwise unfit was being undertaken. Rumors of present departure for France were creating an atmosphere of suppressed excitement. When Governor Whitman came to visit the camp and a review of the entire division was held in his honor, it seemed as though the time must be coming when we should have to say good-by to our friends and start on the great adventure over seas.

When preparations for departure were at their height, on April first, a new officer came to take command of the regiment. Colonel Raymond W. Briggs, a regular army artillery officer, who as a major had gone to France with General Pershing the previous summer, and had spent seven months there on staff duty, came from Camp Meade, with an order assigning him to the 304th F. A. At first we were disappointed. Colonel Kelly was very popular and had done wonders in building up an *esprit de corps*, and we knew that he wanted to take the regiment to France as much as we wanted to have him. But the new commanding officer quickly made his kindly, but eager and aggressive, spirit felt, and we began to realize that the regiment was extremely fortunate in having gained a new leader of rare charm and capability, without losing the old one. With both Colonel Briggs and Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, we were splendidly equipped for active service.

When everything was ready, almost to the passenger lists for the transport, and we were expecting orders to move any day, a sudden change of plans on the part of the War Department upset all our calculations, and the morale of the regiment, now keyed up to concert pitch, was all but broken. Without a word of warning, an order came down from divi-

sion headquarters that the artillery brigade was to transfer, at once, five hundred men to the infantry. That could only mean one thing: the infantry was going without us! Moreover, there were not five hundred men we were willing to part with, nor one hundred, for that matter, nor fifty. Yet it was not a question of willingness. The transfer was made. All day long and late into the night, sorrowful men were shouldering blue bags and, waving farewell to their comrades, trudging off to become doughboys. The next night the two infantry brigades of the 77th Division left Camp Upton, and we saw them no more until we met them on the front lines in French Lorraine.

Those were trying days for the regiment. Reduced in numbers far below its authorized strength, baffled in its carefully fostered desire to get over seas, discouraged by its separation from the division, disheartened by the loss of a great many of its good soldiers, the 304th faced one of its most critical periods.

But Colonel Briggs was not the man to waste any time in feeling sorry. Far from relaxing his efforts, he put every ounce of his vigorous enthusiasm into the seemingly futile work of perfecting the efficiency of the organization. He took a personal interest in every battery and company; he supervised the drills; he called the officers together for conferences, and infused into them some of his own zeal; he made a flying trip to Washington (no one ever knew just what for, except that it was in the interest of his own regiment and the 152nd Brigade); he spent hours in conference with the other regimental commanders and with General Rees. He said nothing about what was brewing, but we knew that he was not working altogether in the dark.

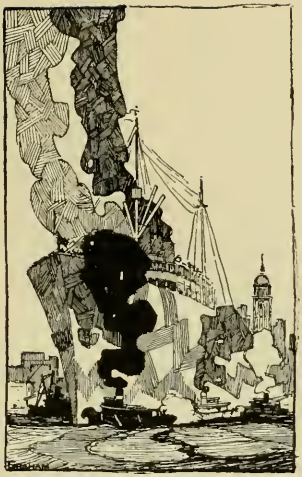
Then one day there came an order calling on two new regiments of engineers, which had just come to Camp Upton, for five hundred men for the artillery. In a trice Colonel

Briggs got hold of Colonel Doyle and Colonel Miller, of the 305th and 306th regiments, and insisted that, instead of letting the engineers send whom they would, the three commanding officers should personally select their replacements. He went himself to the engineers' barracks and, after looking over the men's service records and qualification cards, picked out those that he thought would make good artillerymen. Part of them were farmers and part were railroad men, and they hailed from Iowa and Minnesota. As soon as these recruits joined us, the Colonel had them put through a course of sprouts which in an amazingly short time enabled them to take their places with the rest in a military formation. Once more the regiment was practically at its full strength and ready for business!

A final and impressive ceremony marked the last week in Camp Upton. The troops were marched out to the great drill field beyond the west end of the camp. There, with the regiment drawn up on parade, E Battery, selected for the honor of being the escort for the colors, marched up and received the regimental standards at the hands of General Rees. Then the regiment formed on three sides of a hollow square, facing an altar which had been built of drums. When the colors had been set up by the altar, Mgr. Lavelle, representing Cardinal Farley of the Roman Catholic Diocese of New York, Bishop Greer and Bishop Burch, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Rabbi Blechmann, director of the Jewish work in the camp, all in their official robes, were escorted by the regimental Chaplain to their place in front. Colonel Briggs made a very brief address to his men in which he urged upon them the necessity of dependence upon God, and congratulated them on the unity of spirit which enabled Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, to work as comrades in a great cause. After Chaplain Howard had read a Psalm, Rabbi Blechmann, Bishop Greer and Mgr. Lavelle each in turn offered a prayer dedicating

the colors to the work of the Kingdom of God and consecrating the men of the regiment to His service. It was a singularly beautiful and impressive ceremony, and after it the men marched in review past the camp commander with heads held high and steps that were steady with purpose.

That was on Thursday, April 18th. On Saturday, all week-end passes were canceled, and, save for a few individuals who were given special permission to go to New York, no one was allowed to leave camp. Then we knew that our time had come. Our departure for the battle fields of France was only a matter of hours.



CHAPTER III

THE VOYAGE TO FRANCE

Sunday, April 21st, was a never-to-be-forgotten day. Every one had been up most of the night, for there were a thousand things to be done. Morning came in a downpour of rain which never let up for a single moment during the entire day.

What a dreary spectacle the barracks presented! Everything movable had been packed, and the hallways were piled high with barrack bags and wooden boxes. The dormitories were stripped of everything except the iron cots and the inevitable collection of débris which always accompanies moving. Details of men were busy with brooms. Others, armed with paint pots and brushes, were marking the baggage with black letters and with a crude reproduction in red of the Statue of Liberty, which had been chosen as the divisional emblem. The clerks in the orderly rooms were swamped beneath piles of typewritten sheets from which they must decipher and make innumerable copies of the sailing lists of men and freight. Guards were posted, and no one was allowed to leave the barracks without special permission.

About noon arrived the first of an army of relatives. They had got wind of the departure of the regiments, and swarmed down to the camp. Splashing through pools and wallowing in

mud that was ankle-deep, they stormed the barracks where their boys were quartered, and then sat in the mess-halls with their soldier friends in pairs and groups the livelong day. Some made brave attempts at hilarity, and, producing sandwiches and cakes they had brought from home, made of the occasion a sort of holiday picnic. Others, especially among the families of the foreign-born, gave way unrestrainedly to their grief and wept frankly on the shoulders of the sons and sweethearts to whom they had come to say farewell.

The office of the regimental headquarters was the scene of a great bustle of preparation. Captain Sullivan, the Adjutant, brisk and business-like, was the center of a continuous whirlpool of messengers, clerks, battery commanders, distraught relatives and telephone calls. Colonel Briggs, in his inner sanctum, was all on edge with the pressure and tension of last-minute perplexities; and yet he seemed to have time for everybody and everything that needed him.



Sat in the Mess Hall in Pairs and Groups

One little incident occurred which was characteristic both of the day and of the Colonel. About four in the afternoon a soldier entered headquarters escorting a frail little woman whose bedraggled appearance told of her having been floundering about in the mud and wet of the camp.

"This lady is looking for her husband," he said. "She says he's in the 304th, so I brought her here."

It seemed that she had come to Camp Upton that day for the first time, expecting to be met by her husband at the station. He, as it chanced, had been detained on important business by his battery commander and had been unable to go to the train, with the result that his wife, utterly unfamiliar with the camp, had been tramping around in the drenching rain from place to place trying to locate him. She was standing in the sergeant-major's office when Colonel Briggs, passing through, noticed her.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

She told him her story. Evidently she was on the verge of tears.

"You wait here," said the Colonel, "and we'll see what can be done. Sergeant-major, get a chair, will you? Or, better still—Chaplain!" he called.

"Yes, sir?"

"Don't you want to let this little lady sit in your office for a while? I think she will be more comfortable there. And I wish you would go over to Battery —— and tell the Captain that Mrs. So-and-So is here, and that just as soon as he can be spared I want her husband to come over. Her train goes at five-thirty, and they can have until five o'clock to visit. You might just let them have your office. It's a little more private than this."

As evening drew on there were many tearful farewells, and many brave good-bys. By eight o'clock the last visitor had taken his leave and the men were left to their own de-

vices. Some of them tried to sleep, but, as may be imagined, there was little rest to be had, and the night wore on gloomily enough. The rain, however, which had continued to pour in torrents all the evening, began to abate, and by midnight it had ceased altogether.

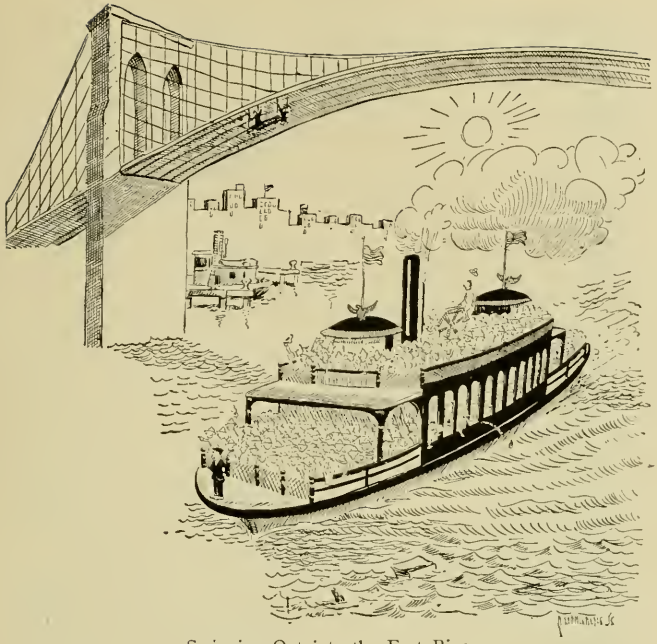
About 2:30 A. M. on April 22nd the first sergeants' whistles sounded in the barracks, and the men, shouldering their heavy packs and rifles, fell in for the march to the station.

"The entire regiment [writes one man in his diary] marched down Camp Upton's Fifth Avenue, across Eighth Street, and past all the old familiar scenes on the way down to the station where we had so often happily left for a week-end in the city. There was little or no confusion at the depot, and soon we were all entrained. . . . It was a relief to be seated, as the packs were extremely heavy and the air murky, and we had not had much sleep of late.

"It was hard to realize that we were bound for France, and not on our way to New York on pass. Hicksville, Farmingdale and finally Jamaica brought back memories of Saturdays that now belonged to the past. On each railway platform from Jamaica in were clustered groups of commuters waiting for their morning trains. . . .

"We finally reached Long Island City at 8:30, the place I left as a rookie four long, hard months before. We were hustled on a ferry and soon were swinging out into the East River. It was a beautiful April morning, with a slight haze obscuring Manhattan. The sun broke through, however, and it was an ideal day to have a farewell trip around the harbor."

As we passed under Brooklyn Bridge, some teamsters, driving their wagons high overhead, looked down and, seeing the boat crowded with troops, waved their hats and cheered lustily. It was the first real send-off we had had, and many a man felt a lump rise in his throat as he realized, perhaps for the first time, that we were actually off for the front, and that back



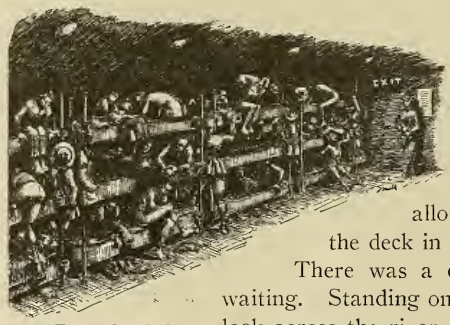
Swinging Out into the East River

of us were all the good will and high hopes of the people of America.

Further cheering greeted us as, swinging around the lower end of Manhattan, we met boatload after boatload of Jersey commuters on their way to the city. There was no mistaking who or what we were, and as we cut across the North River and made straight for the great army transport docks in Hoboken it seemed absurd to think of all the elaborate precautions of secrecy with which our departure was being guarded.

Steaming toward the docks we saw many transports lying there; but towering above them all loomed the huge *Leviathan*. Could it be that this monster of the sea, wrested from the Germans themselves, was to be the ship to carry us to France? It seemed too good to be true; and yet, as soon as we had debarked, we were marched past all the other vessels and lined up on the pier alongside which stood the giant steamship of the world.

After a tedious wait which seemed many hours, we filed, one by one, up the gang-plank and proceeded to our quarters —the officers to staterooms which had already been assigned, and the men down into the bowels of the ship. Those bunks! Crowded together in unbelievable compactness, the floors about them unswept and untidy, the air stifling, the narrow passageways a very labyrinth of complexity, those tiers of bunks appeared to the men the last word in discomfort. Yet a few hours' work with brooms and mops did away with the dirt, and, once the ship was in motion, the ventilation was vastly improved. Most of our men were quartered away forward, and Colonel Briggs, realizing the conditions which existed below, secured permission for them to have the liberty of the whole forward deck, so that, both before we sailed and during the entire voyage, they spent most of their time in the open air. A few men were in the very stern of the ship, and they, too, were allowed the freedom of the deck in their vicinity.



Those Bunks!

There was a day and a half of waiting. Standing on the decks we could look across the river and see New York.



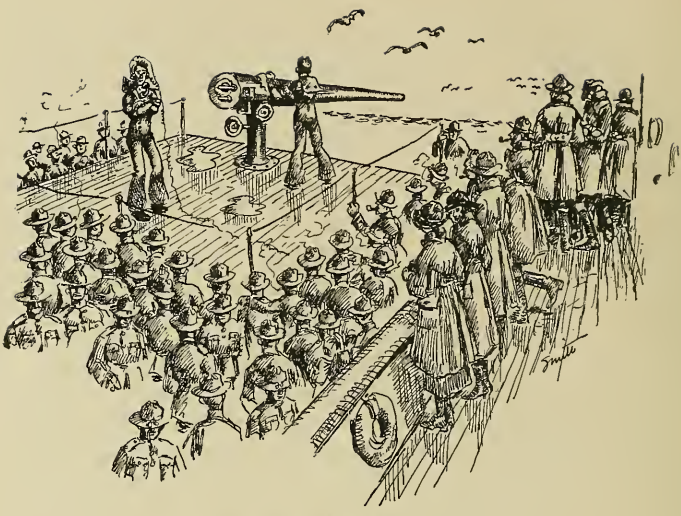
TOWERING ABOVE THEM ALL THE HUGE "LEVIATHAN"

It was tantalizing to have the city in full view, within such easy telephoning distance, within only a few minutes' ride on a ferry boat. But no one was allowed to leave the ship, and, of course, in the post cards we were permitted to send, no mention whatever could be made of our whereabouts or of the name of the transport.

On Wednesday morning, April 24th, with a movement so smooth that one could hardly tell the ship was in motion, the *Leviathan* glided out into the river and, turning her nose seaward, started on her course. Let one of the guards tell the story of the departure as he experienced it:

"I certainly was fortunate to-day. I have been placed on a permanent guard detail for the entire voyage, and my post is at one of the doorways leading to the deck. As luck would have it I came on at 6 A. M., just as we were leaving the pier and swinging out into the river. The decks were cleared of every one but sailors. With a heart too full for expression I got what may be my last look at the town which is home to me. It was a glorious morning, clear as crystal, and Battery Park looked unusually attractive as we glided by. At once I was carried back to last summer and those frequent trips to Coney Island. How I used to try and place myself in the position of one leaving for France and the battle fields! And now at last I too am on my way to the Great Land Beyond. . . . I must admit my heart sank a trifle when I thought of all I'll have to suffer before next I set foot in New York. But surely it is worth any sacrifice. Far better to travel three thousand miles to fight the Hun than to some day have him pounding at our gates. . . . New York and all that lies behind, you are indeed worth fighting for, and I'll gladly make any sacrifice, even the supreme one, in order that you may always enjoy your present peace and prosperity."

Once out of the harbor, we might come on deck. Speculations were rife as to our destination. Some one suggested Brest.



A Gun Crew Was Constantly on Duty

"There's not a port in France big enough for this ship," said the sailors when we asked them. "So far every trip has been to Liverpool."

We noticed that, instead of heading eastward along the ordinary lane of ocean travel, the ship was edging off toward the south. Presently she swung about and made for the northeast, and after an hour or two southeast. This zig-zag course was pursued during the entire voyage, and it was impossible to gain a hint from the direction of our progress as to what part of the coast of Europe we might be headed for.

We were astonished to find no convoy of warships awaiting us outside Sandy Hook.

"The *Leviathan* doesn't need any convoy," said the sailors. "She's too fast to begin with, and besides, look at those guns!"

Four huge six-inch rifles were mounted on specially built gundecks forward, and four more aft. A gun crew was constantly on duty on each deck, the gunner in every case wearing at all times a telephone receiver strapped to his head. What with these guards, and with the watch that was constantly maintained from the bridge, the crows' nests, and from various points along the upper decks, a submarine would have had to be wary to get within striking distance. Moreover, we were informed by the naval officers that, owing to the enormous size and the perfect construction of the vessel, two or three torpedoes would be necessary in order to cause real danger of sinking. The consequence was that, although the great ship plowed her way through the waters alone, every one felt as secure as if crossing the North River on a ferryboat.

Nevertheless, the most minute precautions were taken to avoid trouble. First of all, every flash-light, every box of matches, and every cigarette lighter was required to be turned in. Any one who wanted to smoke could borrow a light from one of the sailors. Immediately after sundown the decks were cleared and the doors and port holes closed, so that no light could escape. At an early hour in the evening the lights in the staterooms and cabins, as well as in the men's quarters below decks, were extinguished, and the only illumination was the ghastly and feeble light emitted by a few small incandescent globes of blue glass.

Every afternoon "abandon ship" drill was held. At a certain hour the shrill twe-e-e-et of the boatswain's whistle would be heard in every corridor and corner of the transport, and a voice would call out in stentorian tones, "All—hands—abandon—ship!" With that, every one would don his life belt and come on deck. Each officer and man had a certain definite place to be, convenient either to a life boat or a raft. The troops (there were more than ten thousand on board) were assembled by batteries and companies under the direction of

their officers and marched to their proper places. Each section of the ship was controlled by a naval officer. They alone wore side arms: no one else, for obvious reasons, was allowed to carry a pistol. No attempt was ever made to lower the boats. The whole object of the drill was to accustom the soldiers to getting as quickly and as quietly as possible to the places assigned to them. The first day, the drill was a riot of confusion; but by the time we reached the real danger zone the assembly was made in remarkably quick time and in good order.

Besides our own regiment, there were on board the Headquarters Detachment of our 152nd Brigade, the 306th F. A., the 11th Infantry, about a hundred Red Cross nurses, and a great many casual troops. The infantry regiment, having been



"All Hands Abandon Ship"

an old Regular Army regiment, had what used to be the traditional contempt for any troops of a different branch of the service from their own. This attitude, mingled with an all too apparent scorn for the "damned drafted men," made at first for no little unpleasant feeling. Even the officers, many of whom were in the Reserve Corps and, like our own, recent graduates of training camps, appeared to delight in a certain discourtesy to the officers of the artillery which for a time was hard to overcome. But the feeling wore off as the voyage continued, and both officers and men learned to have a little more respect for the red hat cords and boots and spurs. Perhaps they found that it made little difference to us whether they liked us or not. At any rate they had to listen on more than one occasion to our men on their forward deck, or to the officers outside the saloon after supper, singing,

"We don't give a damn
For any old man
Who is not in the artilleree!"

Major Sanders was permanent field officer of the day, and his days and nights were spent in a ceaseless perambulating all over the ship. He had guards everywhere, from the topmost decks to the bilge keel, and from stem to stern. There were many places to which soldiers were not allowed access, and it required constant vigilance to keep men and officers where they belonged. After dark no one was permitted so much as to poke his nose outside, and at ten o'clock every officer was supposed to be in his stateroom. If he were found in the corridor, an explanation "in writing by endorsement hereon" was required, and if the explanation were not satisfactory disciplinary action was in order. Inasmuch as no lights were permitted in the staterooms, there was nothing to do but go to bed.

The men, ordered below decks at dark, had no very palatial places to spend their evenings. They used to congregate on the

lattice-work floors in the hatchways, and while away the time singing, joking, dancing to the music of mouth-organs, and trying as best they could to forget the discomforts of their surroundings.

Of entertainment there was little. The ship boasted a moving picture machine, which was used every night in the mess hall; but there were so many thousand troops on board, and the difficulties of getting from one place to another were so great, especially after the water-tight doors were closed between compartments at night, that our men never had but one chance to go to a show, and few of them succeeded in getting there even then. But the band used to play on deck, and sometimes the men would gather round and sing. Ours was the only regiment on board that did sing, and a crowd was sure to collect on the upper decks whenever the music started. On our one Sunday afternoon on board both Colonel Briggs and Colonel Kelly were to be seen, each perched on a capstan, right in amongst the throng of men as they sang "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," "In the Artillery," and "Over hill, over dale." It was a sight worth remembering.

So great was the crowd on the ship that it was found to be impossible to feed the men more than twice a day. With those two meals, the mess hall was busy from morning till night. The food, however, was excellent, and no complaints were heard. Getting as little exercise as they did, the men found two meals quite sufficient, and were it not for the long waits as the lines filed into the mess hall they would have been quite content with the arrangement.

What little exercise they got was in the form of calisthenics. Every morning each organization marched up to the long promenade decks, and there the men, peeling off their blouses, were put through a short, snappy physical drill. Once or twice there were some boxing bouts. Each day, in connection with the exercise, there was a physical inspection conducted by the



LEAVING NEW YORK HARBOR

surgeons, to guard against any possible infectious disease. A few of the men were taken sick on the voyage, but we were fortunate in not having any serious trouble with illness.

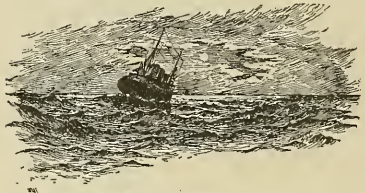
On the whole, the men seemed to enjoy the voyage. One of them wrote at the time, "Really the spirit of the fellows is surprising. Of course it is the first trip the majority of the men have ever had, and they are taking it in the nature of an outing." This held true even in the danger zone as we approached the European coast. "It was difficult to realize [the same writer says] that we were at last in that much famed war zone, that at any moment we might be struck by a submarine. Every one was perfectly calm, and there wasn't the slightest excitement, only the intensest interest in the doings of the destroyers."

For, on the seventh day, we had come on deck to find four destroyers coursing about the ship, two on each side. They would shoot ahead, and then hang back; then one would cross over and join the two on the other side, and presently rush around behind and catch up to its old place again. This was really the first thing we had had to look at during the entire trip, and the little war vessels furnished a diversion that was rather a relief, for the days were becoming tiresome.

We knew that we could not be far now from our port, and again men began to speculate as to our probable destination. On the evening of the seventh day, a group of them were standing on the deck, getting a last breath of fresh air. Suddenly they noticed that from above the bridge, signals were being flashed to the destroyers. They could not see the tiny ray of light which leaped out toward the smaller vessels, but they could see the shutters working. Some of them, trained in visual signaling, began to watch closely, and they discovered that the message was being sent in the international Morse code. Immediately their attention was fixed, and they caught these words: "O-u-r o-r-d-e-r-s c-a-l-l f-o-r B-r-e-s-t."

This was repeated three times. Just then the guard came along and ordered them below, but they had seen enough to start a thrill of excitement in the sleeping quarters. We were proceeding direct to France!

The next morning, May 2nd, there was a fog so dense that those who were on deck early could not even see the destroyers. Little by little, however, the mists began to clear, and we caught glimpses of land on both sides. The news spread quickly and in no time the decks were crowded. Gradually the sun broke through and dispelled the fog altogether, and we found ourselves gliding smoothly in between the beautiful green hills which mark the entrance to the harbor of Brest.



Proceeding Direct to France

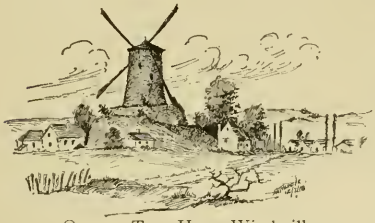
What a welcome sight that land was! The city itself nestled at the foot of a hill ahead of us, and all around were rich green pasture lands and quaint cottages, with one or two huge windmills and the remains of some ancient fortifications. The striking thing about it all was the atmosphere of perfect peace and tranquillity. Could this be the land that for nearly four years had been torn by the ravages of war? Was this the country to which we had come to fight the Hun?



Captain Doyle

Strange looking boats were sailing about, and as the ship came to anchor, several tugs and lighters came alongside. Presently we saw our baggage being trundled through a door which had opened down near the water line

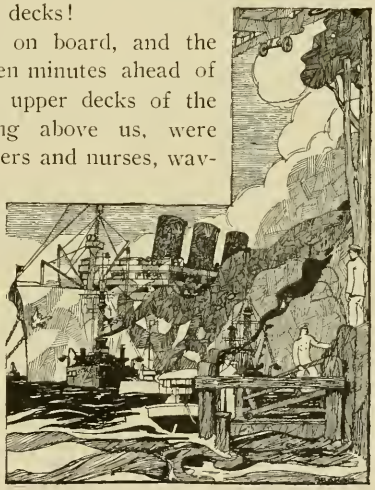
and piled on board one of the lighters. Then came the order for the men to roll their packs and the officers to get their luggage ready, and shortly after noon the regiment began to crawl down through the ship, and across a little gang plank to a lighter which lay on the port side.



One or Two Huge Windmills

While we were debarking on one side, the 306th was boarding a lighter on the other. We were the first artillery regiments of the National Army to reach France, and although nothing was said about it at the moment, Colonel Briggs told us afterward that his one desire was to beat the 306th ashore, so that ours might be the very first one to arrive. How he did hustle and crowd the men onto those narrow decks!

Finally every one was on board, and the lighter moved off a good ten minutes ahead of the other regiment. The upper decks of the great *Leviathan*, towering above us, were crowded with sailors, soldiers and nurses, waving hats and handkerchiefs. Then the band, which had been reserved a special place, broke out into music, and to the strains of "Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by," the 304th bade farewell to the splendid ship which had brought us so safely on our perilous journey. One man was seen to kiss the



The Ship Came to Anchor

tips of his fingers and reach out and touch the steel side as we moved away, and to say quietly, "Thank you!" He expressed what we all felt.

As we neared the shore, the band burst into "La Marseillaise," which brought cheers from the sailors on French boats that were lying in the harbor. And finally, when we pulled into the dock, the soldiers and stevedores on the shore were brought to attention by the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." There was a thrill about it all that was new to most of us.



Kiddies Were Everywhere

Then the regiment was formed on the street by the pier, and we began a long, hard march. The men, softened by their eight days' confinement in close quarters, were carrying heavy packs, winter overcoats, rifles, a hundred rounds of cartridges, and canteens full of water. The road lay up an exceedingly steep hill through the town. The sun overhead was hot. But Colonel Briggs had his own ideas about the good or ill impression made by the appearance of a regiment, and he ordered the march to be made at attention, so with the band playing a lively tune we stepped off briskly and started up the road.

Little boys and girls swarmed about our feet like so many beetles, running, jumping, shouting, begging for money, and trying desperately to keep step with the band. Crowds of people gathered to watch us pass, and for the first time we were conscious of the utter absence of young men and the predominance of mourning. There was no hilarity of enthusiasm, but the faces of the people were earnest, often almost prayerful. Occasionally a woman would be seen quietly weeping as she watched the troops go by. It was a tremendously moving experience. The whole significance of our being there seemed

to dawn on us at once, and many a man found it hard to choke back the tears.

Others were troubled less with sentiment than they were with fatigue. The packs were so heavy, the sun was so hot, the overcoats were so hopelessly out of place, and the hill was so long and steep, that after a while men began to drop out of line and to sit, half exhausted, on the curb. Every one wished that the Colonel would call a halt, but he kept on, apparently oblivious to everything except getting to the top of the hill. One little urchin, after marching beside him for a minute, reached up and slipped his hand into that of Colonel Briggs. The latter looked down and smiled, and went on, leading the youngster along with him. He was intent, just then, not on the feelings of the men in his column, but on the feelings of the French people. He wanted them to know that here was a regiment, well-behaved and friendly, that meant business, and he intended that we should march through Brest as if we had come with a purpose.

At length, the city passed, the column came out on top of the hill into a road that led through beautiful fields which were decked out in the full glory of spring. Here, at last, the welcome order was given: "Halt! Fall out for fifteen minutes' rest." In an instant the packs rolled off the men's backs like *Christian's* burden at the foot of the cross, and every one was presently stretched out at full length on the ground.



The Boys Were More Bold

It had been so long since we had seen any grass or flowers that it seemed as if we must be in heaven. Camp Upton

had been a barren place at best, and when we left it was hardly out of the grip of a long, hard winter. But here in France the grass was long and luscious, the trees had put forth their leaves, the shrubs were in blossom, and flowers were blooming gayly by the wayside. Little girls came up to us as we sat resting, and offered us tight little fistfulls of tiny flowers they had gathered. The boys were more bold, and promptly asked for cigarettes.

"*Mais tu es bien trop petit* (You are much too little)," said an officer to a youngster of perhaps seven years.

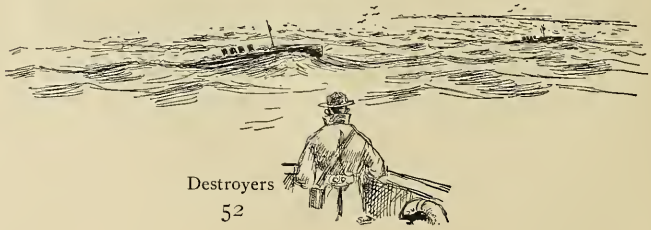
"Ah," replied the boy, "*C'est pour mon père* (it's for my father)!"

The little rascals! They learn to smoke as soon as they learn their A B C's.

The rest at an end, packs were shouldered again and the regiment resumed its march. After a mile or two on a level country road, the column turned and proceeded up a lane toward a large gate which opened in the middle of a great stone wall. It was the Pontanézen Barracks, once used by the soldiers of Napoleon. We marched through the gate into a great yard where a throng of curious soldiers gathered about to see who the new arrivals were.

"Loosen up! Give us a tune!" they yelled when they saw the band.

So the band played as we came to a halt. And then, after a few moments' wait while the organization commanders received their instructions, the men were marched to their sleeping quarters and the officers went to their tents, and, glad to be for the present at least at the end of our journey, we prepared for our first night on French soil.



Destroyers



CHAPTER IV

TRAINING AT CAMP DE SOUGE

Pontanézen Barracks was supposed to be a rest camp, and every one was looking forward to a chance to recuperate after the fatigue of the voyage and of the exhausting hike from the docks. But the term "rest camp" was a misnomer. To begin with, the men's bunks were impossible. They consisted of wooden frames with slats set about five inches apart, and trying to sleep on them without mattresses was like trying to sleep on some ancient instrument of torture. Then, cooking facilities were very poor, and the mess sergeants had great difficulty in preparing decent meals. Worst of all, for some men at least, was the order which came through requiring the 304th to furnish several hundred men for construction work on the docks at Brest. Those who were unfortunate enough to be selected for that detail spent the best part of their "rest period" at the hardest kind of manual labor.

Nevertheless, those at the camp had considerable recreation. Thanks to the Y. M. C. A., athletic facilities were abundant, and we had a number of good baseball games. Both officers



Inside the Gates, Pontanézen Barracks

and men got up teams and played the other organizations in the camp. Over in front of the officers' tents riotous games of indoor baseball were played, in which every one, from



Pontanézen Barracks

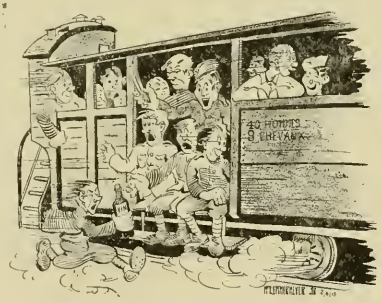
Colonel Briggs and Colonel Kelly down to the junior second lieutenants, took part. Besides these sports, there were hikes which took the men out through the surrounding country, and they found it a real recreation to march along the roads and through narrow lanes, flanked on either side by green banks, or to sprawl during the halts in the beautiful fields, most of which were enclosed by peculiar earthen fences overgrown with vines and shrubs. The country was fresh and green, the air soft and balmy, and the villages and people were new and interesting.

On Tuesday, May 7th, our journey to some training camp was to begin, and at three o'clock in the morning we were routed out of our blankets and told to prepare to move. In the pitch dark, made denser by a thick fog, we packed our belongings and ate a hasty breakfast, and by 6:30 we were on the road marching toward Brest.

Arrived at the railroad station, we found our trains awaiting us—trains the like of which none of us had ever seen before. They consisted chiefly of little four-wheeled French

freight cars, so tiny that they looked like toys. On the side of each car was painted the legend "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8, en longue (40 Men, 8 Horses, lengthwise)." It was hard for the men to believe that they were actually expected to travel in those "cattle cars," alongside which the ramshackle coaches of the Long Island seemed like Pullmans. But such was the case. By crowding in on the rude wooden benches which served as seats, forty men were compressed into each car. Lying down had evidently not been taken into consideration by the authorities who planned the trip. A few men were fortunate enough to be put into second- and third-class coaches, but the vast majority traveled "Hommies forty," as they called it. The officers, in accordance with French custom, were provided with ancient first-class compartments.

All that day and night, and all through the next day and up to midnight, the three trains bearing our regiment rolled southward. Occasionally there were stops where one could get out and stretch one's legs, and at two or three stations French coffee, horribly bitter and black, was served from huge cans on the platforms. The meals consisted chiefly of canned corned beef and "bully beef," and butterless bread. There was plenty of it, but the diet was one to which the men had yet to become accustomed. Sleep, for a great many, was out of the question, and although every one enjoyed the interesting and beautiful country through which we passed, it was a weary lot of soldiers that responded to the order to detrain when, about midnight on May 8th, we reached the little



"Hommies Forty"

village of Bonneau, a few miles outside the city of Bordeaux.

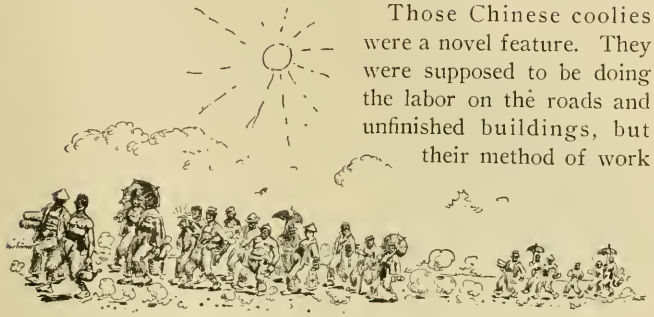
There we were met by Major Sparks, who, accompanied by Sergeant Smart, of Supply Company, as interpreter, had left Camp Upton ahead of us and come over as advance agent to prepare the way. With the Major for guide, the regiment marched along the dark, wet roads for what seemed an interminable distance (in reality it was less than three miles) to where we were to undergo a course of training in artillery work. A wooden arch over the entrance bore the sign "Camp de Souge," and for the first time we knew the name of our destination.



Entrance to Camp de Souge

After a few hours' sleep, the men were up and at work getting the barracks in order. These were low, wooden buildings with concrete floors, well ventilated and equipped with electric lights. The bunks were solidly made wooden cots which, when covered with straw-filled bed sacks, were more comfortable than any beds the men had seen since coming into the army. The camp was arranged with the officers' quarters and mess-hall, as well as the hospital, down near the entrance; and then a single long street flanked by double rows of barracks reached straight out through a sandy plain to the Y. M. C. A. hut, the school buildings, and the Camp Commander's office at the farther end. A new section, occupied

temporarily by Chinese coolies, extended to the left from the end of the street.



Those Chinese coolies were a novel feature. They were supposed to be doing the labor on the roads and unfinished buildings, but their method of work

Chinese Coolies Were a Novel Feature

was, to say the least, peculiar. They would saunter past the barracks in the morning carrying umbrellas, bird cages and musical instruments, as well as a few picks and shovels. Arrived at their place of labor, they would sit around and talk, while occasionally some of the more ambitious would get up and shovel a little dirt.

"These Chinks," wrote one of our men in a letter, "can get more rest out of a shovel than I can out of a feather bed."

About four in the afternoon they would come past again on their way to their quarters, bearing in their



Some of the More Ambitious

hands chickens, bunches of onions and all sorts of vegetables, and singing weird songs in a shrill monotone while they made the most hideous noises on their ridiculous instruments.



Machine Gun School

It was not until after we had reached Camp de Souge that we learned that our four-point-sevens had not arrived in France, and that, in place of them, our regiment, like the 305th, was to be equipped with the famous French 75 millimeter gun. Moreover, not only the 304th but the 306th as well, with their big howitzers, instead of the tractors and motors for which they had been organized and trained, were to have horses. This meant, for us, not only the unlearning of all the knowledge we had acquired about motor transportation, and the development of a school in horsemanship, but the complete reorganization of the whole regiment. Pistols were to be substituted for rifles. Instead of three battalions, we were now to have but two, of three batteries each, and new tables of organization called for changes all through the regiment.

Nevertheless, to overbalance these difficulties, there was the good news that a complete equipment of 75's was ready for us. At last we were to have real matériel to work with, and should be compelled no more to resort to the "simulation" which had characterized our training at Camp Upton. After a few days' rest, therefore, an eager lot of soldiers entered with a will upon the hard grind of the artillery school.

The first two weeks were spent almost entirely in gun drill. Both officers and men were divided into gun sections and put through a rigid course in all that pertains to sighting, loading and firing the marvelous little piece of which the French had

been making such deadly use all through the war. Aside from going through the motions, every one was required to study the mechanism of the gun. The construction of the 75 is extremely simple: much of it can be taken apart and put together without the use of a single tool, and every one was delighted to be handling so perfect an instrument, and eager for the time when the regiment should be considered proficient enough to begin actual firing.

This time arrived in short order, for on Saturday, May 18th, word was given out that on the following Monday work on the range would commence. The batteries which had made the best record in the preliminary drills and tests were to be the first to fire, and this honor was accorded to Batteries E and C. On Sunday they dragged their guns by hand through the sand to the great *champ de tir* (firing field), where, after putting the pieces in position, the cannoneers camped for the night.

On Monday morning the officers piled into trucks and were taken out to their stations in two of the observation towers. From these points of vantage they could see to right and left of them a long series of such towers, in one of which the officers of the 305th were assembled. About a hundred meters in front stood the guns, their crews busy with preparations for the morning's work. Beyond lay the vast field—a sandy waste on which stood a few groups of pine trees and a number of white panels, some of which represented vaguely houses and a church or two, but most of which merely marked the trenches which had been dug for use as targets.

Presently the instructor of the Second Battalion gave out the first problem, which was to adjust the fire of the four guns on a certain group of trees. The object was not to hit the trees, but by "bracketing" them, that is, by placing the shots first beyond them and then on this side, and by getting the bursts at the right height from the ground and at the right

distance apart, to determine just what steps would be necessary in order to demolish the target if that should be required. This primary information gives the "base deflection," which, once established, serves as a guide in solving each successive problem thereafter.

Captain Perin, whose battery was to be the first to fire, gave his orders through a telephone operator at his elbow, just as he would do at the front, to Lieutenant Martin, the executive officer in immediate command of the guns. There was a moment of quick activity on the part of the cannoneers as they carried out the directions and slammed the shells into the breeches.

"Ready to fire, sir," reported the telephone operator.

"Fire!" ordered the Captain.

"Fire!" repeated the operator.

There were four flashes and four loud reports.

"On their way!" called the man at the 'phone.

Every officer raised his field glasses and peered at the group of trees. Presently four little puffs of white smoke appeared in a row just beyond the target, as the shrapnel burst in the air. The first round of our career had been fired!

All morning long the guns of the two regiments banged away. Each battery commander in turn, and each battalion commander, had an opportunity to fire a problem and then to be criticized by one of the instructors. Some of the lieutenants, too, had their turn, and each officer tried to profit by the mistakes and the good points of his predecessors.

For the men at the guns it was, as one of the gunners wrote, "a red letter day. At last," he says, "after all our long months of 'intensive' training we have finally fired a shot. And it is some sensation to be seated on the gunner's seat when those 75's begin to roar. Most every one was a trifle nervous at first, but this soon wore off, and at the conclusion every one acted like veteran cannoneers."

The instructors agreed with this last statement, for during the entire morning, although the work was new and exciting, not a single error was made by the gun crews in carrying out the orders given them, and Captain Perin and Captain Bacon were congratulated on the fine work of their men and of the executive officers.

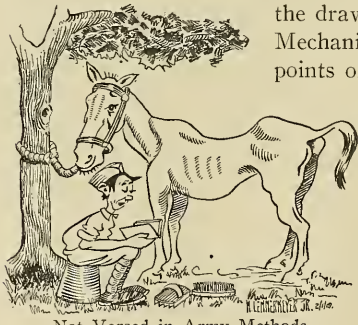
Before another week had passed every battery was having its turn at the firing, and every officer was given the opportunity to acquire the knack of quick decision, accurate calculation and clearness in the giving of orders. Often they made mistakes —sometimes big ones—but the instructors, who were French and American officers that had seen service at the front, were very patient and very encouraging, and it was not long before every one was gaining confidence and skill.

Those gun crews which were not on the range were always kept busy at their drills. Great emphasis was laid on this practice with un-loaded pieces, for it was essential that the men acquire speed and accuracy in shifting the guns about, adjusting the sights, and performing all the functions of their office. To stimulate competition, a contest was held every Saturday, in which all the batteries went through the same series of problems. Their time was kept with a stop watch, and after each problem the instructors would check up what had been done to see whether the work had been exact as well as rapid. General Rees promised that the battery in the brigade which established the best record during the training should fire the first shot when we got to the front. Battery E led the 304th at the start, but Battery C climbed gradually to the top, and at the end of the course their cannoneers were pronounced champions of the brigade.

Meanwhile the horses had begun to arrive. Here many a man who had not qualified as an expert cannoneer had opportunity to show what he was worth. A good many of the last increment of recruits we had received before leaving Camp

Upton, as well as some of the up-state New Yorkers, were farmers and accustomed to horses. Without them the task of getting the regiment ready for the front would have been enormous. It was often amusing to see some of the city-bred boys, many of whom hardly knew a horse from a mule, standing at arm's length trying to groom the hind legs of a nervous quadruped, and ready at any moment to dive beyond the reach of the animal's heels. Even those who, by their experience on farms or in livery stables, knew something about horses were not versed in army methods, and instruction had to be given from the very bottom in the elements of grooming, feeding, riding and driving.

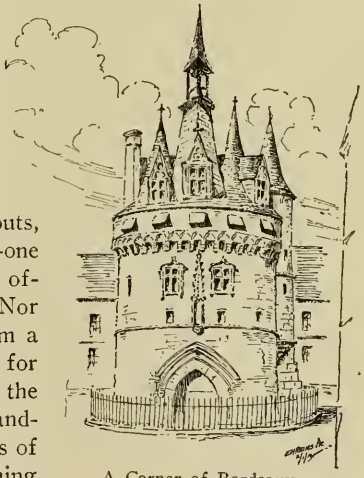
While the cannoneers were being drilled and the drivers taught their business, all the specialists were receiving a thorough schooling. One group was given a course in wireless telegraphy, including not only the transmission of messages, but the art of signaling by divers means to airplanes. Telephonists were taught everything connected with the operating, construction and repair of field telephones, the laying of wires and the setting up of exchanges and switchboards. This work is of incalculable importance in the field. Draftsmen were busy in the school of topography, map-making and the drawing of panoramic sketches. Mechanics were studying the fine points of the guns, so as to be able properly to repair and care for them. A section of each battery was detailed to the machine gun school, in order that enemy airplanes might not come too close, and that, in the case of an attack, the men might be



Not Versed in Army Methods

protected while getting their guns out of position. Then there were the non-commissioned officers who had been designated to study the uses and dangers of poison gas: they were to serve as instructors to their comrades, and to have general charge of the gas defense at the front. An inconceivable number of specialists such as these are necessary to every artillery regiment, and ours were all busy from morning till night. This included the ever-present buglers and drummers who made the hot afternoons mournful with their melancholy rumblings and tootings.

The officers were even busier than the men. Out at the range every morning from seven-thirty till twelve, they spent their afternoons in studying such all-important subjects as orientation, which is the science of being able to locate oneself and to determine the exact position of one's whereabouts on the map. The purpose of this is not so much to keep from getting lost as to enable an officer to figure his firing data with a map when he has no means of observing the shots. Then there were classes and lectures on camouflage, liaison, matériel, the construction of gun emplacements and dugouts, and all the hundred-and-one subjects which an artillery officer is supposed to know. Nor did the evenings bring them a rest, as it did to the men, for if there were no lectures in the school the battalion commanders inaugurated little classes of their own, and many an evening



A Corner of Bordeaux

found a group of weary lieutenants sitting in Major Devereux's room staring at a blackboard, or reclining in chairs in the moonlight outside Major Sanders's quarters listening to criticism and opinions and suggestions on the work of the day.

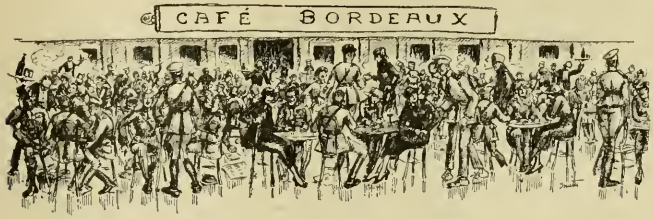
Presently the gas masks arrived, and the absurd but necessary drill in the use of these inventions of the devil was inaugurated. Of all the helpless, suffocating, strangling sensations known to man, there are few to be compared with the first attempts to wear a gas mask. After the first day's drill Colonel Kelly remarked, "If ever a gas shell explodes when I am around, I can see nothing for it but to lie down as near the spot as possible, take a few deep breaths, hold my identification tag up in my hand, and wait patiently for the end!" After a little practice, however, we all got used to them, and soon we were having relay races and baseball games with those hideous things strapped to our faces.

It was a great disappointment to us all when, early in June, Major Sparks was taken away from us and assigned, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to the 17th Field Artillery. In his command of our regiment during the absence of Colonel Kelly in the fall of 1917, he had won the respect and affection of officers and men, and in his work at Camp de Souge he had shown exceptional skill in the use of artillery. But no one could grudge him his promotion, especially as the regiment to which he was going was already at the front.

Shortly afterwards Colonel Kelly, who was at the time away with a large detail of men buying horses for the brigade, was also transferred, and, as it happened, to the same regiment as the Major. He had made so many friends among us, and had done so much while he was in command to build up the *esprit de corps,* that his going, too, was a great disappointment. The men who were with him at Montargis on that horse detail still maintain that they never had a commanding officer like Colonel Kelly. But he went with the full rank of colonel

to take command of a regiment, and we could not but wish him joy in the prospect of immediate service on the firing line.

With all the strenuous labor of the school, some form of recreation was an absolute necessity. For the officers it consisted chiefly in week-end leaves to Bordeaux or to the seashore resort at Arcachon, where they found relaxation in a change of scene and air and in the good dinners which were



Week-end Leaves to Bordeaux

to be had at the restaurants. For the men, overnight leaves were forbidden, but those who earned good-conduct passes were allowed to go to Bordeaux in the morning and come back at night, while a great many spent their leisure hours wandering through the countryside, sitting in the woods, dining in the fascinating little inns with which those villages abound, or buying souvenirs in the shops. Because of the hot weather and the physical fatigue, athletics were not popular. The men preferred to spend their free time in loafing.

In the camp itself the Y. M. C. A. had, at first one and later two, well-equipped huts. There the writing-tables, books and magazines, canteens, entertainments, lectures and band concerts attracted great numbers of the men every evening. Especially was this true when shows of our own concoction were on the boards. Considerable talent was unearthed which had never been suspected in Camp Upton, and all three regiments, as well as the Ammunition Train, contributed their share to

the enjoyment not only of our own troops, but also of the brigade of regulars who about the middle of June replaced the Chinese in the east end of the camp.

Because the 304th was midway between the two Y huts, both of which were crowded to capacity, the Chaplain, during the first week of our stay in Camp de Souge, secured an empty barrack in the midst of the regimental area, where a recreation room was opened. It soon became known as the "Chaplain's joint." With the cordial coöperation of the Y. M. C. A. authorities, writing tables and benches were installed, a branch canteen was established, and a small library was put in circulation. Unfortunately no piano could be obtained, so that no entertainments were held there; but the band gave a concert once a week, and every evening the canteen did a thriving business, while the tables were always well occupied by men writing letters or reading or having a quiet game of checkers or dominos.

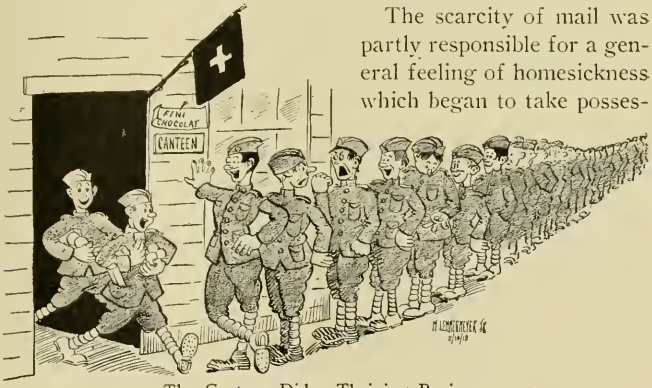


Dining in Fascinating Little Inns

In this same building a communion service was held every Sunday morning. This was well attended, not only by the Protestants of our own regiment, but by a good many from the other organizations in camp. At the Y. M. C. A.'s too there were always morning and evening services, conducted by the two Protestant chaplains. For the Catholic men, masses were said by Chaplain Killian, of the Ammunition Train, and Chaplain Sheridan, of the 305th. The latter had his services at a little out-door rustic chapel built by the French. The ready response to these opportunities for religious devotion on the

part of the men was an indication of the seriousness of mind which, because of the separation from home and the approaching move to the battle front, was steadily growing upon them.

The feeling of separation from home was augmented by the slowness and irregularity of the mail service. Letters from America were few and far between. The post office, which occupied a small room in the front of the Chaplain's building, was besieged with men asking questions about the probable arrival of mail and the causes of the delays. The mail sergeant, Charles McDermott, who knew no more about it than any one else, became so unpopular that he had to close the window in his office to prevent people from poking their heads in and telling him what they thought of him. Then, at length, the mail truck would stop in front of the building and dump off several great sacks of American letters. They would be seized and dragged inside, where the mail clerks, behind locked doors, would sort the precious cargo, and in an amazingly short time every battery and company would be the scene of a wild scramble as the first sergeant stood and called off the names of the fortunate.



The Canteen Did a Thriving Business

The scarcity of mail was partly responsible for a general feeling of homesickness which began to take posses-

sion of a great many of the men. For some strange reason the idea spread that we would never go to the front, that the war would be over in a few weeks, and men began to speculate and even to bet on the possibilities of our being home by early fall. Some of the soldiers persisted in this attitude even after the terrific German offensive started on May 27th. On the map which hung on the wall in the Chaplain's building was a row of pins which marked the battle line. The fact that these pins shifted daily, and always backward toward the Marne, opened the eyes of some, but there were others who hung about in little groups and talked about going home until it seemed as though something ought to be done to check it. The battery commanders talked with their men and pointed out the power of the German drive and the necessity for heroic efforts on the part of the Allies, and especially for speed on our own part if we did not want to be too late to help save the cause from defeat. The Chaplain, with the enthusiastic backing of the commanding officer, had a regimental service one Sunday in which the whole issue was put very squarely, and an appeal was made to the men to put aside their thoughts of home and to throw themselves heart and soul into the work of preparation. All these things had their effect, and the slump, which, though it had been general throughout the brigade, was merely a temporary reaction, gave place to a new spirit of eagerness and impatience to get through with the training and get into action.



Captain Mahon

The final event in the course was the firing of a night barrage by the entire 152nd Brigade. The regiments went out to the range one afternoon late in June, and, putting their guns into position, prepared their camp for the night. The line of the supposed infantry trenches was indicated to the regimental commanders, as well as the place in front of the trenches where the curtain of protecting fire was to be laid down when it should be called for. No one knew what the hour would be, but all preparations were made to be ready to fire at an instant's notice. Each battery was assigned its definite field of fire, the guns were laid, and, supper eaten, the men lay down to sleep.


Widow

Suddenly, a little after midnight, the peculiar shriek of a certain compressed air whistle, used at the front as a gas alarm, burst on the silence of the night. It was the call for a barrage! Instantly every officer and man leaped to his feet and darted for his post. Within a few seconds the first gun went off with a roar, and immediately the whole line was ablaze with the fire of seventy-two guns, while the space out in front of the "trenches" was lit by the bursting of shrapnel and high explosive shells. After a few minutes the order was given to cease firing, and all was silent again. Three times during the night this was repeated, and by morning the men felt almost as if they had had a taste of real war.

By the end of June the course was finished. After that there were one or two hikes to give the drivers and cannoneers practice in handling the guns on the roads and in bringing them into action as in open warfare, but the great event of those last days was the Fourth of July parade in Bordeaux.

In this celebration the firing batteries of the whole brigade, as well as a good many other troops, both French and American,

were to take part, and on July 3rd the 304th set out with horses and guns for the city. It was hard work, for the weather was hot, the roads were dusty, and, above all, the drivers were green. It is no small task for inexperienced men to get a team of six horses, with gun and limber, around a sharp turn, and for the first few miles it looked as if some of the guns might be ditched. Colonel Briggs, himself an expert in all that pertains to horses, waited at every corner to watch the batteries go by, and to make suggestions to the drivers. With the faults at the head of the column he would be very patient.

"Let go your off horse, my man. Just drive the horse you're on; the other will follow along. That's it. Don't touch him!"

But by the time the sixth battery came past and the drivers were still making the same mistakes as the first, he would be ready to commit murder.

"Let go that off horse!" he would roar. The poor driver, terrified by this sudden command from some one he had not noticed beside the road, would promptly do the wrong thing, and dropping the reins of his own horse, would begin to belabor the other.

"Do you hear what I say? LEAVE THAT OFF HORSE ALONE! You've got enough to do to drive your own. DROP THAT REIN!"

After a few experiences of this kind, however, the drivers began to learn, and on the return trip, two days later, the guns rounded the corners as if they had been running on tracks.

At evening the three regiments came to an immense field which, before the war, had been a fashionable race course. There the shelter tents—familiarly known as "pup tents"—were set up and a camp was established. By the time the place was in order and the horses groomed, the battery kitchens had supper ready. Sitting on the clean turf, the men enjoyed a restful meal as they watched the lanterns and kitchen fires

twinkle in the summer twilight. By dark a tired lot of soldiers were rolled in their blankets asleep.

Next morning at an early hour we were on the road again moving toward Bordeaux. On reaching the city we found the streets lined with people, and as we approached the center of town the crowds became more and more dense. The sidewalks were jammed, and at every window and on every balcony enthusiastic men, women and children were waving flags and shouting their welcome. All along the line of march the troops were greeted with cheering: not the perfunctory hand-clapping of the usual Fourth of July celebration, but the warm, joyful welcome of a people who were thoroughly glad to see these new additions to the armies that were fighting in their behalf. Through the narrow streets, out into the square where, by the reviewing stand and about the great monument in the center, thousands of citizens were massed, the whole feeling seemed to be what one often heard expressed in those days: "There are the American soldiers who have come to save France!"

After the parade the men and officers had the rest of the day to themselves, and they found plenty of amusement in and about the city until, in groups of threes and fours, they made their way to the tents for a good night's sleep before the long hike back to the training camp. The whole experience had been well worth while, and all who took part felt that our stay in Camp de Souge had reached a fitting end.





CHAPTER V

ON THE LORRAINE FRONT

While we were wondering where the brigade was to be sent, and whether, like the regiments which had preceded us in Camp de Souge, we should be kept around the base section for an extra month or two, the news somehow filtered in that we were to proceed direct to the front. It was with no little excitement, therefore, that we began to entrain at Bonneau on Tuesday, July 9th.

Now that we had our full equipment of guns, wagons, horses, mules, rolling kitchens and carts of all descriptions, it was necessary to split the regiment up and give each battery a train to itself. On the first load went the regimental headquarters and the Headquarters and Supply Companies, while the batteries, beginning with D, followed on behind. When it came to getting the horses and mules into the box cars there was a circus. Some of the mules had to be blindfolded and led in circles, and then suddenly backed into the train. One group of stallions had kicked a hole through the side of their car before the train left the station. Captain Kempner worked for half an hour with a mare who

had simply made up her mind that she was not going. Finally she landed in a heap on the floor of the car, on top of Sergeant Coté, who had her halter. At length, however, the first train was loaded and on its way, and the others followed in order during the next two days.

This journey was very different from the last. "We're traveling in comfort," says a letter written on the train. "There is no comparison between this and the trip from [Brest] to Bordeaux. For one thing they have the field kitchens mounted on flat cars, so that the cooks can prepare real meals and serve them hot. For another thing, having all the wagons and vehicles along makes more space—things and people aren't crowded together so. And then the men are more used to roughing it anyhow." The flat cars made splendid observation platforms, on which the troops rode for hours at a time, looking at the beautiful French landscapes and breathing deep the fresh summer air. "We have been climbing through hills, passing quaint villages, old mills with their wheels turning by beautiful ponds, one superb château with Maxfield Parish towers



Getting the Mules into the Box Cars

rising out of a wood, field after field of golden wheat, ready for harvest, often with scarlet poppies glowing in the midst of the grain. Flowers everywhere—golden-rod in full bloom!



And thistles and purple asters! Buttercups and pink clovers and daisies! No—it's not New England. There's a farm house and a barn built wholly of gray stone with a mellow, red-tiled roof, and funny two-wheeled carts in the barnyard. It's Europe, after all! . . . It all seems so far removed from war. Here we are, rolling toward the front (trundling would be a better word for the gait of these trains), and yet my imagination cannot see beyond this perfect peace of God's beautiful world. Yet, at the last station we passed a carload of German prisoners going the other way!"

After two days' travel we found ourselves coming into French Lorraine. We had known vaguely that we were booked for that part of the front, and although we knew that it was not a very active sector there was a certain thrill in feeling that we were at last getting into a region where actual war conditions prevailed. As one of the men writes: "A spirit of eagerness and curiosity took possession of us all. It was so strange, so quiet. The very air seemed to be filled with impending excitement, but, as may have been expected, nothing extraordinary happened. About 8:30 P. M. we reached Lunéville. The



Captain Kempner Worked for Half an Hour



Entraining at Bonneau

town was completely in darkness, and we were told that an air-raid occurred the previous evening. This all added to the suppressed excitement and every one was on his toes as we rumbled into the station."

There was but a short stop in Lunéville, for the end of our journey was not there but in Baccarat, a town lying a few miles to the south, famous in times of peace for its glass industry.

The first train reached Baccarat on the morning of the 12th. Colonel Briggs and Lieutenant Martin, who had become acting Adjutant when Captain Sullivan was sent away to the Staff College, at once went out to look over the situation. The infantry of the 77th Division, whom we had not seen since they left us at Camp Upton, were already in the lines, and we heard that they had even then suffered some unpleasant casualties

from gas and liquid fire. There had been very little active warfare in the sector since the early fall of 1914. At that time the Germans had found that their easiest access into French territory was through Belgium, and the French, giving up their long-cherished hope of reconquering German Lorraine by the sword, had been obliged to put their whole effort into stemming the tide of invasion in the north. Ever since then this particular part of the front had been used by both forces to train new troops for battle, and to give those who had been worn out by more strenuous work in other sectors a chance to rest without being actually out of the lines. Nevertheless the Germans had a way of keeping track of what troops were opposing them, and when they found a new American division on the ground, they tried all their tricks to harass and discomfit them.

Our infantry held a line which, roughly speaking, passed through St. Martin, Domèvre and Ancerviller. The 153rd and 154th Brigades had each one regiment in the front line and one in reserve. Our regiment was assigned to support the 153rd Brigade, whose commander, Brigadier-General Wittenmeyer, had his headquarters in the little village of Merviller.

Thither Colonel Briggs went and, establishing himself in the town with Captain Kempner, who was to be the operations officer, Lieutenant Martin and Chaplain Howard, he conferred with the brigade commander and looked up the positions the batteries were to occupy.

The usual arrangement of an artillery regiment in the field is as follows: There is, first of all, an echelon (a French term meaning literally "step"), situated far enough in the rear to be near the source of supplies and as free as possible from the danger of shelling. There the horses and wagons are kept, and the various organizations maintain their offices and their principal base. There the Supply Company is located, and the food is brought each day and put in a large dump, whence it



ALSACE-LORRAINE

is distributed among the batteries. The post office and personnel office are there and any other part of the regiment which functions for the whole body but is not immediately necessary to the fighting units.

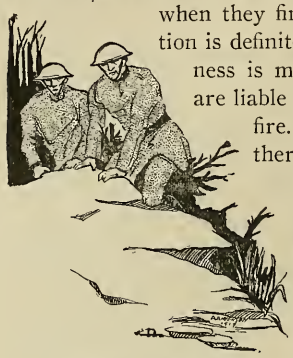
In advance of the echelon, at some central place where easy communication can be established with all parts of the regiment, are the regimental headquarters. Here the colonel and his adjutant have their office; here the operations officer receives the orders for battle and apportions to each unit the part it is to play; here the central telephone exchange is set up, and the sergeant-major, with his force of clerks and messengers, handles the general work of receiving, transmitting, sending and filing all orders which go in or out—a task which later was performed by a "message center" detail.

The Headquarters Company is usually located somewhere near the regimental headquarters. They furnish the orderlies and runners, telephone operators, draftsmen, radio experts, and whatever special details may be called for. Each department of the work is under the supervision of a lieutenant.

Farther out toward the front, as near as possible to the gun positions, are the battalion P. C.'s, or posts of command. There the majors and their adjutants live and work. They have with them specially trained officers and men from the Headquarters Company who handle the telephones, wireless outfits, map drawings and the all-important messenger service. There is also a sergeant-major with each battalion who is, like the regimental sergeant-major, a sort of office executive. A first aid station under the charge of a surgeon is maintained in connection with each battalion headquarters, so that these organizations are quite independent and self-sufficient.

The battery positions are located in places which afford good opportunities for firing both into the enemy's lines and also immediately in front of our own infantry lines. The latter fire is to protect the front trenches in case of an attack by the enemy.

But in addition to a good field of fire, the gun positions must have what is called defilade, that is, they must be so located that the enemy cannot see the flash or the smoke of the guns when they fire. The moment a battery's location is definitely known to the enemy its usefulness is minimized, for both men and guns are liable to be wiped out by counter-battery fire. Positions are usually chosen, therefore, on the rear slope of a hill or in a gully, screened if possible by trees, and affording an easy place for the construction of trenches and dugouts. The latter are important to shelter the men: they are absolutely essential to furnish a comparatively safe place for the battery commander to work at his maps and firing data, and for the telephone operator to keep at his switchboard and maintain communications with the executive officer at the guns as well as with the battalion and regimental P. C.'s.



Positions Are Chosen

Out beyond the battery positions are the forward observation posts. These may be in a screened position on the forward slope of a hill, or up among the branches of a tree. Sometimes they may be in rear of the guns, but always they must be where the observation officer can see and report the effects of his battery's fire, or discover new targets for the artillery to work upon.

All these various places are connected by telephone lines, which must be laid as soon as the regiment goes into position, and must be kept in working order every minute of the day and night at whatever cost.

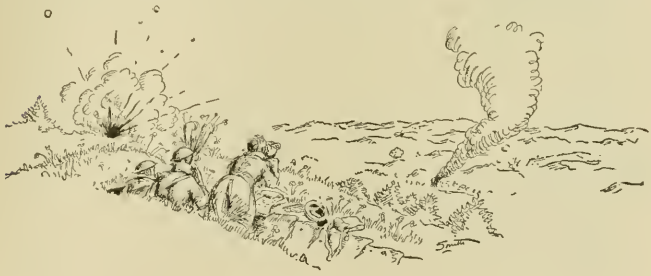
The Medical Detachment maintains, as has been stated, a first aid station with each battalion, and in addition furnishes

a first-aid enlisted man to each battery. Its headquarters are wherever the regimental surgeon happens to live—sometimes at the echelon, sometimes at regimental headquarters, often with the Headquarters Company.

This brief description of the usual layout of a regiment in the field will make clear a good many allusions as the story proceeds, for, save in the last great drive, where the rapidity of movement did not permit such elaborate preparations at each new position, the same general scheme was followed throughout all the fighting in which the 304th took part.

In placing his regiment in the Baccarat sector, Colonel Briggs put the echelon in a wood some distance back of Merviller. The regimental headquarters and the Headquarters Company were in the village itself, where the Colonel was in constant touch with the infantry brigade commander. Major Sanders with his First Battalion detail was established in Reherey, a little to the north, with Batteries A, B and C on the hill in front, some distance apart. Major Devereux took his battalion still farther north, and, placing his batteries near a road which ran parallel to the front lines, took up his headquarters in the village of Hablainville.

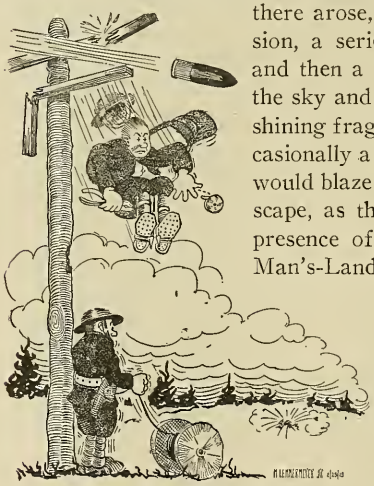
The first battery to move into position was D. Before the last of the regiment was detrained in Baccarat, Captain Mahon



Forward Observation Post

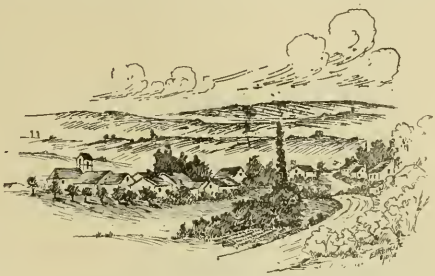
had received his orders, and on Saturday night, July 13th, his train of guns and caissons left the echelon and proceeded through Merviller and off to the left until they came to the position which had been selected. It was a splendid position, right in the very middle of a field of wheat. The guns were sunk in pits so that their muzzles barely protruded above the ground. There were communicating trenches and dugouts already well started by the battery which had just been relieved, and the whole emplacement was covered with a single wire net into which had been entwined enough bits of green burlap to make it blend in with the wheat. From the road, only forty meters away, no one would have guessed, unless well versed in detecting camouflage, that there was a battery anywhere near.

That first move out to the front, for each battery in turn, was a thrilling experience. From beyond the hills, whose outlines could barely be distinguished against the dark sky, there arose, in constant slow progression, a series of signal lights. Now and then a rocket would rush up into the sky and bursting would mingle its shining fragments with the stars. Occasionally a brilliant red or white flare would blaze out, illuminating the landscape, as the infantry, suspecting the presence of an enemy patrol in No-Man's-Land, sought to prevent a surprise. Here and there a chain of blue stars would rise majestically above the hills and then vanish into the darkness overhead. Rarely one could hear the boom of a gun or the distant popping of rifles.



Telephone Men in Action

Just as one battery was coming into position there burst directly overhead a white flare which lit up the scene as if a searchlight were being played upon it. The startled cannoneers and drivers thought that their end had come, and expected any minute to have a rain of shells descend upon them; but the flare died out and all was quiet as before, and the guns were placed without accident of any kind.



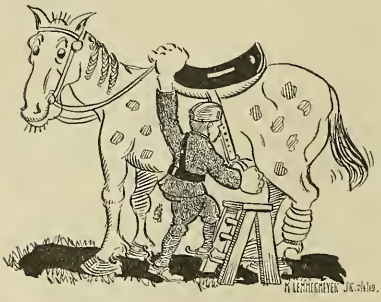
In the Baccarat Sector

There was considerable excitement to know who was to fire the first shot. According to the agreement at Camp de Souge, that honor should have fallen to Battery C. But Colonel Briggs found that the 305th, who had arrived ahead of us, had already begun to register their guns, and so he decided that D Battery, which was the first to be ready, might just as well go ahead. Accordingly, on Sunday afternoon, July 14th, Captain Mahon went to his observation post, and, selecting a prominent landmark within the enemy's lines, calculated his firing data and telephoned his orders for laying the guns to Lieutenant Eberstadt, his battery executive. The first piece only was to fire, and the gun crew, under Sergeant Ruggiero, in a matter-of-fact way, but nevertheless with a little inward flurry, followed the directions given them and slammed the shell into the breech.

"Ready to fire," announced the section chief. Lieutenant Eberstadt repeated it to the telephone operator, and they waited. Presently from the dugout came the operator's voice: "Fire."

"Fire!" commanded the Lieutenant.

With a quick pull of the lanyard there was a loud report; the gun leaped on its carriage as the "whee-you-whee-you-whee-you" of the departing shell sped over the hill. The 304th had fired its first shot of the war!



Lieutenant Graham Mounts His Charger

"What do you think you hit?" asked the Chaplain, who happened to be standing by.

"Don't know, sir," replied one of the men, "but I hope we hit the kaiser!"

If Battery D had the best position, Battery E probably had the worst. They were right out in an open field with practically no screen of any kind except the brow of the hill in front. Whoever had dug the emplacements had piled all the dirt in plain sight, and it was evident to any one passing along, let alone to the aerial observers who flew about each day, that there was a gun position there. Captain Perin said that his one hope was that the enemy, seeing so palpable an emplacement, would conclude that no one would be fool enough to put a battery in there! He at once had his men begin work on a new emplacement farther back on the edge of a wood, but it was not finished until just as the regiment was about to leave the sector.

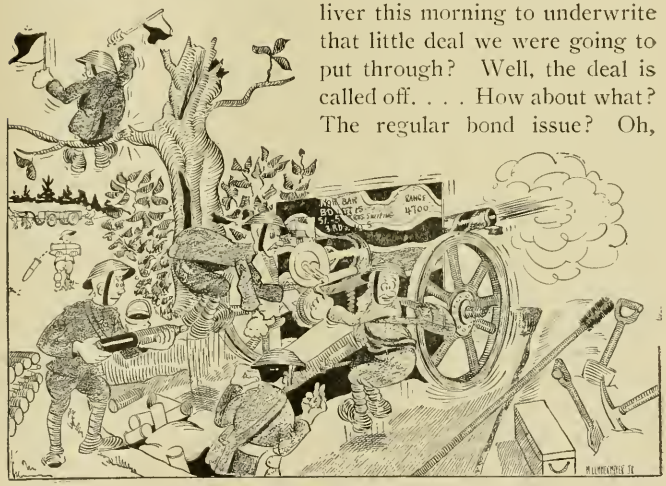
However, the old one did very well, for there was little or no shelling. Two or three times some shots came over and struck fairly close to both E and F, but the only actual casualty we heard of was a cow, killed on the street in Hablainville that first Sunday morning. The infantry, who were constantly doing patrol duty, and who were called on to carry out and repel not a few raids, sustained some losses, but from their whole

stay on the Baccarat front the artillery came out scathless.

Nevertheless the work was exceedingly profitable as a training for the regiment under real war conditions. The greatest precautions were observed, just as if we were on the most active front. No names of places or organizations were ever given over the telephone, nor any official titles used. Every one had to learn to guard his language, and to express his meaning in such a way that an enemy, listening in, would be unable to understand the drift of the conversation.

Sometimes the camouflaged language was very amusing. Major Sanders one day was in Colonel Vidmer's headquarters, and was there told that a certain raid, which he was to have supported by fire from one of his batteries, had been called off.

"I'll have to telephone Captain Bacon," he said. Then, as soon as he had got the connection, he proceeded, "Bacon? This is Sanders. You remember those securities you were to deliver this morning to underwrite that little deal we were going to put through? Well, the deal is called off. . . . How about what? The regular bond issue? Oh,



We were Learning the Game of War

yes, that holds good. And Bacon, I believe you still have a sum tied up in a safe deposit vault. Better get it out—that bank's not safe—invest it in that lumber company we were talking about this morning."



Entrance to a Dugout

"What in the world are you talking about?" asked the Colonel, as Major Sanders hung up the receiver.

"Why," replied the major, "I just told Captain Bacon that the raid for to-night was called off. He asked me if the normal barrage remained unchanged, and I told him it still held good. Then I told him to get an isolated gun out of an unsafe emplacement where he had it and put it in the woods!"

Camouflage discipline was very strictly enforced. Colonel Briggs was so pleased with D's position, on account of its good camouflage, that he had an aerial photograph taken to demonstrate how well a gun emplacement could be hidden from observation. To his astonishment, the photograph showed plainly, in front of what was known to be the position of each piece, a little fine line extending forward for a few meters. On examination, it was found that the men had once or twice gone out to the aiming-stakes to find out what was the trouble with the little electric bulbs which are used in night firing. In those few trips, the men's feet had worn tiny paths in the wheat which would never be noticed by a passer-by, but which were plainly revealed in the airplane's photograph. It was a good lesson, and the men were taught that they simply must not walk anywhere around the guns except in well-defined paths which

had been known to exist before. If ever a new path had to be made, it was continued on past the position, so as not to show, by suddenly coming to an end, that it led to a battery.

While we were not often fired upon, our batteries did a good deal of firing on the enemy. It was much like the work they had had at Camp de Souge, but there was the additional interesting feature that it was intended to inflict damage on some unseen foe. In one man's diary we find the following entry: "Last night we were roused out of bed for some harassing fire. We fired four rounds at 12:10 and again at 12:20, and finally at 12:55 Battery F coöperated. It was all very dramatic waiting in the stilly darkness for the word over the phone which would let loose the fire of death against some unknown enemy that we can't even see."

One night, when no one was expecting it, a terrific barrage burst loose from Battery B. Colonel Briggs could not find any one who had authorized the firing, and he made an investigation. Captain Doyle summoned a man who had been on guard, and who was reported to have seen a red rocket, which at that time was the prearranged signal for a barrage.

"Did you see a rocket last night about eight o'clock?" asked the captain.

"I did, sor," replied the guard with a fine brogue.

"What color was it?"

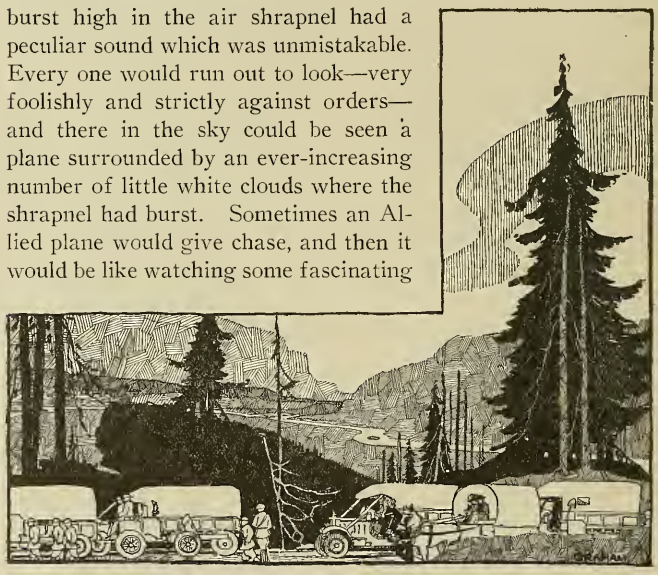
"Well, sor, 'twere not white; an' 'twere not red—that is, not so red as the rear light av a train. 'Twere more rose!"

Further investigation proved that the guard was quite correct: a rose rocket had been sent off at that time—but it was a German rocket!

As far as real war went, our stay near Baccarat was not very exciting. The farms and villages were all inhabited, and while we tip-toed about and kept out of sight, the French peasants, both men and women, went placidly about their work in the fields, and hoed their potatoes or reaped their wheat right

alongside our guns. But they were earning their livelihood: we were learning the game of war, and what we learned in those three weeks was to be of infinite use to us later on when we got to where the fighting was heavy and the danger great.

The most spectacular thing we saw was the airplane fights in the sky above us. Hun planes came over every day, and as soon as one appeared we would hear the booming of the French anti-aircraft guns trying to drive it away. Indeed that sound was usually the first warning we had that planes were overhead. Bloom—bloom—bloom—bloom! When it burst high in the air shrapnel had a peculiar sound which was unmistakable. Every one would run out to look—very foolishly and strictly against orders—and there in the sky could be seen a plane surrounded by an ever-increasing number of little white clouds where the shrapnel had burst. Sometimes an Allied plane would give chase, and then it would be like watching some fascinating



game. The two planes would swoop and dive, and there would be the rattle of machine guns as they pumped away at each

other, and then one would suddenly dart off and disappear from sight.

In the middle of July the Germans began their last desperate drive toward Paris, and as the news reached us those first two or three days of their steady gains, we wondered whether, after all, the Hun would not succeed in breaking through. We knew that he could not win the war even if he did break through, for American troops were pouring into the country and taking their places in the lines with constantly increasing force; and yet we feared for the Allied morale if Hindenburg should ever reach Paris.

Then came the news of the French and American counter-attack of the 18th. At Château-Thierry they had smashed the apex of the German salient, and on the sides toward Soissons and Rheims they were driving in like an immense pair of pincers threatening to cut off the Boche if he did not withdraw. Then came that tremendous thrust which hurled the Germans back, back, away from the Marne, away from Paris, and our men were wild with desire to get into the real game.



CHAPTER VI

HEADED FOR THE UNKNOWN

Toward the end of July came the word that we were presently to be shifted to a more active sector. There were rumors that our destination was to be Italy, where some American troops were already being sent, but every one hoped with all his heart that it might be our lot to go into the thick of the fighting in France or Flanders.

On the night of Thursday, August 1st, our positions were taken over by a French battalion which, worn out with terrific battles in the north, had been sent to Baccarat for a rest. The infantry was relieved by the 37th American Division, and we were glad to know that we were not again to be separated from them. The 77th Division had begun to feel its unity, and although the different branches of the service had by no means perfected the art of coöperation, a certain *esprit de corps* was beginning to make itself felt, and we had no desire to have it interrupted.

On this occasion we had our first experience of taking the regiment on the road at night. Most of the batteries got out of their position without any mishap, but Battery A, just as

the drivers were hitching the horses to the guns, was startled by the sudden grinding of a Klaxon: the gas alarm!

"Gas!" shouted the officers.

"Gas! gas!" yelled the men, as they struggled to get their masks on in the dark. Soon every one was masked. Then, "Put the masks on the horses!" ordered the Captain, and a wild scramble took place to get those queer-smelling bags out of the cases which hung under the horses' muzzles, and to slip them over the animals' noses and fasten the straps. It was Bedlam let loose. Nobody could see in the dark through his mask, and they all stumbled over each other and over the guns and barked their shins and fell into the gun pits, until Captain Lyman, lifting his nose clip and sniffing the air, discovered that there was no gas at all!

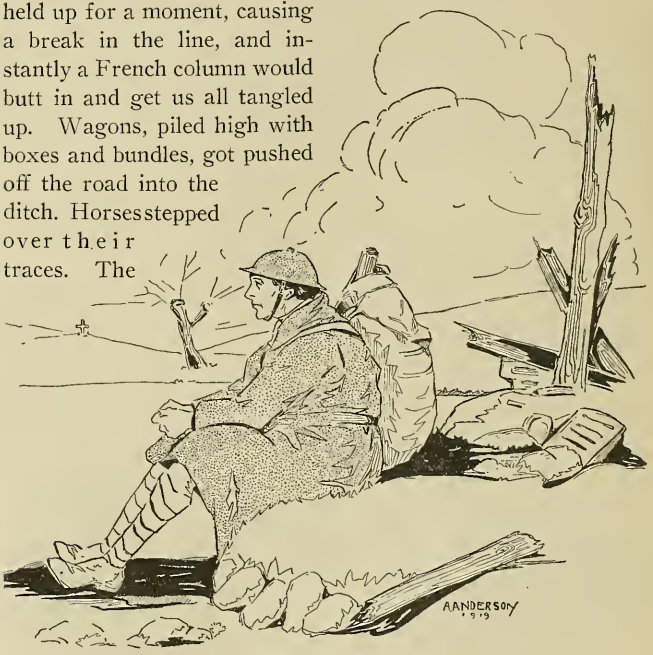
"Gas masks may be removed," he cried, taking off his own, and presently order was restored and the guns were moved out in peace.

Battery A's little farce, however, was mild compared to the circus parade of that first night march. To begin with,



"Gas! Gas!"

the French artillery was moving in on the same road on which we were moving out. Our drivers had not yet learned to keep well to the right of the road, and the French are notorious for spreading themselves. One of our organizations would be held up for a moment, causing a break in the line, and instantly a French column would butt in and get us all tangled up. Wagons, piled high with boxes and bundles, got pushed off the road into the ditch. Horses stepped over their traces. The



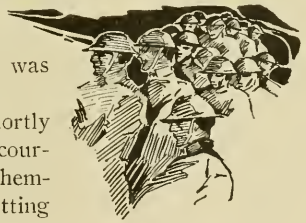
Men Began to Fall Out

seventy-five new stallions, which had been delivered to us two days before, squealed and pranced and backed all over the road, while the Frenchmen jabbered in their unknown tongue and our own drivers exhausted their vocabularies of profanity.

Colonel Briggs, as usual, was everywhere at once. Riding

along the column he would see a traffic congestion, and would at once leap from his horse and dive into the midst of the turmoil. His quick eye would soon diagnose the cause of the trouble, and his mind and hand never lacked for a remedy, and presently the mess would untangle itself and the column would proceed. Once he had just straightened out one driver's difficulty and was about to mount his horse when another, a few paces farther back, not knowing who he was but only seeing that he was a friend in need, called out, "Hey, Buddie, come over and give me a hand, will you?"

At length, after two or three hours of unutterable confusion, we got through the town of Baccarat and started on our way. The men who had to travel on foot soon showed their lack of training in the gentle art of hiking. Tender feet began to blister, and unused leg muscles became tied up with cramps. All along the roadside men began to fall out and sit down. There was a ten-minute rest after every fifty minutes of marching, and it was, of course, against orders to drop out without permission, but in the intense darkness it was impossible to keep track of everybody. The men, who believed that as members of a regiment of horse artillery they should either be mounted on wagons or on horseback, were shameless about it. They were tired, they were blistered, they were sore, and they didn't care who knew it! Eventually those who sat down joined in with other batteries as they came along, and some of them managed to beg rides on trucks or wagons, so that by the end of the hike the whole regiment was present.



A Weary Night

But it was a weary night. Shortly after sunrise a very tired and discouraged crowd of soldiers dragged themselves into a wood, and, after putting the horses on picket lines, sank down

to the ground without stopping to get out their blankets. By seven-thirty it had begun to rain, but few men had the energy to rouse themselves and put up shelter tents. They lay where they were, in the open, and let it rain.

There was another night of marching, in which the order and discipline were much better; but the hike was very exhausting and the hours dragged on interminably before there were any signs of the journey's end. Morning came at last, however, as we passed through Bayon and pulled into a splendid wood whose clean open fields seemed just meant for tents. Moreover, there was a river nearby for watering the horses and for bathing. The news that we were to stay for several days was received with gratitude, and from Saturday, August 3rd, until Tuesday, the men really enjoyed themselves. There was work to be done, of course, but there were also leisure hours, especially on Sunday, and we basked in the sun and bathed in the river, and lay around taking it easy. Sunday morning many of the men walked to a nearby village to attend church, while others went to the Chaplain's service in the woods; and on Sunday afternoon, to our astonishment, a truck drove in and deposited a load of American mail.

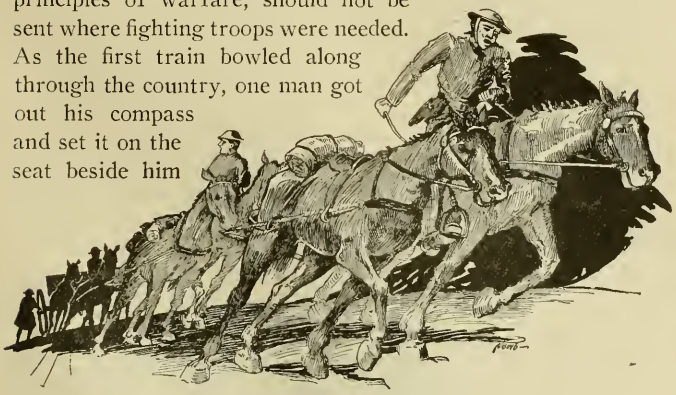
On Tuesday, August 6th, Colonel Briggs received orders to take his regiment to a place called Einvaux, where trains would be waiting to move the troops to their next destination. What that destination was he did not know: he was to start under sealed orders.

That night we marched some twelve kilometers to Einvaux and entrained. This was a very different operation from what it had been at Bonneau, for the men knew now how to put their horses and wagons into the cars. There was little or no confusion, in spite of the fact that the work had to be done in the dark. Quietly and steadily they went about their business, and train after train was loaded and sent forth on its mysterious way.



HEADED FOR THE UNKNOWN

Where were we bound? No one knew. One thing only was sure: with the present state of affairs at the front it was unthinkable that our division, now fairly well schooled in the principles of warfare, should not be sent where fighting troops were needed. As the first train bowled along through the country, one man got out his compass and set it on the seat beside him



Another Night of Marching

to discover what general direction we were taking. All day long the train rumbled toward the west—toward Château-Thierry and the region where the fighting was thickest—and soon after dark we came to a station called La Ferté Gaucher, situated on one of the tributaries of the Marne River. There we detrained, and, marching northwest, reached a group of villages in the neighborhood of Rebais. Some in billets and some in the fields, the batteries found their stopping places, and inasmuch as Colonel Briggs' instructions did not carry him any farther, the regiment, with headquarters established at St. Leger, settled down and awaited developments.

While we were in that region a new officer came to take command of the 152nd Brigade. General Rees, who had commanded us for more than six months, had been relieved just before we left Baccarat, and in his place came Colonel Manus

McCloskey. The latter had just led the 12th Field Artillery through the terrific fighting of the Allied counter-attack at Château-Thierry, where, as part of the 2nd Division, it had done splendid work, and it was in recognition of his able services that he had now been given a brigade and was to be made a brigadier-general.

On Saturday, the 10th, there was a bustle of preparation throughout the regiment. The wagons were carefully repacked, the rolling stock was all examined and put into good shape, such horses as needed it were shod, and finally the tents were struck, and the packs rolled. About sundown the various units came out on the roads and the long column started on its momentous march toward—toward what?

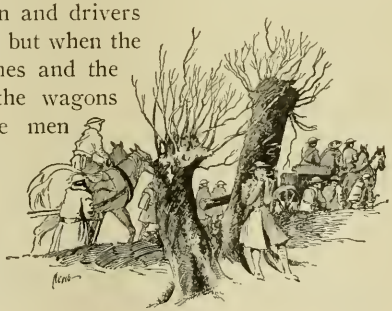
We were headed north, but just what that meant no one



The Wagons Were Repacked

could fully grasp. We were coming to a jumping-off place where we must take a leap in the dark into something utterly unknown. There was a general feeling of curiosity and of suppressed elation. Big things lay ahead of us, and they loomed large in our imagination as we tried to compass with our minds the significance of this strange new venture.

By this time the men had learned how to march. The column moved evenly along the right-hand side of the road, and the gaps which had been so evident on the first night hike were far less frequent. The feet of the unmounted men had become toughened, and their packs were better rolled and better adjusted. The whole regiment was able now to be content with the ten-minute halts for rest, and to travel a considerable distance without too great fatigue. It would hardly be true, however, to say that the men did not get tired. To start after one has been working all day, and ride a rough-gaited horse or drive a four-line team, or walk with a fifty-pound pack on one's back throughout the night, is quite enough to tire any normal man. The long waits which so often occur on the roads, when no one knows the reason for the delay nor how long it is to last, add an element of irritation which inevitably increases the drain on physical and nervous energy. It would seem as though the mounted men and drivers had by far the best of it, but when the end of the journey comes and the guns are parked and the wagons rolled into place, these men have to look after their horses and mules and put away the harness before ever they can think of attending to their own needs and comforts. As a matter of fact, though



We Were Headed North

each man is tempted at times to envy some one else's lot, there is no one who does not have his full share of drudgery and labor, and there is no one who is not tired out when the night's work is done.



A Warm Sun Lured Many to the River

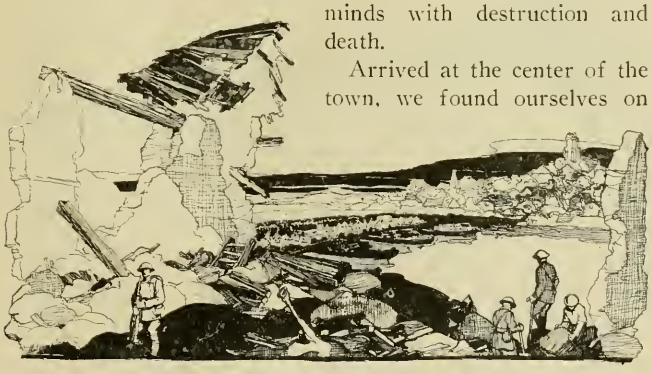
The first stage of our journey toward the great unknown brought us in the intense dark of a cloudy night to a forest road on which, shut in by overhanging trees, the blackness could almost be felt. Groping their way about, the men finally got their horses tied up, and without waiting to put up tents, threw their blankets on the ground and fell asleep.

Morning revealed the fact that we were in the grounds of a beautiful château on a hill overlooking the Marne River. Some of the officers had discovered the château the night before and had crept in and slept on sofas or on the soft carpets; but most people were lying in the tall wet grass which grew in abundance all about the place. It was Sunday, and aside from the necessary work which must always be done, the day was spent as a day of rest. A warm August sun lured many to the river, where they took off their clothes and bathed and swam about. The 305th and 306th regiments were encamped near by, and

the stream was fairly alive with men. One can imagine the relief it brought to tired and dirty bodies to plunge into the cool water and then come out and sit in the sun. A great many lay down under the trees that afternoon and slept until word was passed around, "Everybody up! Roll your packs; we start right after supper."

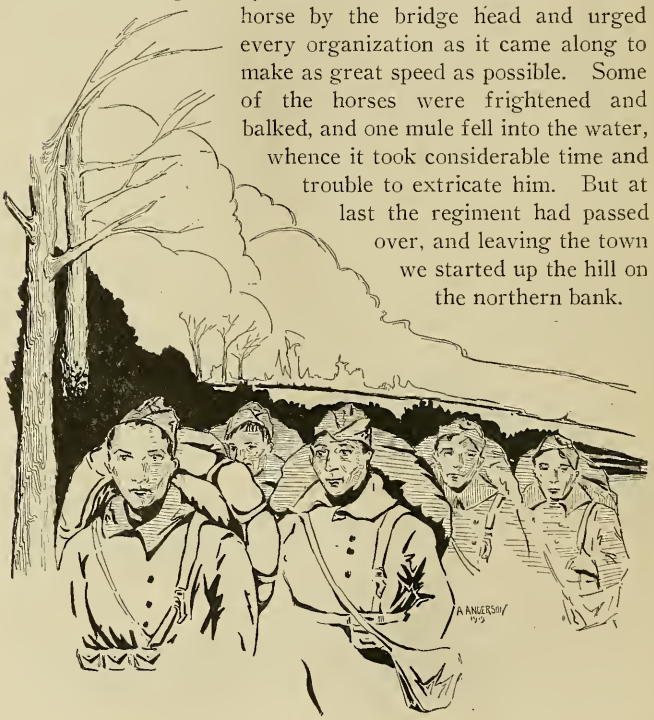
The march of the night of August 11th was one that we shall never forget. Pulling out of the château grounds, we moved along parallel to the river for a while, and then turned to the left and went straight for the historic town of Château-Thierry. As we made our way along a wide avenue flanked with handsome dwellings and beautiful shade trees, it was hard to realize that we were actually in the place where the French and Americans had hurled their first terrific counter-attack across the Marne. But as we got farther into the city itself we could begin to see, in the darkness, the scars of battle. There were houses which had been wrecked by shell-fire; there was a general atmosphere of disorder; and there was a certain indefinable odor which we noticed there for the first time, and which came afterward to be associated in our minds with destruction and death.

Arrived at the center of the town, we found ourselves on



Crossing the Marne at Château-Thierry

the famous bank of the Marne. The old bridges had been destroyed, but a pontoon bridge had been constructed, and on this we crossed. Our progress through the city had been delayed by a freight train which cut in between batteries as the column was passing the railroad and stood for a half hour directly in the way. The result was that we were holding up the entire brigade on the road behind us, and Colonel Briggs was anxious to get over as fast as he could. He sat on his horse by the bridge head and urged every organization as it came along to make as great speed as possible. Some of the horses were frightened and balked, and one mule fell into the water, whence it took considerable time and trouble to extricate him. But at last the regiment had passed over, and leaving the town we started up the hill on the northern bank.



Slowly We Plodded Our Way

As we reached the crest of the hill we looked to the north, and there, on the far horizon, was a continual play of what looked like heat lightning. We watched the flashes come and go, and gradually the significance of it dawned on us: we were looking toward the battle front, and the flashes were the flashes of guns and flares and rockets where at that very moment good American troops were struggling with the Boche for mastery of the hills beyond the Vesle!

Fascinated as we were by the sight, it was necessary to look sharp about us, for we were passing now over roads where recently the fighting had been intense, and there yawned beneath our feet shell holes and mine craters which must be compassed with great care by the guns and vehicles. Slowly we plodded on our way, through shattered villages and wasted fields which brought us from time to time that unmistakable odor of death. After toiling up a long and difficult hill over the roughest of country roads, we came at last to a clump of woods where the order was given to park our guns and pitch camp for the rest of the night.

On waking up in the morning we found that we had been sleeping on a veritable battle field. In the thick underbrush about us were innumerable little pits, half covered with branches, where Boche machine guns had been planted to pour their deadly fire on the French and American troops as they advanced up the hill. One man found that the little mound of earth he had used for a pillow was a grave. Nearby was another grave with no mound whatever over it, and the feet of the corpse were sticking out of the ground. Everywhere scattered over the hillside were the things which the Germans in their retreat and the Americans in their pursuit had thrown away to lighten their burdens in the furious running fight, —rifles and ammunition, blankets by the score, helmets, canteens, cartridge belts, and every conceivable object the riddance of which might make for freer, faster movements. It

was a dismal place, and yet it had a morbid fascination for the men, and they spent hours rummaging through the woods and looking for traces of the battle.

As we took the road about dusk that night we realized that we were coming close to the front, for in the gathering darkness the lightning in the sky to the north became more and more vivid, and we could from time to time hear the rumble of guns. Red flares blazed up and threw a lurid glow half-way across the heavens, and then died down again, leaving the sky black



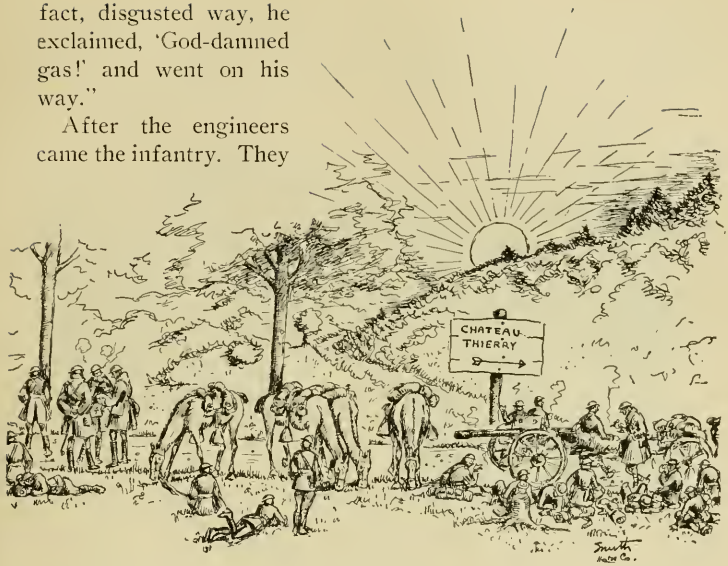
Ten Minute

save for where that constant flicker of light showed where the battle was raging.

Late in the evening we began to pass a stream of troops coming back from the front. They were a part of the 4th Division, which was being relieved by the 77th after several weeks of terrific fighting through the Château-Thierry drive. First came a regiment of engineers, stumbling along over the shell-torn road, grumbling as they went. "I don't know what ailed them," writes an officer in his diary, "but I never heard such a lot of growlers. We all remarked it. Doubtless they were tired out. One man stopped right alongside my horse at a halt, leaned over and vomited. Then, in a matter-of-

fact, disgusted way, he exclaimed, 'God-damned gas!' and went on his way."

After the engineers came the infantry. They



Halts for Rest

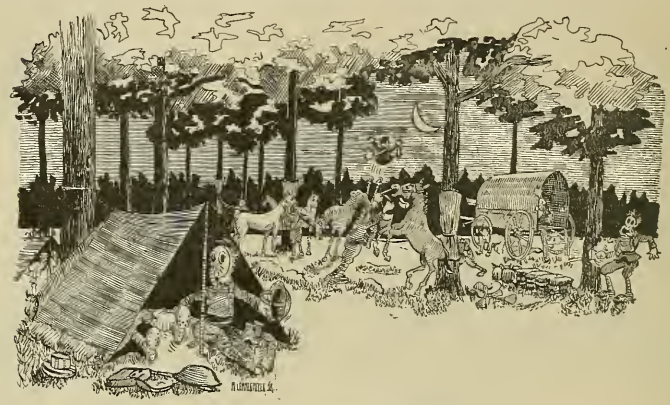
cursed us softly from time to time for being in the way, and for being mounted while they had to travel on foot. They overlooked the fact that at least half of our men were plodding along with packs like themselves. Especially were they irritated by presence of a band.

"Look!" they cried, one after another, as they passed. "These guys have got their band with 'em. You won't need any bands up there, Buddie—you'll get all the music you want!"

But at our halts they stopped and chatted with the artillery, told them wondrous stories of their adventures with the Hun, and wished us joy. "Give 'em hell!" was the slogan all along the line. "Go to it! They'll need all the guns you've

got to blast those damned Boches out of the hills across the river!"

Some time after midnight we passed through the skeleton-like ruins of Sergy, near Fère-en-Tardenois, which, as an im-



Klaxons Screamed the Alarm

portant road center, had been one of the main objectives in the Allied drive. The streets were deserted save for an occasional M. P. on a corner, and the rattle of our wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement resounded with a ghostly racket which contrasted sharply with the deep rumble of the distant cannon.

Bearing off to the east for a short distance, we turned sharply to the left and began a long, steady climb up into the Nesle Woods. Arrived at the top of the hill, the regiment halted while the foremost battery turned in from the road, bumped along under the trees for a while, and then unhitched their horses and prepared to camp. The other organizations followed in turn, and after considerable maneuvering among the stumps and ditches and holes, we were all settled for a sleep.

We had hardly begun to doze when suddenly there was a terrific report which sounded very close, and at the same time an enormous white flare burst over the edge of the woods and floated down among the trees. A dozen Klaxons screamed the gas alarm. Every one was up in an instant, and the cry of "Gas! gas!" could be heard on all sides. Fumbling in the dark we pulled out our masks and put them on, and then there was a rush for the picket lines to get the horses protected. Hardly had this been done when Major Sanders's voice was heard above the din, "Gas masks may be removed!" Some of the battery commanders, before repeating the order to their men, despatched their gas sergeants to the Major's tent to find out what was up. "False alarm!" was the report. So we took off our masks and lay down again.

Within a few minutes there came again the rasping of a Klaxon, and immediately every guard in the camp began to sound the alarm once more. This too was found to be false. Major Sanders, who was in command that night in the absence of the Colonel, gave orders to the officer of the guard that no alarm was to be sounded without an express command from the gas officer, Lieutenant Keller.

But fear of this dreaded device of the Hun overcame even the Major's orders, and within an hour one of the guards, hearing a gas alarm way down in the valley, thought it his duty to warn the camp first and get his authority afterward, and turning to the tree where his Klaxon was mounted, he seized the handle and ground away for dear life. By this time every one was exasperated, and yet no one was quite sure that it might not be a real alarm, so for the third time the whole camp was roused.

"Put that man under arrest!" shouted the Major. "Officer of the guard, arrest that man! There is no gas whatever in these woods!"

Then at length the alarms were at an end. The men lay

down again, and this time they slept soundly until the sun was well up in the heaven.

When we looked about us in the morning, we found that we were near the edge of the woods on the crest of a hill. Below us in the valley lay the little village of Mareuil-en-Dole, through which ran the main road from Fère-en-Tardenois to Fismes. All about us among the trees were shallow trenches which had been used by the infantry when the battle passed that way. Machine gun emplacements were also numerous, and there were a few rude shacks which had once been used by the Germans for officers' quarters and as stables for their horses. The smell which we had noticed all along the way from the Marne was here overpowering. We had been nauseated by it the previous night when we moved in, and when day came the cause was not far to seek: within a few yards of us were a number of dead horses. Indeed, the whole countryside was littered with them, and although our men were immediately started on the happy task of giving them decent burial, the stench they made had permeated the ground and the air, and during our whole stay in the sector it was part and parcel of the atmosphere we breathed.

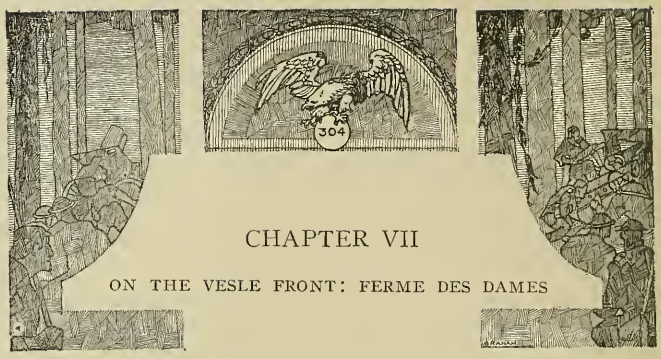
Along with the dead horses must be mentioned the flies. France is not noted for its good sanitation even in peace times; and during the war towns and villages abounded in filth where flies throve and multiplied. Added to the swarms which came from such places were myriads breeding wherever troops had lived or battles had been fought,



Eating Was Never a Pleasure

and in the Vesle sector they were so thick as to be almost unbearable. Even with the best of food, eating was never a pleasure. The worst little railroad restaurant in America is a paradise of cleanliness, so far as flies are concerned, compared with mess time in those woods. Not until night fell was there any peace; and even in the dark the slightest touch on the under side of the shelter tent brought down a buzzing shower of flies.

After our experience with the flare on the previous night, and with the sound of aerial bombs which had seemed so close at hand, we wondered whether we were not by this time nearly to the front. At first we were told that we should probably make one more move forward, but the following day the Colonel brought us word that, for the present, the Nesle Woods was to be our echelon, and that the batteries would go into position immediately. On August 15th, shortly after supper, B Battery's guns were on their way, and before the night was over, all the firing batteries had taken over the positions of their predecessors. The long-expected day had arrived: at last we were on the real firing line!



CHAPTER VII

ON THE VESLE FRONT: FERME DES DAMES

In order to appreciate the events of the next few weeks, one must understand the situation which prevailed when the 77th Division moved into the sector. In the early part of the summer, the Germans, starting north of the Aisne River, had made a terrific drive into the Allied lines between Soissons and Rheims. With seemingly irresistible force, they drove toward Paris a wedge, the apex of which rested on the Marne River at Château-Thierry. On July 18th, the French, finding themselves attacked again in this vital spot, called on General Pershing for help, and, reënforced by a few American divisions, they hurled themselves on the front and flanks of the German salient, carried the Germans off their feet, and rushed them back from the Marne and across the territory they had previously taken. On August 4th they made a stand on the Vesle. For a while the lines were not stabilized, but in general, the front between Soissons and Rheims followed the course of the Vesle River.

The sector we were to occupy had been held by the 4th American Division. They had driven the Germans across the river at Bazoches while they themselves occupied the little town of St. Thibault on the south bank. Repeated attempts to get

across and take Bazoches had failed, because the Germans were not only in the town itself, but were strongly intrenched on the high hills beyond. There they had massed machine guns and artillery which completely controlled the river valley.



Chery-Chartreuve

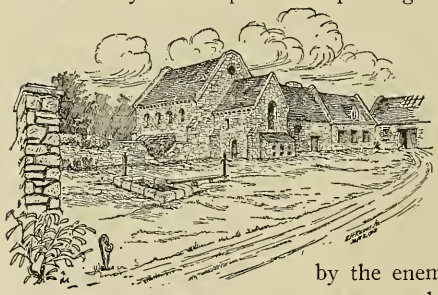
At this time the fighting had been what is known as "open warfare," as opposed to "position" or "trench warfare." That is, the armies had been working through open country, and without stopping to construct any permanent infantry trenches or gun emplacements, had moved rapidly, taking advantage of such natural protection as was available to cover their maneuvers.

When we moved into the sector, therefore, we found that, while the fighting had practically settled down into position warfare, we were expected to take over gun positions which were never intended to be anything but temporary. They were right out in the open (with the exception of Battery A's, which was in the edge of a wood), with no protection from shellfire except the flimsiest sort of dugouts, and no screening from aerial observation except camouflage nets on poles, which formed a sort of transparent tent over each emplacement. They were in full view from a half-dozen balloons which hovered above the German lines, and every man who approached

must have been plainly visible to the vigilant Huns. As soon as Colonel Briggs had looked over the ground with his battalion commanders, he asked to be allowed to select new positions for his guns; but for some reason it was denied him, and he was told to take for the time being the crude emplacements which our predecessors were turning over to us.

Roughly speaking, our field of activity was a hillside, with woods on the west and along the crest at the north, the main road from Mareuil-en-Dole to Chery-Chartreuve at its base on the south, and the village of Chery-Chartreuve on the east. Well up the slope and right out in the open stood the Ferme des Dames, where the infantry regiment we were to support had its headquarters; and ranged about to the east and north lay our battery positions. E and F were close together, between the farm and Chery-Chartreuve; D was a little farther north; B and C in front of the farm and just south of the edge of the woods along the crest of the hill, while A was in a point of woods which jutted out from the west. Major Devereux had his P. C. in a ravine behind his batteries, close by a battery of the 306th F. A.'s howitzers; and Major Sanders installed himself in a dugout in the woods behind Battery A.

A few days were spent in improving the gun pits and digging trenches and dugouts for protection, establishing observation posts and registering the guns on certain targets across the Vesle. There was little or no shelling by the enemy, but his airplanes were overhead nearly all the



Ferme des Dames

time. They met with no opposition—we never did discover where the Allied planes kept themselves on this front—and the Boche aviators swooped low over our guns, took photographs, studied our movements, and made a thorough survey of the situation which boded ill for the security of our men. The battery commanders knew that it was just a question of time before the German artillery would cut loose.

On the morning of August 19th, B Battery's cannoneers were at their kitchen in the woods west of the guns, when the first shock of real war was driven home. Without any preliminaries, a shell crashed into the midst of the group, and three men were struck—Corporal McCourt, and Privates Anderson and Houseman. They were given first-aid treatment by Private Prior of the Medical Detachment, and carried to the nearest surgeon. On the way to the dressing station, more shells began to fall, and Prior and Stewart, who were carrying Houseman, were both wounded. Houseman did not live to reach the ambulance station, and Anderson died on the way to the field hospital—the first men to have their names go on our honor roll.

The next morning, August 20th, it was C's turn. About nine o'clock several batteries of German artillery opened a concentrated fire on both B's and C's positions. The men all took refuge in dugouts or dodged into the woods, but suddenly the fire shifted from the gun emplacements right into the woods where a number of Battery C men, including Lieutenant Dodge, were located. As shell after shell whizzed and banged about them, they all jumped into little two-man "rabbit holes." Mechanics Angrisano and McConville were together in one hole, when Corporal Frey, who found he had not time to reach his own place, jumped in with them. Immediately there was a terrific explosion—a shell had plunged right in on top of them. All three were instantly killed. As soon as there was a lull Lieutenant Dodge, himself wounded in the chest, ordered

the men to scatter, while he walked down to the aid station to have his wound dressed. The battery never returned to that position. A detail went up that afternoon with Captain Bacon and the Chaplain to bury the dead, and that night the horses were brought up and the guns hauled out and taken over the hill to a new position in the woods on the forward slope. Battery B, too, moved away and found a better place considerably to the left. Lieutenant Gannon, on two successive nights, returned with a single piece and fired from the old position—a task which required nerve on the part of the Lieutenant and his men. Aside from that, the place was deserted. The camouflage nets were left so as not to show that the guns had departed, and for days a rain of shells was poured on them every few hours, until there was little to be seen but wreckage.

The First Battalion headquarters came in for its full share of shelling, although there were no casualties. Directly behind Major Sanders's dugout was a battery of huge 155mm. rifles, and just in front of him was Battery C of the 306th F. A. with their howitzers. The Germans shelled both of these batteries consistently, and our men got the fringes of the fire. Shell fragments whistled through the trees and brought down showers of twigs and leaves, and at least one man, Private Hicks, was knocked down by an explosion close behind him. To add to the confusion, every time the great 155's, which towered up in the rear, let out their deep-throated roar, the concussion extinguished the candles in the major's dugout.

Meanwhile the Second Battalion was having its troublous times. The ravine where Major Devereux's P. C. was located, was a center of attraction for the German artillery. Day after day and night after night they would begin at the lower end, where the 306th's howitzers stood, and sweep up the ravine with high explosives which drove everybody into whatever underground protection was to be found. Particularly



THE VALLEY OF THE VESLE

disagreeable were the gas attacks every evening at supper time, which interrupted the meal and spoiled all the food.

The batteries of this battalion, being farther out in the open than any of the others, were subjected to terrific fire, and the men were at a disadvantage in not having any woods at hand to which they could scatter. Moreover, the constant vigilance of the balloons and airplanes made it very difficult to get food to the cannoneers by day, while the hellish shellfire which swept the hillside every night made it extremely dangerous to carry anything to them after dark. Ammunition, of course, had to be brought, and Battery D's first casualties were four drivers, Vannini, Bryant, Claviter and Kalf, all of whom were caught under fire while bringing shells to the battery. With several other men they had ducked under a fallen airplane for protection, when a shell struck the plane and exploded the gasoline tank with terrible results: Vannini and Bryant died within a few hours; Claviter, wounded in the hand, recovered eventually, but Kalf died in hospital. Sergeant Walters, of Battery F, who was with them, was killed instantly.

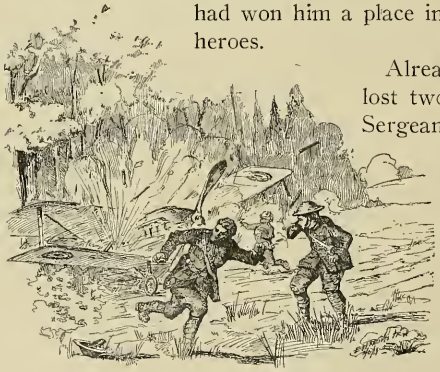


Out in the Open

While ammunition must be delivered no matter what the cost, food simply could not be brought in bulk to the gun positions. The cannoneers had to watch their chances and sneak off to the kitchens in the woods, a few at a time, to get a hot meal and to carry back what hard tack and canned meat they could against the time when they should be unable to get away at all. Many a day they went hungry, and many an anxious hour did the battery commanders spend trying to devise ways and means of getting them fed.

Each battery in turn had its baptism of fire, and then a re-

baptism often repeated. One day no less than five successive times did the Germans concentrate a fire of gas and high explosive on D Battery. For two of these attacks the men stuck to their posts, but during the other three they had to leave. Yet, save for the drivers before mentioned, this battery suffered no real casualties until September 3rd, when Sergeant Weinhauer, in charge of an isolated forward gun, earned a citation for bravery. While he was firing on a German target, the Boche discovered his position and began to shell it. The enemy fire became so hot that the Sergeant ordered his men to scatter. Lying alongside the gun were some shells which had been fused, ready for firing. It is against orders to leave such shells about because they are liable to explode, and Weinhauer knew that to leave them there would endanger the gun. So, while his men obeyed orders and rushed for safety, this section chief remained behind alone to unfuse the shells. Disregarding his own danger, he performed his task; but as he turned to go a German shell burst at his feet, shattering both his legs. He was taken to a dressing station and from there sent to a hospital, but finally succumbed before ever he knew that his valor had won him a place in the nation's list of heroes.



A Shell Struck the Airplane

Already F. Battery had lost two men by shellfire—Sergeant Walters, killed with Battery D's drivers, and Private Moserowitz, who was felled by a shell explosion on a road near the guns—but worse fortune was to befall them. There

had just been a reorganization of the officers, due to the fact that Lieutenants Pfaelzer, Washburn and Watson, together with numerous other officers, had been taken away from the regi-



Our Men Got the Fringes of the Fire

ment and sent back to the States to help organize and instruct new artillery organizations. Lieutenant Tweedy had been sent to help Captain Ewell, who was now alone with his firing battery. That very night, while the crew of the first piece was preparing to shoot some harassing fire on a road within the German lines, the customary evening callers began to drop in. The cannoneers were at their posts: they were all so accustomed to shelling by this time that they paid no particular attention to the Pfzzzz-z-z-BANG! of one burst after another which plowed up the ground and threw chunks of earth all about them. The gunner, LeToile, was adjusting the sight, and Lieutenant Tweedy was leaning over his shoulder making

some suggestion; Hill and Robbins were standing at the trail, while Fatseas was stooping over to screw the fuse into a shell. Suddenly, with a roar that shook the whole battery, a German projectile tore through the camouflage net and burst right in the gun pit. Lieutenant Tweedy, his head covered with blood and his leg bruised so that he could hardly stand, struggled to his feet. Before him lay, Robbins, Hill and Fatseas, dead at their posts. Corporal Smith, blinded, for the time being, by a fragment that struck his eye, was groping his way about, and LeToile too was in need of surgical aid. Meantime the shelling continued, and it was difficult work to get the wounded down to a dressing station. Lieutenant Tweedy, who appeared to be the most seriously hurt, insisted that he was all right and for a while refused to let them carry him on a stretcher. The task was finally accomplished, however, without any further mishap, and then Captain Ewell ordered his men to evacuate the position. Next morning Lieutenant Norris and the Chaplain went back with a detail, and the three men who had lost their lives were buried where they fell. Eleven graves scattered about that hillside will make the Ferme des Dames forever a hallowed place for the men of the 304th F. A.

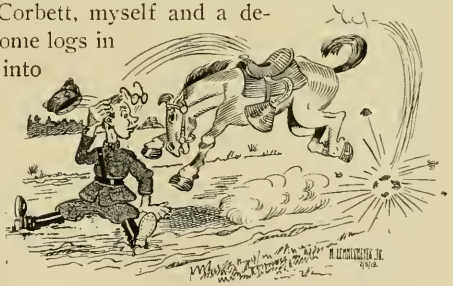
A curious part of this incident at F Battery was what happened to the gun. The explosion which killed the cannoneers whirled the gun right out of its pit, and dumped it on the left of the emplacement, facing at a right angle to its original position, but right side up and absolutely unscathed. It seems incredible that a projectile containing high explosive of such tremendous power could burst so close at hand, hurl a heavy gun out of its place, and still not injure the mechanism, yet such queer occurrences are not infrequent.

The Chaplain can testify to that out of his own experience. One Sunday afternoon, as he was riding through the woods on the forward slope of the hill, returning from a service at

Battery C's new position, the Germans began to sweep the edge of the woods with "H. E." Inasmuch as the shots were not falling on the road, he continued on his way; but suddenly the Boche shifted their fire to the road, and before the Chaplain knew what was happening, a shell burst right beside his horse. He felt the hot blast in his face, and a shower of dust, and then found himself on all fours in the middle of the road, while the horse trotted back down the hill. Although the shell had struck within a few feet and had blown him out of the saddle, neither horse nor rider was scratched. Such miracles were happening every day.

Not the least of the miracles was that, during all this time, Battery A in the woods, and Battery E in its more exposed position had had no casualties whatever. That this was not due to any lack of shelling is evident from the following extracts chosen almost at random from the diary of one of the cannoneers:

Tuesday, August 20th: With two aeroplanes to observe for them the Germans opened fire on us and continued, on and off, all day. In the morning under fire digging officers' dugout. Lieutenant MacDougall called for volunteers to return fire under direct aerial observation, and all promptly volunteered. A rapid fire quieted the Hun for a while. Under cover of darkness, Brown, Corbett, myself and a detail were sent for some logs in the woods and ran into heavy fire. At 11 o'clock we commenced firing at the Huns. At about 2 A. M. we were gassed and had to work with masks on. . . .



The Shell Had Blown Him Out of the Saddle

Brown had a shell knocked out of his hand by a flying fragment.

Thursday, August 22nd: About 7 A. M. Fritzy fired on the road to our left and certainly made some perfect hits. The old planes began to fly about and hell was loose again. . . .

Tuesday, August 27th: At 4:12 A. M. we opened a rolling barrage of shrapnel. . . . After 79 rounds of this a normal barrage was called; 131 rounds of this was fired with shells flying overhead. Their firing became so heavy that we were compelled to leave the position. After fifteen minutes we returned and cleaned up. . . . About 6 P. M. was sent to new positions after Corporal Morrissey and his digging detail. Was almost hit by a German shell. Returned to gun, counted out enough shells for a normal barrage and fell asleep for a while. A very tough night for Brown, Clark, Potter and myself, all having chills, fever and diarrhea.

After that strenuous day described by the writer, E's cannoneers were routed out at 3:40 A. M. to fire a barrage, and it was that morning, during the firing, that their first loss occurred. Every artilleryman who uses the French 75 knows that, when firing certain kinds of ammunition, the gun is liable to explode at any time. Every 75 cannoneer knows that, whenever a high explosive shell fitted with an "I. A. L." fuse is slammed into the breech, the pull of the lanyard may mean death for any or all of the crew. It was with full knowledge of this that Sergeant Buehl was standing by his piece during that barrage on August 28th. Number Two shoved a shell into the gun; Number One closed the breech and reached for the lanyard; Sergeant Buehl, with an eye on his watch to see that each shot went at the proper moment, said, "Fire!" The next instant the gun was a wreck, and the cannoneers were standing over the body of their Section Chief. It was no one's fault: it is a part of the game. Adolph Buehl, and every other man who has been killed by his own gun in action, is far



FIGHTS IN THE AIR

more a hero, just because he knows the danger and disregards it, than many a soldier who is killed by a shot from the enemy.

Mention has already been made of the German supremacy in the air on this front. Many of our casualties were due directly to the fact that the Boche planes were able to come over any time they wished and adjust the fire of their artillery. Not only did scout planes hover over our lines and battery positions and locate the vulnerable points, with never an Allied plane to drive them away, but time and again battle planes swooped down from the skies and attacked the American observation balloons, forcing the observers to take to their parachutes and often destroying the balloons. Sometimes Allied planes would come out and give chase, but they never, so far as we could discover, brought down the enemy. On one occasion a Boche plane appeared high in air when there were several Allied planes about. Disregarding the anti-aircraft guns which threw a barrage of shrapnel all around him, and the Allied planes which pursued, the German aviator made a sudden dive for a balloon. Like a thunderbolt he dropped, head on, as if the machine were out of his control, while thousands of soldiers looked on cheering. Then, with a sudden swoop, he shot out past the balloon, poured a rain of machine gun bullets into it, and sped off. The



Changed Their Positions for Better Safe-Guarding of Both Men and Guns

balloon burst into flames, and as it sank slowly to the ground, the Boche, with several Allied planes at his heels, made straight for another balloon, destroyed it as he had the first, and with incredible skill and daring escaped from his pursuers and disappeared toward the German lines.

But while our batteries were suffering casualties and being obliged, one by one, to change their positions for better safeguarding of both men and guns, they were also getting in some effective work on the German infantry lines and machine gun positions across the river. The barrage in which Buehl was killed was fired in support of an assault our own infantry were making on Bazoches. The town was not taken, but both the artillery preparation which preceded the attack and the barrage which swept along in front of the advancing infantry were pronounced decidedly well executed. On one occasion the French division on our left was planning a raid, and their commanding officer requested our help in silencing certain enemy machine guns which threatened the success of the operation. The First Battalion was given the job, and when the time came they gave the best that they had in support of their French neighbors. The next day Colonel Briggs received the following note from our Brigade Commander, General McCloskey:

"Headquarters, 152nd Brigade F. A.
A. E. F. August ——, 1918.

"My dear Briggs:

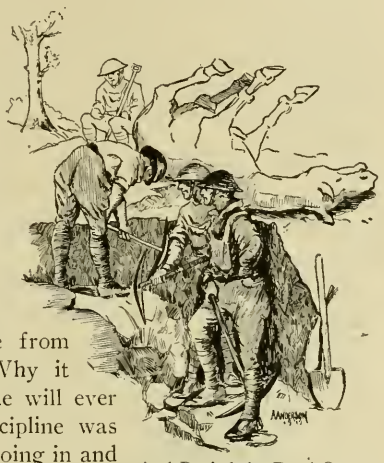
"The French Colonel who conducted the operation last evening was delighted with your fire because not a single machine gun was in action from the place on which your fire was directed.

"Sincerely,
"McCloskey."

Colonel Briggs had copies of the note made and sent them to every battery that had taken part in the firing, and it was

an immense source of satisfaction to the men, not only to realize that their heavy labors were counting for something, but to be assured that they were developing real skill, and that officers higher up were recognizing the fact.

While the men at the guns were thus engaged, those in the stations farther back were busy at their own tasks. Regimental headquarters was in the Montaigne Farm, on the opposite slope directly facing the Ferme des Dames,—a great group of white buildings in the midst of a green landscape, plainly visible from every enemy balloon. Why it was never shelled, no one will ever know. The strictest discipline was maintained in regard to going in and out when airplanes were in sight, and every possible precaution was taken to make the place appear deserted; but with the frequent visitors from outside who did not understand the principles of concealment, and with the unavoidable activity connected with such an office, it is inconceivable that the Germans should have been fooled into thinking the farm was unoccupied. Nevertheless, the fact remains that, while the Boche occasionally dropped his shells very close, he never appeared even to try to hit the farm, and the headquarters staff had a comparatively peaceful time.



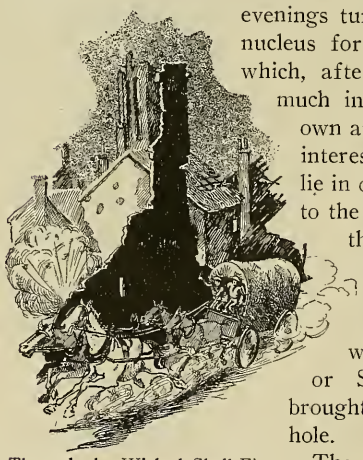
And Buried the Dead Ones

The Headquarters Company echelon was in the woods behind the Montaigne farm, where they could furnish horses or messengers or special details of men as they might be needed

by the regimental commander. Here life was decidedly peaceful. It was within easy range of the German guns, to be sure, but apparently there were not enough troops in the wood to make it worth while to waste ammunition on them. The band, armed with grooming kits and picks and shovels, cared for the live horses and buried the dead ones, which our predecessors had scattered over the landscape. "The Dead Horse Brigade" these musicians called themselves, and they used to sing, as they went forth to their cheerless task, to the tune of Chopin's Funeral March,

We are the men of the Dead Horse Brigade,
We are the men of the Dead Horse Brigade,
Glory hallelujah, Glory hallelujah!
We are the men of the Dead Horse Brigade.

Singing became a real feature of the Company's life. Five or six men with an ear for harmony used to make the long evenings tuneful, and they formed the nucleus for the regimental Glee Club which, after the armistice, helped so much in the entertainment of our own and other troops. It was an interesting study in contrasts to lie in one's tent at night and listen to the boom of cannon yonder on the opposite hill, while the strains of "O Sole Mio," sung by Private Trepani, drifted out from the woods where the men were grouped, or Stange's "Mess-Kit Rag" brought chuckles from every funkhole.



Through the Wicked Shell-Fire

The main echelon was back in

the Nesle Woods, where the regiment spent the first night after its arrival in the sector. Except for an occasional bombing raid on the division headquarters, which was in a nearby château, and one or two false gas alarms, the nights were peaceful and the days uneventful. There the horses and wagons were kept, and there lived those men who were not on actual duty with the firing batteries or headquarters details. Thither the cannoneers were sent when tired or sick, that they might have more sleep and better food.

The place itself was quiet and restful, but it must not be imagined that the men who lived there did not have their share of the dangers of work at the front. Every night drivers from the batteries had to hitch up their horses and take rations and ammunition over roads that were being shelled, and find their way through the impenetrable darkness of the woods; or drive to the firing batteries and haul the guns to new positions. Every night the wagoners and truck drivers from the Supply Company had to take out their big vehicles and run their chances of being ditched in shell holes or caught under fire at some cross road. It was hazardous work, but the men had nerve, and they were being directed by two officers, in particular, whom they admired and trusted—Lieutenant Murphy, who had immediate charge of the supplies, and Lieutenant Bruns, who looked after the ammunition. Many a night, when there was a particularly difficult haul to make, Lieutenant Murphy went out himself with the wagons, piloted them through the wicked shellfire on the cross roads at Chery-Chartreuve, directed the unloading and brought them safely back. Time after time Lieutenant Bruns, routed out of his tent at midnight by a telephone call for more shells, would mount his horse, ride back to the echelon, take the wagons out to some ammunition dump, have them loaded, guide them through woods filled with gas to the battery dumps, deliver what he had bought, and then, after starting his convoy on the home-

ward road, would come back to his tent and crawl into bed for a little sleep before breakfast time. The men would not only follow either of these officers anywhere, but would go for them anywhere, willingly; and often one or two teams would make these dangerous trips at night without guides to places they had never seen before. No driver, whether in a battery or in the Supply Company, had either a safe or an easy life.

Sundays were no different from other days, except for the services held by the Chaplain. It was not always possible for him to visit every battery, and sometimes when he arrived, firing by our own or the enemy's guns made any gatherings impossible, but usually he managed to cover on his rounds most of the regiment. There would be services at many of the gun positions during the day and another in the evening at the echelon. The response on the part of both officers and men was genuine.

Arrived at a battery position, the Chaplain would go to the P. C.

"How about a service to-day?"

"Is to-day Sunday? Fine!" would be the usual response. And then, provided there was a lull in the firing, the Captain would say, "Sergeant, tell the men the Chaplain is here for a service. They can stop all work. Just leave a guard on the guns."

Then men would gather—sometimes ten, sometimes thirty—and sitting on the ground in the woods, or even under the camouflage nets or in a gun pit, they would listen attentively to the Scripture readings and the Chaplain's brief talk, and enter reverently into the prayers.

Occasionally the services were interrupted. One Sunday at Battery A's first position, about twenty men, including Captain Lyman, were sitting before a communion table—an empty box covered with a white tablecloth, on which stood the silver plate

and cup. Suddenly, in the midst of the service, a shell whistled overhead and burst in the woods behind. Then came another and another, and still others, shrieking and banging and making such a racket that the Chaplain could hardly make himself heard. Presently one landed rather close, and splinters crackled through the leaves overhead. The Chaplain stopped for a moment and spoke to Captain Lyman.

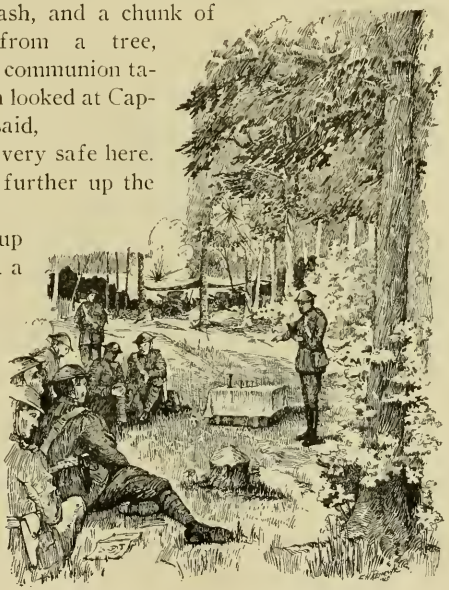
"If you think it better not to keep the men together," he said, "don't hesitate to interrupt."

"They seem to be going over us," replied the Captain. "Go on. I'll tell you if I think it is getting too hot."

The Chaplain proceeded for a few moments, but then there came a terrific crash, and a chunk of steel, glancing from a tree, dropped beside the communion table. The Chaplain looked at Captain Lyman, who said,

"I guess it isn't very safe here. Suppose we move further up the hill."

The men got up quietly and walked a couple of hundred meters through the woods. There they met a group of cannoneers on their way to relieve some tired gun crews. These were invited to join in the service, and, thus augmented, the



A Shell Whistled Overhead and Burst in the Woods

little congregation sat down again and the service proceeded.

In these meetings Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and men who professed no religious faith whatever participated. Common work and common danger broke down barriers and created a spiritual bond in which denominational differences were forgotten. Whatever their creed, men learned that they could worship God together and find the strength and peace which they needed in those days of toil and hardship. Of course the Catholics craved the ministrations of one of their own priests, and efforts were made to provide them with opportunities for going to confession and to mass. This was comparatively easy in the echelon, but rather difficult at the gun positions. At least once on the Vesle front, however, a Catholic Chaplain named Ronan, who was attached for a while to division headquarters, gave us two whole days, during which, piloted by Chaplain Howard, he visited every gun crew and heard confessions, and at one battery, with his altar set up on the tail of a ration cart, he said mass in the woods.

One of the principal factors in the splendid spirit of the men was the leadership of Colonel Briggs. Tireless, eager, enthusiastic, his personality dominated the regiment. Those who worked closest to him and saw him every day—his adjutant, the operations officer, the sergeant-major, the chauffeur who drove his car, the orderly who looked after his personal needs and took care of his horse—these knew best what a remarkable combination he was of driving energy and good humored kindliness, of stern justice and sympathetic appreciation. But his influence reached out far beyond those who ordinarily come in contact with a regimental commander. Officers and men of all ranks found in him a personal leader and friend. He would appear, alone and unattended, in the most unexpected places: at the gun positions, at the echelon, in the woods, on the roads, in a telephone dugout or an observation post. And always he had a word for whom-

ever he met, be it a battery commander or a buck private.

Sergeant-Major Zeller, of the Second Battalion, tells of meeting him in the woods one day when he was out looking for a possible water supply for a new P. C.

"What are you doing up here?" asked the Colonel.

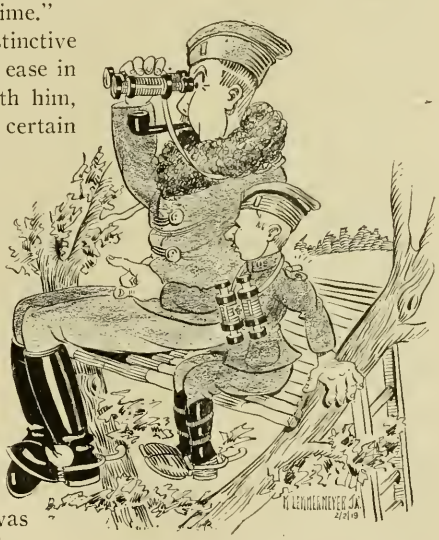
The sergeant-major explained his mission, and added that he had found a spring.

Colonel Briggs looked at him intently for a moment, and then said, with a smile, "A spring would come in handy for a clean-up and a shave, wouldn't it?"

Zeller remembered that he had not shaved for nearly a week.

Seeing his confusion, the Colonel felt of his own face and said, "Sometimes I don't get a chance myself to shave for two or three days at a time."

This kind of instinctive courtesy put men at ease in their intercourse with him, and it fostered a certain sense of comradeship between the soldiers and their regimental commander. The officers felt it too. A lieutenant, who had just had two very narrow escapes under fire, was standing one morning in the headquarters office, and the colonel was asking him about what had happened.



Lieutenants Lillibridge and Graham

"I think they're after me, Colonel," he said with a laugh.

Colonel Briggs laughed too; but suddenly, as the real significance of it dawned on him, he laid his hand on the officer's shoulder and said earnestly, "I hope they won't get you!"

One can readily understand with what mingled feelings of pride and disappointment the regiment received the news, on August 25th, that Colonel Briggs had been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. His own feeling is best expressed by what he said, two months later, to the Regimental Association in New York:

"When I received my promotion I was pleased, of course. It came as a surprise to me, and I had only to thank the regiment for it. It was their work which brought it to me. I wanted to stick with it and to stay with it. But the promotion meant that I had to go elsewhere. Nevertheless, I did hang on even longer than the law permitted. I stayed with them almost ten days. . . .

"I have been in the service for twenty years, but the enthusiasm in that regiment is wonderful. It seems as if I never could stop thinking about it. . . .

"I never had to give an order about anything. All I had to do was to express a wish, a desire, and the first thing I knew it would be attended to.

". . . I say 'my regiment'; it is no longer mine, and I have no right to talk that way. But it was mine once, and I shall always think of it as mine, because I enjoyed it so much, and became so fond of the men in it."



CHAPTER VIII

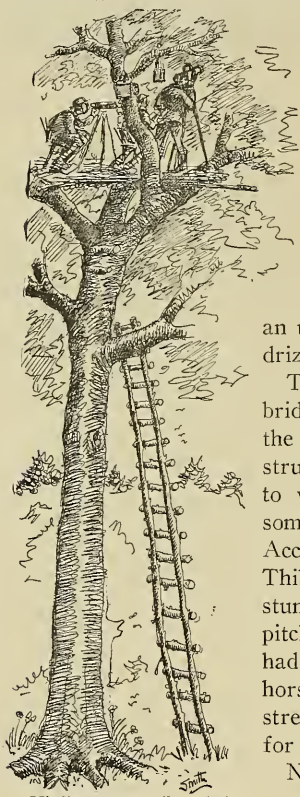
ACROSS THE VESLE: VAUXCÉRÉ

All this time the 153rd Infantry Brigade, which we were supporting, had been trying to cross the river and obtain a foothold in Bazoches. Every attempt had failed, because of the superior position of the German forces and the extreme skill with which they used their artillery and machine guns. It became evident that no frontal attack either in the 77th Division's sector or in that of the 28th on our right could succeed. Our only hope for an advance was that continued pressure by General Mangin's French army on our left around Soissons would force a retirement all along the line. Every day we could hear the French guns thundering, sometimes in terrific barrages which lasted for hours, and little by little news began to reach us that they were slowly forcing the Germans back.

Toward the end of August it became apparent that the Huns would be obliged to straighten their front and that retirement across the Vesle was imminent. General Alexander, in command of our division, began preparations for taking his troops forward. Vigilance in every observation post was doubled, and although actual troop movements were never seen until the very last day, great fires were visible behind the German lines, and we knew that the enemy was preparing to withdraw.

On September 4th came the order to advance, and the next evening our regiment, following a course parallel to the 305th on our right, moved forward over the hill and down into the valley of the Vesle.

There was a thrill of excitement about the fact that we were now actually in pursuit of the retreating enemy, but there proved to be little romance about it. It meant the laborious work of breaking camp, packing and moving the wagons, bringing horses and limbers out to the firing batteries and hauling the guns from their emplacements, and finally, for most of the men, trudging along an up-hill road under full packs in a drizzling rain.

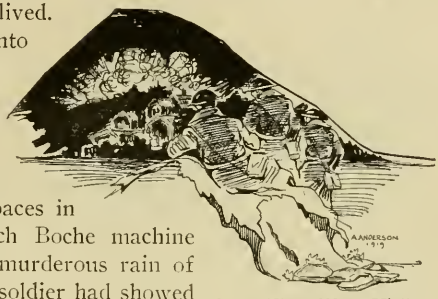


Vigilance Was Doubled

The Germans had destroyed the bridges across the river, and while the infantry got over on a hastily constructed foot bridge, the artillery had to wait for the engineers to build something a little more substantial. Accordingly we halted south of St. Thibault, and after considerable stumbling and crashing about in the pitch dark in a wood which no one had had a chance to reconnoiter, the horses were tied up and the men stretched themselves on the ground for a little sleep.

Next morning, while the engineers were laboring with the bridge and the

road, we got a glimpse of what our infantry had been experiencing. St. Thibault was in ruins, and in among the débris of fallen buildings were the dugouts and shelters where the doughboys had lived. The road leading into the town was in full view of what had been the enemy positions on the hills across the river. There were open spaces in the streets on which Boche machine guns had played a murderous rain of bullets every time a soldier had showed himself. In the field that sloped down from the village to the river lay a great many American dead, killed in some of the early attacks. They had lain in No-Man's-Land for several weeks, because no one had been able to reach them.



Great Fires Were Visible

At length the bridge was finished, and we crossed over to Bazoches. There we had an opportunity to observe some of the results of our own fire. The town was reduced to a heap of crumbled stone, largely by the powerful shells from the howitzers of our neighbors, the 306th F. A. On the hill behind the town were innumerable machine gun nests. These had been our special targets, and there was a grim satisfaction in seeing how the ground around them was pockmarked with shell holes. In one abandoned nest sprawled four dead Huns: a silent testimony to the accurate shooting of one of our guns.

Meanwhile the Germans, closely followed by our infantry, had covered the ground between the Vesle and the Aisne, and, leaving a thin line of resistance along the bank of the latter river, had taken up strong defensive positions on the high hills beyond where lies the famous Chemin des Dames. (The

French had lost hundreds of thousands of men in this same spot in 1915.) With their artillery mounted on the almost impregnable height, the Boche now controlled the whole valley below them.

The American infantry advanced to the forward slope of the hill south of the river, facing the enemy, and the artillery's task was to go into position on the rear slope whence their fire could be directed over the heads of the infantry to the German lines along the Aisne and on the hills beyond.

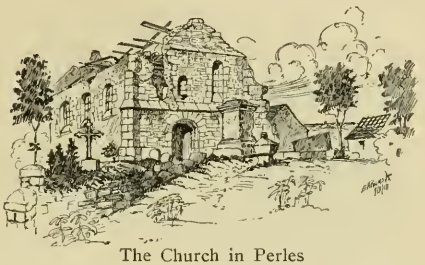
Once more the enemy had us at a disadvantage, for he was fighting a defensive battle from carefully prepared positions, while we were attempting offensive warfare in territory of which he, having just moved out, knew every inch of the ground, and would be able in a short time to locate our every battery.

As we moved forward through Bazoches, the regimental



What Was Left of the Village of Perles

headquarters and the First Battalion swung to the left and reached Vauxcéré, while the Second Battalion took the right hand road to Perles. These two villages lay on a plateau which had no woods and hardly any trees where guns could be hid. Little hollows in the open fields, and some old German gun pits (which faced the wrong way, of course) were the only positions at first available. Captain Lyman did manage to find a grove for Battery A, considerably to the rear, but far enough advanced to enable him to fire effectively. Captain Doyle and Captain Bacon took their batteries right to the crest of the hill, with no cover except camouflage nets which were spread over the hastily dug gun pits. D and E went into what had been German emplacements, the former in a sunken road, the latter in the side of a bank that was honeycombed with abandoned Boche dugouts. Major Devereux with his battalion headquarters and Captain Ewell with Battery F found a ravine just outside what was left of the village of Perles.



The Church in Perles

Vauxcéré was built on a very steep slope, and just below the crest, on the side away from the Germans, were a number of caves. Into one of these General Briggs moved the regimental P. C. Outside the cave was a courtyard, and into the buildings which formed it went the kitchen and the clerks' office and a horse or two. Captain Doyle and Captain Bacon also used caves, both as P. C.'s and as sleeping quarters for those cannoneers not actually on duty at the guns. Major Sanders moved into a house on the main street of the town.

The place was full of troops. Besides our own, there was

one battery of the 306th, their heavy guns perched on the hill immediately over our headquarters cave, so that every time they fired the whole place rocked. Then there were infantry and engineers a-plenty, not to mention General Wittenmeyer with his brigade headquarters.



Perles

The enemy soon discovered how populous the town was, and he systematically shelled it every afternoon. Those who were in caves could afford to laugh at the explosions they heard, but any one who happened to be on the streets or in one of the houses was likely to have a lively time of it. Major Sanders and his adjutant, Captain Perrin, in their first-floor rooms used to have tea about four o'clock each day, and invariably the shells began to fall just at tea time; but although the blinds often rattled and occasionally neighboring houses caved in, no shell ever succeeded in breaking up one of the Major's tea parties.

Not only the town, but the whole hill top was subjected to a deadly harassing fire every day. The night Battery C moved into position, just as the third gun had left the road and was being hauled around to the place prepared for it, a shell burst right beside the lead team. The driver, Owen Pierson, and both his horses were killed outright, while on the swing team, just behind, Private Gaughn was mortally wounded and both horses were killed. The wheel driver, Akvick by name, displayed remarkable courage and presence of mind. Although the shell which had played such havoc had struck right in front

of him, and others were falling all about, he went to the aid of his fallen comrades, helped carry them to a trench where they could receive medical attention, unhitched the dead animals, moved the gun into position with the two horses that remained, and drove his limber back to the echelon.



Went to the Aid of His Fallen Comrades

Battery D, in their sunken road position, were soon located by the German artillery. One morning about dawn, when every one was asleep except three men on guard, Captain Mahon heard the familiar sound of in-coming shells. He looked out of his dugout to make sure that his men were all under cover, and seeing no one about took it for granted that all were safe. Calling out that every one should lie low until the shelling was over, he went back into his dugout. A few minutes later, when the fire had ceased, Lieutenant Thomas came out and started along the road. Suddenly, from one of the little hollowed-out places in the bank, covered over with corrugated iron, in which the men slept, he heard a cry for help. Darting to the place, he found the three guards, McDevitt, Lincoln, and Pessalano, buried under



Looked Out to See if His Men Were Under Cover

a mess of débris. They had all taken cover there when the shelling began, and a projectile had made a direct hit on the dugout. McDevitt alone was still alive. The other two were buried that day within a few yards of the spot where they had fallen, while the wounded man was sent away in an ambulance. He, too, died within a few hours after reaching the field hospital.

Battery F, in their ravine on the edge of Perles, were subjected to what most men are agreed is the most terrifying form of hostile fire, namely night bombing by airplanes. The machines can be heard very distinctly overhead, yet it is impossible in the darkness to tell where they are. One listens tensely to the Zzzz-Zzzz-Zzzz of the motor, and then suddenly the noise stops: the aviator is releasing his bombs. Bang-bang-bang-bang-bang-bang-bang! they fall in quick succession, and once again the motor resumes its Zzzz-Zzzz-Zzzz as the plane sails off.

On this particular night, Battery F was preparing to move into a new position, and the horses had been brought up and were being hitched to the pieces. A plane was heard in the sky, and all at once a brilliant flare of white light burst overhead and floated gently down across the ravine.

"Drivers, stand by your horses!" shouted Captain Ewell. "Everybody keep still! Don't move!"

It was an awful moment. Every man and horse stood out in bold relief, the men with their faces upturned, the horses with their ears alert and eyes staring. No one stirred. Then, as the flare died out, the plane swooped down and crossed diagonally over the ravine, releasing as it passed a set of six bombs. With a deafening racket they burst, scattering fragments through the ravine, and startling the horses.

"Is anybody hurt?" called the Captain. No one answered; but presently, as he made his way to where the teams stood,

he heard a groan, and stooping over, found Private Rosner with his arm badly shattered. It was a miracle that there were not more casualties.

While the firing batteries were having these harrowing experiences, some of the men at the rear were getting their share of excitement. "Life at the echelon" is a by-word among those whose work takes them forward into the danger zone. The echelon must be near the source of supplies, and it is supposed to be free from danger—a place of comfort and ease. The following extracts from a cannoneer's diary show the attitude.

The writer had been having a strenuous time at the front: "Guard duty from midnight to 1 A. M. Up at 7 o'clock. Barrage from 7:15 to 1 P. M. At mess time the Huns sent over several shells which clipped off two Battery E men and others from other organizations. Helped carry up Private Shannon, who was badly wounded."

Then comes a change: "Ordered back to echelon. After a difficult trip arrived there about 11 P. M. Sergeant Dunphy treated us to stew, bread, coffee and prunes. This is the echelon life." Next day: "Washed socks and towels, good face wash and wrote letters till noon mess. Rest all P. M. and good sleep through a rainy night." Next day: "Up at six—pancakes for breakfast—5 packages Melachrinos—life of Riley—biscuits galore for supper."

This is how the cannoneers feel about the echelon; and yet the place is always within easy range of the enemy artillery, and it was this same Battery E echelon which was treated one morning to one of the severest shellings that the regiment has known.

A wagon had just driven in with a load of supplies and with mail from home. The mail clerk, George Seiber, was sorting the letters and a group of eager soldiers were standing about, when suddenly Pfzzz-Bang!—a shell crashed right in

among them. Pfzzz-Bang—another, and another, and still they came. Seiber was killed outright. Seven others were wounded and had to be evacuated, three of whom—Grace, Stillinger and Ormstadt—afterwards died in hospital. As soon as there was a pause, Sergeant Stine, who was in charge at the time, ordered the men to get ready to move at once; but first it was necessary to bury poor Seiber. The burial squad were interrupted time and again by shells before they could finish their work. There was not time to get the Chaplain, who was in Vauxcéré, but Private Brown, who had a prayer book in his pocket, read some Scripture and a prayer when the grave was finished.

Emphasis has been placed on these shellings which the regiment received, because for a while to many men that seemed to be the principal part of our existence. General Briggs, in his speech to the Association, explained the reason:

"The Germans knew that they had strong positions here, and put some of their very best troops in front of us. They were Prussian divisions—well-known divisions—that had been through the game, and they knew something about fighting. We were just a little bit new. At first they had us at a disadvantage. We never saw them, hardly. We heard them and felt them, but they knew how to take advantage of cover. It was like fighting in the dark. But it wasn't long before our men had learned the same game, and we gave them a little bit more than they had bargained for."

One day Lieutenant Boyd, of A Battery, who was representing our First Battalion as liaison officer with the 306th Infantry (for each battalion of artillery keeps an officer and several men on duty at all times with the infantry it is to support) telephoned to Major Sanders that two platoons of German artillery were giving the infantry a very uncomfortable time by systematic and accurate shellfire. Careful observation had given the exact location of the guns in question, as well as a house where



FISMES

apparently their kitchen was stationed, and the infantry wanted us to try and silence them.

Instead of the usual harassing fire, Major Sanders tried a different method. Each of his battery commanders was given the necessary information and told to calculate his data for firing on these two platoons and on their kitchen, designated as targets number one, number two, and number three.

The order was then given to lay all the guns on target number one. Presently each battery commander, connected by phone with the major's P. C., reported "Ready to fire." Then the command was given, "Fire!" and in an instant all eleven guns (the twelfth was out of action at the time) went off with a roar. As quickly as they could be reloaded, a second round was fired. The whole volley lasted just seventeen seconds, and during that time twenty-one shells crashed in upon the German battery.

"Lay on target number two," ordered the Major at his phone.

"Battery A ready, sir," came Captain Lyman's voice after a moment. "B Battery ready to fire." "Battery C all ready."

"Fire!" And the second Hun platoon was smothered like the first.

After two rounds, the same method was used on the house where the kitchen had been reported as doing business.

The effect at the other end can be imagined only by one who has himself been under fire. It must have been overwhelming. At any rate, the infantry reported later that half of the house was torn away; and as for the two platoons of artillery, one of them was not heard from for thirty-six hours, and the other was never identified again. The same method of fire was used subsequently on many occasions by the First Battalion on villages, farms, and crossroads, and whenever observation was possible, the shooting was proved to have been tremendously effective.

The Second Battalion also had its full share in important

operations. The battalion commander had a peculiarly satisfactory experience during a big attack on the morning of September fourteenth.

In the advance from the Vesle to the Aisne, the 153rd Brigade, which we were supporting, had pushed right up to the river itself. On their right the 154th Brigade, and the 28th Division which adjoined it, as well as the French division beyond, had met heavier resistance made possible by the nature of the terrain, and had been brought to a standstill some distance short of the Aisne. The result was that the troops directly in front of us were exposed to a flank attack and to dangerous enfilading fire from Boche artillery.

The higher command, therefore, ordered a general attack along the whole front in order to advance the entire line up to the river, and our regiment was ordered to shift the direction of its fire to the right, so that the 154th Brigade, supported by our guns as well as those of the 305th F. A., might attain its objective.

For several hours on the night of the 13th every battery was hard at work pouring a fire of preparation into the German positions, and then at the zero hour in the early morning, our guns, worked by tired but dogged cannoneers, began a rolling barrage that crept forward in front of the advancing infantry.

The hours wore on with no let-up in the fire. The guns were so hot that more than one gunner, leaning over his piece between shots to adjust his sights, had his face scorched. The men could have cooked their dinner on the gun barrels.

Major Devereux, who had taken the precaution to run a direct telephone wire to the headquarters of the 308th Infantry, of the 154th Brigade, became impatient and called up Colonel Prescott, who was in command, asking for any information he might have about the progress of the attack. The reply was not encouraging. The troops had not been able to

keep pace with the advancing barrage, and were being subjected to a deadly flanking fire of artillery and machine guns which had, for the time being, blocked their entire progress.

"Can you suggest any change in my fire which would be more useful than this barrage?" asked Major Devereux.

"Just a minute, and I'll let you know," replied Colonel Prescott.

While the Colonel was investigating further, Major Devereux was endeavoring to gain permission from his regimental commander to slacken his fire so as to save ammunition.



The Germans Were Almost at the Crossroads

Presently the telephone rang. It was Colonel Prescott. It seemed that there was a column of German infantry approaching a crossroad on his flank, apparently massing for a counter attack. This might wreck the entire advance of the 154th Brigade, and Colonel Prescott would like to have the Major open fire on the crossroad as soon as the Boche got there.

"Can you give me the coördinates?" asked Major Devereux. The exact location was given.

With Colonel Prescott still on the wire, the Major called up Captain Perin of Battery E and explained the situation. He wanted him with two guns to fire high explosive shells fitted with instantaneous fuses on that column of Boche infantry.

While Captain Perin was calculating his firing data, the telephone connection was extended to include the commander of the threatened infantry battalion, and he gave the information that the Germans were almost at the crossroads.

Just then Captain Perin's voice announced, "Ready to fire."

"Fire!" ordered Major Devereux.

"Direction good—fifty meters over," came the infantry major's report a few moments later.

Another round was fired.

"A little too far to the right; range good," was the report.

"Left ten," said Captain Perin. "Fire!"

Again the two guns banged.

"One shot plumb on the crossroads, and the other very close!" came the excited observer's report.

With that, Captain Perin let loose a withering storm of shell that plastered the crossroads and wrought havoc with the troops as they came up.

"Good—that's great!" cried Colonel Prescott.

Then another voice broke in: "Who are all these people on this line?" It was General Wittenmeyer, and how he managed to get on the wire no one ever knew.



The Counter Attack Had Been Broken Up

"Just wait a minute, General," said Colonel Prescott. "I have a platoon of 75's from the 304th shooting up a road full of Boche. We are in the midst of the firing."

"Fine!" said the General. "I'll get off the wire."

Then Colonel Prescott asked the Major to sweep northward along the road, and Captain

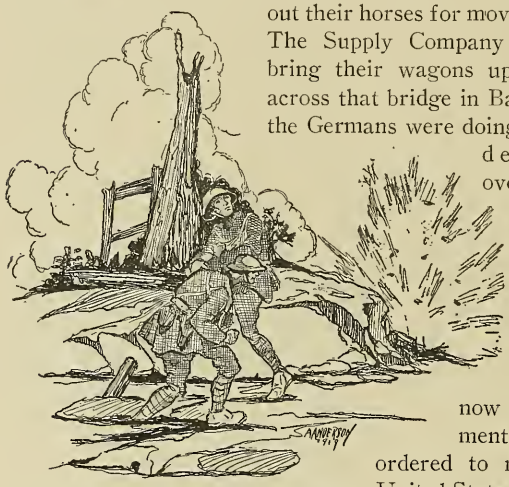
Perin shifted his aim, drenched the whole region with a concentrated rain of fire until word came that no more was needed. The counter-attack had been broken up before ever it began.

This incident is interesting, not only because of the work accomplished, but because it had furnished a rare opportunity for demonstrating to the infantry we supported the effectiveness of artillery when it is given exact information as to what is wanted and immediate reports as to what is being accomplished. Nothing is more satisfactory to the artilleryman, and nothing more encouraging to the infantryman, than to know that the enemy is actually being demolished, and that every shot is counting for victory.

To mention all the events in which our batteries took part would be tedious. Enough has been told to show something of what the regiment was doing, and to indicate what the men were going through. It was a terrible strain on them. They were working night and day. They were dirty, and there was no chance for a bath or for clean clothes. Above all, they were tired. The lack of sleep, the never-ending labor, the continued nervous strain of being under fire, had brought many of them to the point where they did not see how they could hold out for another day. "If we could only get some sleep!" was the remark heard at every battery position.

The officers were as tired as the men. They did not have so much manual labor, of course, but they had more responsibility, and just as little sleep. Night after night the regimental commander and his adjutant would be routed out by a message from the infantry, or from the brigade commander. Captain Kempner, in charge of operations, would have to get up and lay out the work for the battalions. The battalion and battery commanders would be called up and given new orders, and they in turn would have to rouse their weary cannoneers for more firing. Lieutenant Bruns' endurance was taxed to the limit trying to keep everybody supplied with shells and fuses. The

runners were on the go with messages night and day. The telephone linemen were driven to distraction by the orders for new connections, and by the continual breaks in the wires caused by shellfire. To the battery drivers it seemed as though the guns were never allowed to stay in any one position for more than a few hours, so often were they called upon to take out their horses for moving the pieces. The Supply Company men had to bring their wagons up every night across that bridge in Bazoches which the Germans were doing their best to destroy, and over roads which were targets for expert Boche artillerymen.



Runners Were on the Go with Messages

Moreover, General Briggs had now left the regiment, having been ordered to return to the United States to bring over a new brigade, and the lack of his presence was distinctly felt. He had been replaced by Lieutenant-Colonel McCleave, who, although he was an artillery officer of some years' standing, had yet to win the confidence of the regiment. He was cool and deliberate, and we missed the eager interest in every detail to which we had been accustomed in our former commanding officer.

Other shifts among the officers had also taken place. Captain Ewell had gone to the Supply Company to replace Captain Garrett, who had been recalled for duty in the United States.

Battery F was given a new commanding officer—Captain Eberstadt, who, up to this time, had been Captain Mahon's executive in D Battery with the rank of first lieutenant. With him were assigned First Lieutenant Hunter, from Headquarters Company, who had just received his promotion, and Lieutenant Thomas, from D. Lieutenant Amy had gone from Battery A to Battery D. All these changes were necessary, but they involved a certain amount of readjustment and added to the general feeling of uncertainty.

In short, there was a universal longing for relief. More than four weeks of strenuous labor under conditions that were far from ideal had told on the spirits of our inexperienced troops, and they felt that they had earned a rest.

At last the longed-for day came. On September 14th, the very day of the attack just described, the order was received that we were to be relieved by an Italian division, and on the 15th, detachments of these troops began to move into the sector.

They were a queer lot! They had no telephones, no fire control instruments, no anything, except guns and ammunition; and they strolled in in the most casual sort of way, as if they were engaged in a play war. We wondered how they would fare at the hands of the experienced troops across the river.

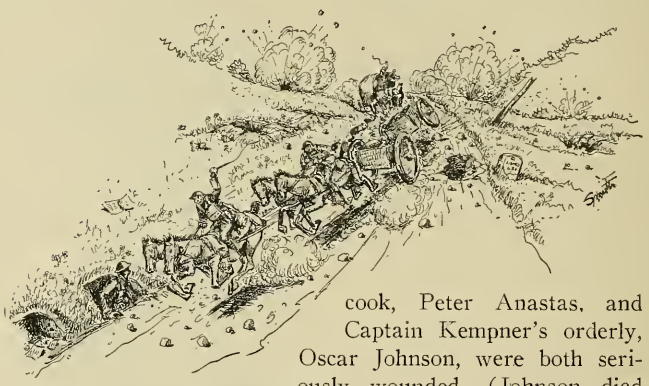


The Germans Began to Shell the Town

Night came, and the relief began.

Italian officers had installed themselves in our headquarters cave, and our guns and wagons were moving out onto the roads for the hazardous march to the rear. The men in the courtyard around the cave were packing up their belongings and the office equipment, when, to our consternation, the Germans began to shell the town.

Not content with raking the streets, they began to drop shell after shell right into our courtyard. One struck the door of what had been the clerks' office, and burst into the room, wrecking a typewriter and tearing some officers' bedding rolls to tatters. Another landed just outside the kitchen, and the



There Were Some Narrow Escapes

cook, Peter Anastas, and Captain Kempner's orderly, Oscar Johnson, were both seriously wounded, (Johnson died afterward in a hospital). The cave, crowded with officers, both American and Italian, bustling about giving orders and attending to a hundred final details, while the two wounded men lay stretched on the floor waiting for an ambulance, and a third, slightly shell-shocked, sat staring blankly at the confusion about him, presented a scene which no one who was there will ever forget.

To add to our discomfiture, the Italian infantry had come into the town, and with an utter disregard for the precautions in which we had been so carefully trained, were massed in the streets, laughing and talking and lighting cigarettes with matches which flared up in the darkness, giving ample evidence of their presence to any aerial observers who might chance to be overhead, and blocking up the roads in front of our wagons.

Our route lay along the hilltop, through Perles, and then southward into the valley of the Vesle, not at Bazoches, where we had crossed before, but at Fismes. Every kilometer of the road was fraught with danger, and our convoys were intentionally broken up so as not to have too many troops in any place at once. Overhead we could hear the frightful scream of the high-velocity Austrian shells (familiarly known as "whizz-bangs" on account of the noise they make and because the explosion follows so quickly on the sound of the shell as it passes). Luckily there was no moon, and our movements were screened in a pall of thick darkness.

How the regiment ever got through unscratched no one knows. There were some narrow escapes. The head of the column was caught under fire at a crossroad where it had halted to make sure of the direction, and shell fragments whistled about. Some of the batteries reached Fismes just as it was being shelled, and had to pass through the ghostly ruins of the town while walls were tumbling into the streets.

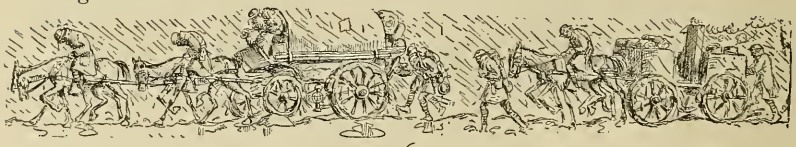
But no one was hurt, and as mile after mile was passed, the sounds of battle grew fainter and fainter, and gradually died out altogether; and at length, after an interminable march, the regiment drew into a wood near the village of Gussancourt. There, in the broad daylight of a Sunday morning, a tired lot of soldiers stretched themselves on the ground for the first peaceful repose they had enjoyed in nearly six weeks.,



CHAPTER IX

A TEN DAYS' MARCH

That was a happy Sunday we spent in the Bois de Munier. A warm sun overhead, soft turf under foot, ample water near at hand for the horses and for washing, and, above all, the knowledge that we were out of the battle for a while and on our way to some rest camp for a clean-up and fresh clothes, made it a day long to be remembered. There was a sort of holiday feeling among the men. Mr. Dolphini dug into the baggage wagons and got out his band instruments, and about sundown there was a concert. The band was sadly out of practice—the players' hands were stiffened by manual labor and their lips had lost their skill—but their music seemed a thing divine! The Chaplain held a service in the woods, and although the fact that it was watering time for the horses interfered somewhat with the attendance, a goodly number of the men joined reverently in the worship and thanked God heartily for His goodness.



Night brought a welcome opportunity for more sleep. The lighting of fires or of cigarettes after dark was still prohibited, but there was a sense of security that no one had enjoyed for weeks.

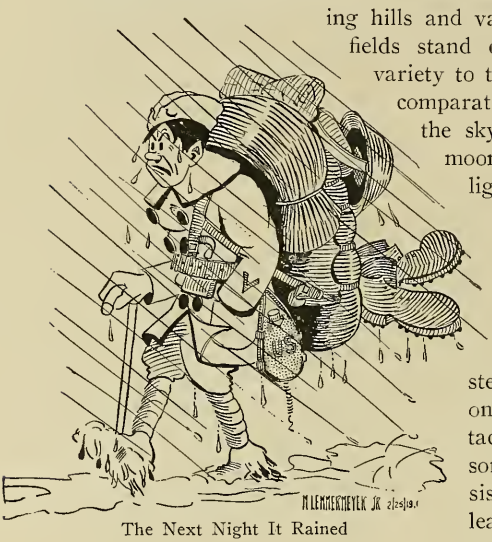
Monday was spent in getting the wagons and horses, as well as a few blistered feet, into shape for the march that lay ahead, and that evening, after a hot supper, the regiment swung out of the woods and took the southward road.



That night we crossed the Marne again, this time in no feverish haste, but slowly and easily. The beautiful valley, bathed in moonlight, lay before us as the column wound down the hill to the bridge, and presented a picture that lingered in the minds of the most unpoetic. Then up a long slope on the southern bank, made easy by the fact that we could see where we were going, and by the evenness of the well-paved highway. Eastward then we turned, following the valley of the Marne, until, about daybreak, we reached our camping ground in a sweet-smelling pine wood.



The next night it rained. One who has never traveled on foot at night cannot realize what a difference the ability to see makes in the amount of fatigue one feels. In the moonlight, when the road lies ahead like white ribbon, and the surrounding hills and valleys and woods and fields stand out clearly and lend variety to the scene, marching is comparatively easy. But when the sky is overcast, and no moon nor stars give their light, and the darkness is like a wall shutting the travelers in, the feet grow tender and stumble over pebbles, the pack becomes heavy, and every step is an effort. Or, if one is mounted, sleep attacks the rider with a sort of vindictive persistence, and will not leave him alone. He nods and droops, and then, beginning to fall, catches himself with a jerk, only to lose consciousness again and be jerked once more into a half-intelligent realization that he must keep awake. Then he dismounts and tries walking, and at every halt leans against his horse and dozes anew with an overpowering drowsiness that



The Next Night It Rained



brings no rest. And when it rains, these conditions are aggravated by the water that gradually soaks through one's clothes and filters into one's shoes and turns the road under foot into a series of muddy pools through which horses and pedestrians splash and ooze their way.

Yet the men bore it patiently, because they were headed away from the front and toward some unknown haven of rest; and when, with the morning light, the regiment pulled into a broad meadow, near the town of Epernay, and the sun, peering through the breaking clouds, revealed a fair hillside covered with vineyards, and streams of water near at hand, and cordial villagers coming up with eager offers of eggs for sale, and wine, and good French bread, every one was content.



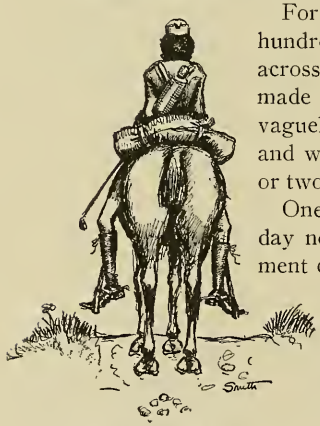
Eager Offers of Eggs

When, at evening, the regiment was preparing to resume its march, an unusual thing happened. Let a corporal's diary tell the story:

"About 11 P. M. . . . all the canonneers were given two days' rations and marched off through a drizzling rain to a neighboring town where we were hustled into trucks and on



our way. What distance we traveled and what route we followed that evening will always be a mystery to us. Suffice it to say that the trucks were loaded to suffocation and sleep was of course impossible. We rumbled and rocked along through the mud. The morning, though, was clear and bright. We passed scores of villages, all of which were well behind the lines, but which all had their quota of American troops. About 10 o'clock A. M., we arrived at the little town of Braux St. Remy. The battery was split up and billeted in different places, our section faring the best. We were assigned to a long stable, and here we enjoyed the luxury of cots, keenly reminiscent of Camp Upton days. The town itself is utterly devoid of any attraction, save for the one wine shop where John Barleycorn reigns supreme. For two days and a half we stayed here, led the simple life, with no drills and no formations—quite a contrast to what we had undergone at the front." And, one might add, quite a contrast also to what the rest of the regiment was undergoing in the meantime.



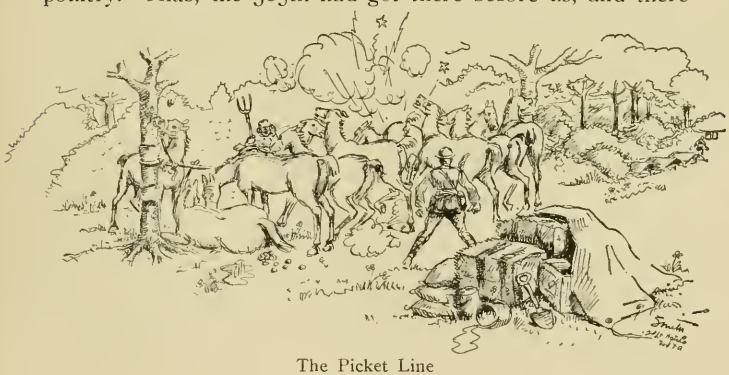
A Familiar Figure

For while these cannoneers, some four hundred strong, were being conveyed across the country in trucks, the rest of us made our way on foot. We wondered vaguely where the cannoneers had gone, and why. Our answer came within a day or two.

One afternoon (we were marching by day now, and sleeping at night) the regiment came down into the valley of the upper Marne. We had been following a general south-easterly direction now for five days, and we were beginning to wonder where that rest camp was and when we should reach it. But when we saw the

broad, green meadows of the river valley, with the stream meandering through them; when we parked our guns and wagons on the beautiful turf, and pitched our tents on the rich carpet of soft grass, we decided that, if only they would let us stay there, we could easily be content without any rest camp, for we could rest where we were and be happy. Men sprawled on the ground in utter abandon. The horses and mules were turned loose to graze, and some of the weariest-looking nags kicked up their heels and raced about like colts. It required considerable skill in stalking them to gather all the animals in when it was time to picket them for the night. There was a restfulness about the place that surpassed anything we had ever known in France, and our sleep that night was deep and dreamless.

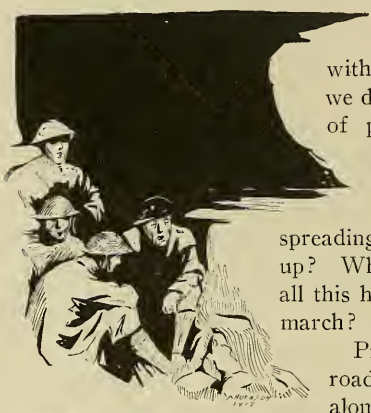
The next day baseballs were produced, and although there were no set games there was considerable exercise for all who wanted to indulge in it, and the exhilaration of a real early fall day made everybody feel fresh and active. Several neat villages near by served as an attraction for some of the men, and they explored them at will and sought vainly for eggs or poultry. Alas, the 305th had got there before us, and there



The Picket Line

was not a thing to be bought! It was fun to wander around, however, and the desire to stay in that spot grew as the day wore on.

But about four o'clock a messenger dashed up on a motorcycle and delivered an order to Colonel McCleave which brought surprise and consternation to the whole camp. We were to pack up and be on the road, ready for a march, within twenty minutes! And we did it, too. Such a bustling of preparation as there was during those next few minutes, such a buzzing of tongues, such a wild spreading of rumors! What was up? Where were we going? Why all this haste? Why another night march?



The Men Were All Under Cover

Presently we were on the road. Colonel McCleave rode along the column and spoke a few words to each organization commander, and as he passed down the line the ominous order was given out. "Gas masks and helmets will be worn." We were going back to the front!

What a gloom spread through the regiment! No rest, no bath, no clean clothes? Do they think we are fit for front line duty without them? Aren't there enough American troops in France to hold the lines without calling on regiments that have been doing their share for two months without a let-up? These were the thoughts that sped through men's minds as we crossed the Marne at Vitry le François and turned northward toward the front. Little was said, but a feeling of indignation ran high.

Perhaps the only man who was really happy was Mr. Newberry, the Y. M. C. A. secretary who had joined us the day after we had quit the Aisne, and who was eager for service at the front. Colonel McCleave rode up alongside the supply wagon on which he sat beside the driver, Bill Hawkins.

"Newberry, I've got some good news for you. We're going back into the lines, and I guess you're the only man here who will be thoroughly glad of it!"

The next day's march brought us to a little place called Busy le Repos. The very name was a mockery! It was Sunday, and a great crowd of the Catholic men thronged the little church, where Chaplain Sheridan, of the 305th, said mass. Chaplain Howard had arranged for a Protestant service in the afternoon in an old Y. M. C. A. hut, but when the time came the regiment was busy getting ready for the march again. In a driving rain that turned the roads into a morass the dreary column started on the worst hike in our whole history.

Mention has already been made of the difficulty of night marching in the rain. On this occasion the hardships were augmented by the fact that the route lay, for the most part, up hill, and by the depression which reigned among the men when they started.

How it poured! Within an hour every one was drenched to the skin. Up and up we climbed, until it seemed as if we must be reaching the top of the world. The horses were tired, and no one not absolutely needed for driving or working the brakes was allowed to sit on a vehicle, or even to take hold of a wagon or caisson. The packs on the men's backs grew heavier and heavier as the rain soaked into the blankets. Their shoes oozed with water. The riders, who must dismount at every halt to rest their horses, had to climb, when they started again, into wet saddles that gave a fresh chill with every mounting.

We passed through woods that cast additional darkness on

the road, and made it utterly impossible to see where we were going. Each man followed the one in front of him with a blind, dogged monotony of compulsion.

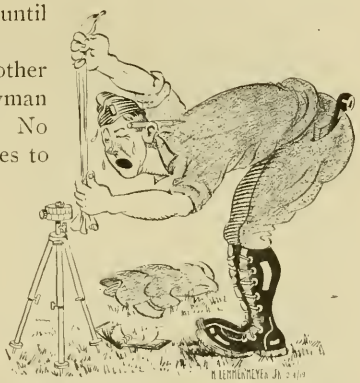
Then the column emerged from the woods and, still climbing, came out on a high plateau that was utterly bare of trees, save for an occasional row of thin poplars that swayed mournfully in the wind. There was nothing to offer any protection from that steady gale which drove the beating rain right through to the marrow of our bones.

As we took our way on this interminable march, still in a north-easterly direction, evidences that we were nearing the front began to make themselves felt. Military traffic began to appear on the roads. As we turned into a great highway, there loomed in the darkness long trains of camions. Some hurried past us toward the rear, empty, but most of them were rumbling along in our direction, loaded with French and American infantry. Something unusual was afoot. A bewildered M. P. on a crossroad, questioned by one of our officers, said that troops had been pouring through for hours, and we could well believe him, for from every road that we passed new columns of men and guns and wagons streamed in to swell the volume of the mighty river of war traffic that moved on toward the front.

At last we turned aside into some black and wet and uninviting woods. After crossing a bridge and pushing along a little farther in the darkness, the column halted, and the foremost wagons were directed to turn in to the left. One by one they bumped down a steep incline, wallowed for a moment at the foot, and then creaked their way into the blackness and disappeared. As each organization moved up to the place it was piloted into the woods by a drenched reconnoissance officer, and told where to put up for the rest of the night. No one could see his hand before his face. Not a light could be lit, not so much as a single flash from a pocket lamp. The

men had to feel their way around, and what they felt chiefly was mud. The ground under foot was nothing more than a marsh, and it was becoming more swampy every moment as the rain poured in and saturated the soft loam.

That was our camp. There the men pitched their tents, and there they crawled into their wet blankets and drowsed in a fitful, uncomfortable sleep until daylight.



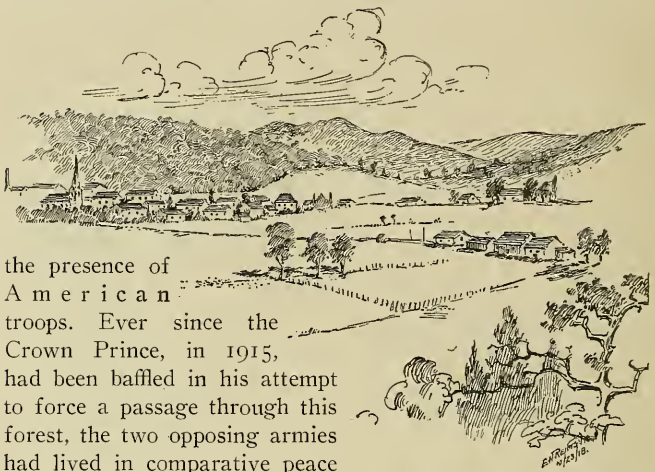
Lieutenant Welling. "Lay on Me!"

With the dawn came another day of rest as the artilleryman on the march knows it. No reveillé nor drills, but horses to be fed, watered, groomed, and perhaps shod, harness to be overhauled and mended, wagons to have new wheels put on or springs repaired, wood to be fetched, blankets to be spread out in a vain attempt to dry them, and then the feeding and watering all over again until at last the order is given: "Roll your packs; harness up!"

During the day we tried to piece together the bits of information which had been picked up along the way during the march of the previous night. There were many conflicting stories, but on one point they seemed to agree: a great American offensive was in preparation, and all the available troops in our army were being rushed into it.

Before nightfall our higher officers, at least, had some definite information as to our movements. The 77th Division was to take its position in the heart of the Argonne. The infantry had gone in ahead of us, and were already concealed in deep ravines behind the front lines. The French, who had

been holding this sector by strongly fortified entrenchments for nearly four years, were to leave a thin garrison in the front line trenches, in order that the Boche might not suspect



The Village of Les Islettes

the presence of American troops. Ever since the Crown Prince, in 1915, had been baffled in his attempt to force a passage through this forest, the two opposing armies had lived in comparative peace and quiet, each secure in the knowledge that the other could not possibly break through. Now the Americans, making their assault simultaneous with a general Allied attack along the whole front from Verdun to Rheims, were to try, by a sudden surprise, to rush the Germans out of their elaborate fortifications, and hurl them back out of the forest and into the open country beyond the Aire River.

The rank and file, however, knew nothing of this. They knew only that here were more troops than they had ever seen before, and, tired and discouraged as they were, they could not suppress a feeling of elation that our regiment was to have its share in some great operation.

It was with a sense of growing interest, therefore, that they

took the road again on the night of the 24th, and, passing through the trim little town of St. Mennehould, "Queen City of the Argonne," moved eastward along the Paris–Metz highway.

On reaching the village of Les Islettes, our column turned sharp to the left and started due north along the road that led into the forest; and at Le Claon the headquarters and supply detachments, and all those who go to make up the echelon, turned aside. After toiling up a frightfully long and steep hill, they pitched their camp in a grove of superb beeches, while the firing batteries, joined once more by the cannoneers who had gone ahead in trucks, moved up the valley into the Forest of Argonne.

What a beautiful place it was. Lofty beech trees towered above the road, their smooth trunks gleaming in the moonlight, their tops lost in the darkness overhead. Deep ravines stretched away on either side, cradling soft blankets of mist. "Little wonder," writes one of the officers, "that the Argonne should have been from time immemorial the scene of tales of romance and of the supernatural. Indeed, our imagination refuses to connect these charming scenes with the modern offensive soon to start in their midst. It seemed as if the opposing forces in this great forest, after making futile attempts to destroy each other, had long since succumbed to the magic spell cast by these proud woods over the unseemly activities of warring human beings."

But there was enough of the actuality of war to keep one's thoughts from soaring too far. At one of our halts we saw tired doughboys lying all about by the side of the road, their packs still strapped to their backs, sleeping. Replacement troops they were, sent in to fill up the depleted ranks of our own infantry. Most of them had never been in the lines before.

Skirting the edge of the forest, the batteries proceeded

through several ruined hamlets, whose crumbling walls gave evidence that heavy shelling had once taken place in the now quiet region. Great shell craters yawned by the roadside, filled with water from the recent rains.

Presently they came to La Chalade, shell torn and deserted save for a few soldiers on duty. One of the latter proved to be a marker left there by Captain Bateson, who had gone ahead to find positions for the guns of his battalion. He furnished the information that the batteries were to turn aside here and proceed up the steep road that led off into the forest.



Captain Ewell

The difficulties experienced by both battalions in getting into position are well set forth in the following description written by Major Devereux:

"My route lay up a winding, narrow, and terrifically steep road flanked by high banks. It was necessary to clear and keep open this road before the battalion started up, otherwise we should be in a nasty jam.

"Urging on my horse, I had just reached a sharp turn, when my worst fears were realized. Down the hill in a steady stream came a column of motor trucks, swaying, skidding, and giving forth all the squeaks and noises peculiar to their breed. I yelled at the first driver to stop, but he paid no attention, and I narrowly escaped an ignominious death at his hands. Finally I obtained a hearing from one of his followers. He was one, he said, of a great many more behind that had just delivered ammunition to the gun positions and were going back for more. I inquired about the width of the road, and

learned that it widened out about a quarter of a mile farther on.

" 'But there's a hell of a tie-up ahead of you,' said the driver. 'The road is covered with tractors.'

"Sending a mounted messenger back to hold the battalion until a clear passage was assured, I hastened up the hill and soon encountered the tractors. Looking like giant lizards of prehistoric times in the night mist, they literally sprawled all over the road, and with them a battery of eight-inch howitzers, covered with hugh fish nets and boughs.

"After much questioning, I found the lieutenant in command of these monsters. His temper was at the breaking point, for he had been ordered to be in position before morning, and here he was on the wrong road, with dawn threatening to break at any moment, and movement over this road in daylight strictly forbidden. But if he and his pets started down the hill, as he threatened to do, it was good-by to my own plans. In the most honeyed tones I could command, I reasoned with him, and he finally agreed to move to one side of the road and remain there. With much growling and snarling both by his men and by the monsters, a pathway was cleared.

"Meanwhile from up the road another truck, in trying to 'turn on a ten cent piece,' had performed the feat of the *Vindictive* in Ostende harbor, and beyond it were blocked a motley column of camions and motor ambulances. The drivers, dozing on their seats, awaited developments. Coaxing, cursing, ordering, pleading, I rallied a sufficient force to attack the truck, and, by overwhelming it with superior numbers, we soon had it turned about.

"Just as the trucks had moved far enough to leave a passage for the on-coming batteries, there suddenly appeared from nowhere an ammunition officer, who announced in no uncertain tones that he was from some army or corps ammunition park with orders to deliver many thousands of rounds of

Frenchman would have permitted the beautiful Bois de la Chalade to be thus laid waste unless great things were to come of the sacrifice? Ha, this was something worth being in—'the great offensive,' and perhaps, with the help of Providence, the last of the war!"

So the Second Battalion hauled its guns off the road and pointed them to the north, ready for whatever might come.

Meanwhile, Major Sanders, with his battalion, had come up behind, and, groping his way in the darkness, had gone into position a little farther to the west, not on top of the ridge, but well down the forward slope of the northerly ravine.

The stage was set, the troops were ready, and with eager curiosity we awaited the plan of operations for the Argonne drive.





CHAPTER X

THE ARGONNE DRIVE: "D DAY" AND "H HOUR"

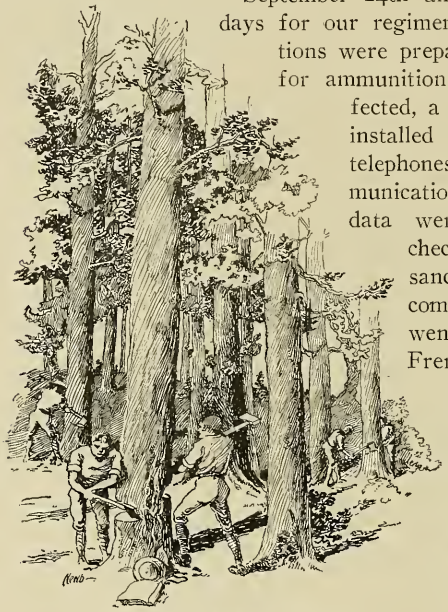
Great operations like the one in which we were about to engage were planned, of course, by the supreme command of the Allied Armies. Each separate army was given its definite task in the general scheme, and each commander was responsible for working out the plan of attack for the various corps under him. The corps commanders in turn laid out the work for the divisions, and the division commanders planned in the minutest details just what each brigade had to accomplish. From the brigade headquarters the regiments received their orders. which stated the precise method and schedule of every move that was to be made for days in advance. Thus the whole battle was conducted in accordance with a vast and intricate scheme in which every officer in command of a unit knew exactly what was expected of him. The infantry had certain definite objectives which must be reached within the time prescribed, and beyond them second and third objectives, all of which must be taken according to schedule. The artillery's work, some of which was controlled by the corps commanders, and some, like our own, by the division of which the regiments were a part, was all related to what the infantry was to do

In this particular operation, the artillery was to prepare the way for the infantry, first by pouring a fire of preparation for several hours on specified targets, so as to harass and de-

moralize the enemy as much as possible, and then when the hour for attack arrived, by laying down a barrage in front of the infantry as they advanced and thus clearing the ground before them. Every conceivable detail, including the length of time for each phase of the work, the kind of ammunition to be used and the number of rounds per minute for each gun, was all carefully worked out and given to the battery commanders a day or two beforehand. The only information lacking was the day on which the attack was to be launched, known as "D Day," and the hour at which it was to begin, called "H Hour." Shortly before the offensive was to be set in motion, a message would be delivered to the regimental commanders giving them these two all-important facts, which would be transmitted to the battalion and battery commanders in time for them to comply with the orders.

The 77th Division, for the Argonne drive, was assigned to the 1st Corps, under the command of Major-General (afterward Lieutenant-General) Hunter Liggett. There was at that time but one American army—the First—of which General Pershing himself took command. Our division occupied the extreme left of the American sector, and its lines extended from the western edge of the forest about two-thirds of the way across the Argonne. The eastern part was held by the 28th Division (Pennsylvania National Guard), who had already been our neighbors on the Aisne. Our task was to advance through the heart of the forest, clear the enemy out of his strong concrete defenses, and shove him out into the open ground at the north where the Aire River flowed through St. Juvin and Grand Pré. His troops were not very numerous, but, in addition to his heavy fortifications, he had the advantage of a series of thickly wooded ravines which offered admirable cover for machine guns, and he had interlaced the underbrush with a vast network of barbed wire. The initial attack was to be made across a veritable wilderness of shell holes, mine cra-

ters, abandoned trenches, wire entanglements and blasted trees —the No-Man's-Land of four years' position warfare—and against a series of trench fortifications which had been constantly improved year by year.

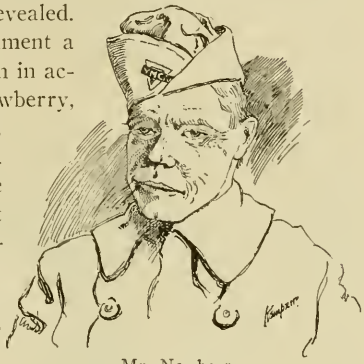


Every Tree Was Cut Through

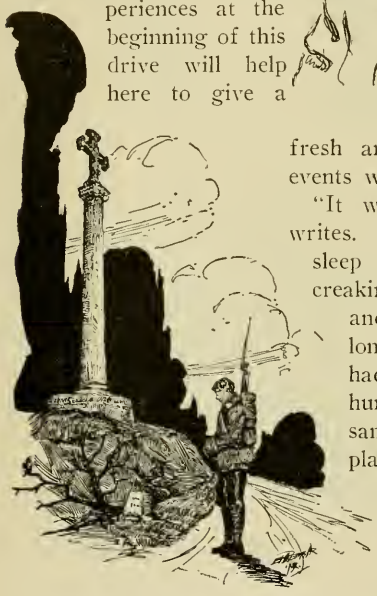
September 24th and 25th were busy days for our regiment. The gun positions were prepared, arrangements for ammunition supply were perfected, a liaison system was installed with runners and telephones for quick communication, and the firing data were calculated and checked. Reconnaissance officers and non-commissioned officers went forward, in French uniforms, to the front lines to locate observation posts. The most novel feature of the work was the preparation of the trees for felling in order to clear a field of fire for the guns. For two days the sound of saws and axes rang through the woods. Every tree which in any way obstructed the passage of shells was cut through so far that a few more strokes would bring it down. All along the ridge where the artillery was massed the splendid beeches which furnished such perfect concealment before the battle were to be demolished. They were

like a drop curtain on a stage: the audience looks at the forest scene; then the stage is darkened for a moment, and when the lights are turned on the forest had disappeared, and the guns that have been hidden are revealed.

There was with the regiment a man who had never yet been in action at the front, Mr. Newberry, the regimental Y. M. C. A. secretary. He had joined us the day after we left the Vesle sector. An account he has written of his experiences at the beginning of this drive will help here to give a fresh and vivid picture of the events which took place.



Mr. Newberry



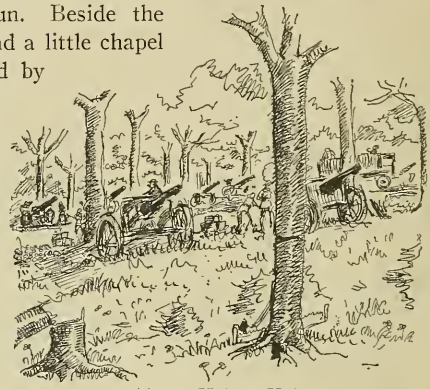
Beside the Road Was a Shrine

"It was my first battle," he writes. "For three nights my sleep had been broken by the creaking and grumbling of guns and caissons hauled up the long hill past the echelon. I had heard that there were hundreds—some said thousands—of cannon being placed in positions beyond us.

"On the afternoon of the 25th Chaplain Howard asked me if I wanted to go with him to the front. 'Bring along your

money-order book,' he suggested. 'The men always want to send their money home when they are going into action.'

"We walked through an autumn wood, calm and peaceful in the afternoon sun. Beside the road was a shrine and a little chapel which had been used by French troops, and we stepped inside for a few moments. Farther on was a graveyard behind stone walls, its garlands of artificial flowers old and broken. All was quiet. Even the road was deserted save for an occasional truck or wagon or a passing group of soldiers.



Almost Hub to Hub

"It did not seem possible that battle was imminent in this great grove of beech and pine. The nets of camouflage that stretched across the road overhead (a device for preventing accurate observation of the highways by aviators) moved gently in the soft wind. Birds flitted through the trees or sang from the bushes.

"As we turned into the road that led up from La Chalade there was another and grimmer aspect before us. Here were the guns in position, French and American cannon of all sizes from 75's to siege guns. Almost hub to hub they stood among the trees, above and below the road. Their crews in khaki and horizon blue, an occasional group of red tufted French sailors to add variety, sat or lay about the guns or worked with ax and saw in the woods. . . .

"Arrived at the batteries of our Second Battalion, I ex-

changed receipts for the money our men were anxious to place in less hazardous situation, and dusk had fallen before I realized it. The Chaplain, returning from a visit to the P. C., suggested that we spend the night at the guns and hear the battle's opening.

"'The battle starts at dawn?' I asked. I had heard the rumor.

"'H Hour is 5:30,' the Chaplain confided. 'The artillery begins at half-past two. We might be of use,' he continued. 'There may be wounded.'

"I was willing if I would not be in the way, so together we walked on in the gathering darkness to the First Battalion, where, after a hasty supper in Captain Doyle's dugout, I was escorted to the first-aid station of the battalion, which was installed in the same dugout as Captain Lyman's P. C. The Chaplain, saying there was no need for us both to be in the one place, made his way back through the night to the Second Battalion.

"I felt woefully big, awkward and obstructionable in that little square hole in the earth. It was too small to cover its needs even without me. In one corner at a crude table under a window double-curtained by a blanket was Captain Lyman with his executive, Lieutenant McVaugh. They were figuring and checking the data for the firing which was to



In a German Dugout

be done in the morning. A telephone on the desk buzzed frequent irritating interruptions which necessitated the intrusion of orderlies and runners through the curtained doorway of the cave and the further crowding of the room. I wondered how so tiny a place could possibly house a hospital.

"But the surgeon, Lieutenant Sams, was establishing one. In the farther corner, on a bunk, he had laid out his instruments and rolls of gauze and bandages, and the stretchers were leaned against the wall. Then he sat down on a blanket in his corner and began conversation. Lieutenant Sams was from Georgia and was a hunter, and we compared experiences in low voices that might not interfere with the Captain's calculations or his executive's check.

Lieutenant Sams was young; so was Lieutenant McVaugh; but Captain Lyman seemed nothing but a boy. He called in his four section leaders to hand them the written orders for fire. One of these non-coms on whose shoulders so much responsibility was placed was apparently still in his teens, so I asked his age. 'Twenty-one' was the answer, 'older than any of these others.' It was not a reassurance as to wisdom or profound judgment, as I remarked to the Captain. The latter added his own age to my indictment—twenty-three! 'A young man's war.' So it has been called, and so I admitted it that night. We men of mature age and experience were too slow of decision and action—we must sit in the corner of the dugout and try to keep out of the way.

"The sound of shell fire, always in evidence at the front, became brisker and nearer. 'Incoming,' remarked McVaugh, reëntering from above after a look outside.

"A moment later they were bursting over us. A peculiar odor began to creep in, and instinctively, even before the warning word 'Gas!' I was fumbling into my mask. It was adjusted and I had begun smothered breathing before the Klaxon outside confirmed the alarm. When I had cleared my eye holes



NO MAN'S LAND—ARGONNE FOREST

and looked around every man was a glaring gargoyle. I would have smiled at the grotesque faces if I had not been afraid of losing my mouthpiece. Captain Lyman was leaning over his desk, his mask almost touching it, still calculating deflections and ranges. Lieutenant Sams, his helmet perched over his mask, was burning bits of paper close to the floor. McVaugh had gone out again, pulling the curtain carefully shut behind him. The runners stood against the wall and breathed slowly through the respirators.

"Captain Lyman lifted his mask and sniffed. Then he removed it. 'Safe enough now,' he said, and we cautiously lifted and sniffed. McVaugh breezed in. 'Nobody hurt,' he declared, and began the checking of the captain's data.

"I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past twelve. 'Crack! Crack! Crack!' Seemingly just outside our door three shells broke. Then a number more distant. I reached for my mask, but neither the captain nor his lieutenant glanced up from their work. The Boche was sending them over in quantities now. Their crashing explosions sounded like a bombardment, and I was certain that our surprise plans had become known to the enemy and that he was anticipating our attack by a couple of hours. I expected a show of excitement, hurried orders brought and given, a certain tenseness of dramatic crisis, but Captain Lyman went on reading: 'Target number 3 —base deflection left fifteen, range two seven hundred, twelve rounds sweeping—' and McVaugh would reply, 'Check.'

"Again the Klaxon sounded and we held our breaths while we adjusted masks. On the tail of its mournful sound an orderly burst into the room. 'A shell in the gun pit, sir, and a man badly wounded,' he reported. Captain Lyman and Lieutenant McVaugh hurried out while Lieutenant Sams, gas mask on, prepared for action.

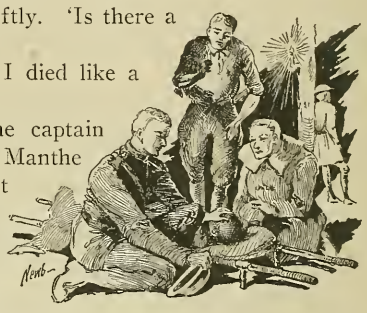
"In a few moments the stretcher bearers brought in the form of Private Clarence Manthe, wounded so seriously that

one glance told me the only issue. Captain Lyman knelt beside him and soothed him by words of well-earned praise, while the surgeon worked to make the last hour of the lad less painful.

"There were other wounds now to be dressed and a gas case to be doctored. I sat beside Manthe to ease his passing, pressing my canteen to his lips when the fever burned. 'You are going over, boy,' I said softly. 'Is there a message I can take?'

" 'My mother—tell her I died like a soldier,' he whispered.

"I voiced a prayer, the captain kneeling alongside, and Manthe closed his eyes for the last sleep. A few minutes later I nodded to the surgeon. He felt for pulse and heart, then placed a tag with penciled date and hour upon the breast and drew a blanket over the dead.



"Sergeant Young had been wounded in the wrist by a shell fragment but insisted on going back to his gun. 'Stay here,' his captain ordered, and the sergeant could but obey. The wound seemed slight, but the surgeon saw that it was a dangerous one with the possibility—afterward an eventuality—of serious complications; yet when, later in the day, I rode with the boy on the ambulance I was forced to use argument and finally diplomacy and coercion to make him go to a hospital.

"The gas case, Private Broderick, was apparently much more serious, for he was an extremely sick man with blinded eyes, a hacking cough and a nausea which was pitifully ineffectual of relief. But he improved rapidly under treatment and afterwards recovered quickly at the hospital. We all absorbed too much Boche gas that night. I picked up a cough which

lasted me several months. There were weak and watery eyes for days afterwards."

While these things were taking place in A Battery, the other organizations were having a more peaceful time. Nowhere else was any one hit with incoming shells. The German fire was evidently laid down somewhat at random, the gunners aiming for the road without any exact knowledge of where the guns were located. At the Second Battalion the Chaplain paid a visit to the aid station which Lieutenant McCaleb had established in a deep dugout, and asked to be called if any wounded should be brought in. Then he went to the only place where there was room for him—the dugout shared by the three battery commanders—and while the officers figured their data he went to sleep on Captain Perin's bunk.

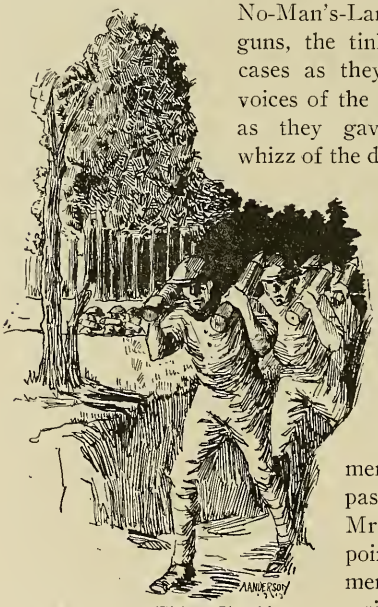
About ten o'clock in the evening the order was given to fell the trees doomed to sacrifice. Details of men went out with axes to give the final blows. There was a grating, crunching sound, then a terrific crash, and the first great monarch of the forest plunged head foremost down the hill. From that moment on, the woods reëchoed with the swishing and crashing of falling trees, until the roar was so great it seemed as if the enemy must hear it. Toward midnight the work was all but finished and the sound died down; and then for some time, save for the hit-or-miss shelling by the Germans, the quiet was unbroken.

About two o'clock there was a stir all along the ridge as the gun crews, alert for the hour for attack, busied themselves with their final preparations.

While our men were thus engaged, there began a rumble of guns far off to the left. Nearer and nearer it came, as battery after battery all along the line received the command to fire. Then the heavy guns all about us burst forth with a roar that echoed down the ravines and rattled the doors and windows in the dugouts. The whole forest seemed to rock with

the concussion, and the sky was ablaze with flashes of light.

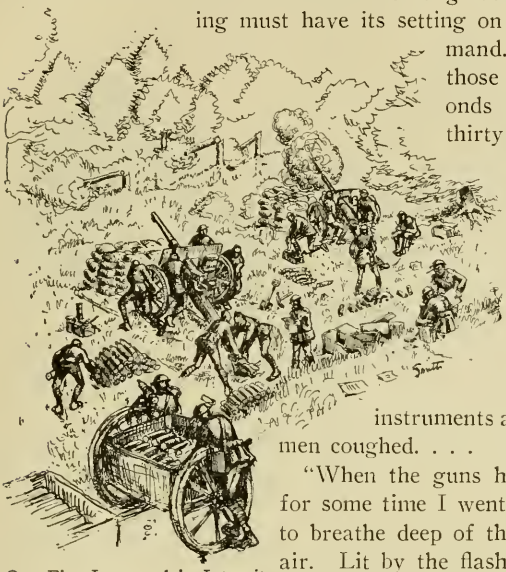
At their guns our cannoneers stood eagerly waiting, while the section chiefs, watch in hand, counted the minutes as the hands moved toward two-thirty. Then, at a nod from the section leader, each number two picked up a shell and shoved it into the breech of his gun. Number one closed the breech with a bang and took hold of the lanyard. There was a tense moment of waiting. Then, 'Fire!' In an instant every gun in the regiment leaped on its carriage and sent its shell hurtling over the tops of the trees in the valley below. Now the whole mass of artillery was crashing forth its storm of destruction into the trenches and dugouts and ravines on the other side of No-Man's-Land. The roar of the guns, the tinkling of the empty shell cases as they were tossed aside, the voices of the officers and section chiefs as they gave their commands, the whizz of the departing shells all mingled in one vast racket and confusion of noise that no pen can describe.



A Shell on Either Shoulder

While the opening of the battle was dramatic enough for those who were actually at the guns, in the dugouts of the battalion and battery commanders the momentous hour came and passed almost unheeded. Mr. Newberry was disappointed. "I expected excitement and movement," he writes. "Certainly the Cap-

tain and his executive would bestir themselves and shout orders either directly or to messengers or over the telephone. This dramatic moment of a great battle's opening must have its setting on martial command. However, those last few seconds before two-thirty ticked away, while Captain Lyman and Lieutenant McVaugh figured and checked, and the surgeon cleaned his instruments and the gassed men coughed. . . .



Our Fire Increased in Intensity

"When the guns had been busy for some time I went up the stairs to breathe deep of the sweet fresh air. Lit by the flash of the guns, there was a narrow trench through which men were hastening with a shell on either shoulder, a string of busy ants. There in the shallow pits worked the gunners, three or four to a cannon, throwing shells into the breech with incredible rapidity. But again I felt in the way—me with nothing to do when every one else had more than enough—and I started back to the dugout. Day was dawning,—a dawn through clouds of smoke.

" 'All going out, nothing coming in,' laughed McVaugh beside me. I noticed that this noise was all our own. No Boche shells were bursting over or about us.

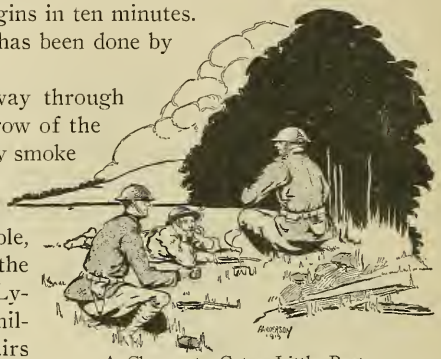
" 'We've silenced them!' I exulted.

" 'More likely they've turned them all on the infantry,' he replied. 'They know by now that something big is coming.'

"I glanced at my watch: 5:20. 'Nearly time for the start,' I said.

" 'The barrage begins in ten minutes. Come and see what has been done by our fire.'

"We made our way through fallen trees to the brow of the hill to find that heavy smoke and fog in the valley made any observation impossible, and came back to the dugout. Captain Lyman, hatless and smiling, stood on the stairs breathing in the morning. 'Any view over there?' he asked. The lieutenant shook a negative.



A Chance to Get a Little Rest

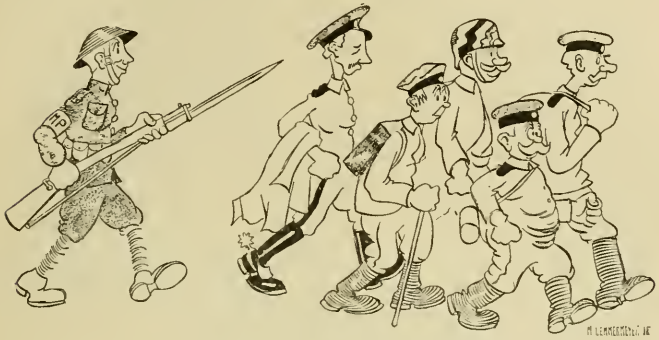
"There had been no perceptible cessation in our fire, but now it increased in force and intensity. It was a monstrous kettle-drum with sticks in the hands of the god of war who rattled out noisy death.

" 'They'll go over now," yelled McVaugh above the roar.

" 'God help 'em!' answered the Captain. 'Let's get breakfast.' "

While these officers refreshed themselves with bacon, bread and coffee, and others, tired out with their night's labors, lay down for a snatch of sleep, and the cannoneers, working in shifts, continued their toil, the infantry went over the top. There was no wild charge with flashing bayonets and yelling fighters. Out of their trenches they filed through the fog and

smoke as, led by guides, they picked their way among the treacherous holes and ditches of No-Man's-Land to the gaps which had been made in the intricate tangles of barbed wire.



Prisoners Began to Appear

Moving single file in small groups they crossed that awful wilderness while the shells from their artillery screamed over their heads. They were greeted by the German cannon, which dropped high explosive and gas in their way, and, as they proceeded toward the enemy trenches a rain of machine gun bullets spattered about them. But the resistance was slight, for most of the Boche had either taken shelter under ground or fled before the murderous barrage.

Everything went according to schedule on this first day of the drive. As the infantry advanced, our guns slackened their fire and finally ceased altogether. Groups of prisoners began to appear as the morning wore on. Save for occasional firing by the big guns, the day was quiet on the Chalade road. Our men had a chance to get a little rest and to clean and grease their pieces. Toward evening word was brought that the division had obtained all its objectives. So far the drive had been a success, and yet we knew that beyond the positions which

had been captured lay several miles of unbroken forest where the Germans, now fully awake to the magnitude of the offensive, would undoubtedly reënforce and fortify themselves anew in their well-prepared positions and settle down for a stiff resistance to any further advance.





CHAPTER XI

THE ARGONNE DRIVE: THROUGH THE FOREST

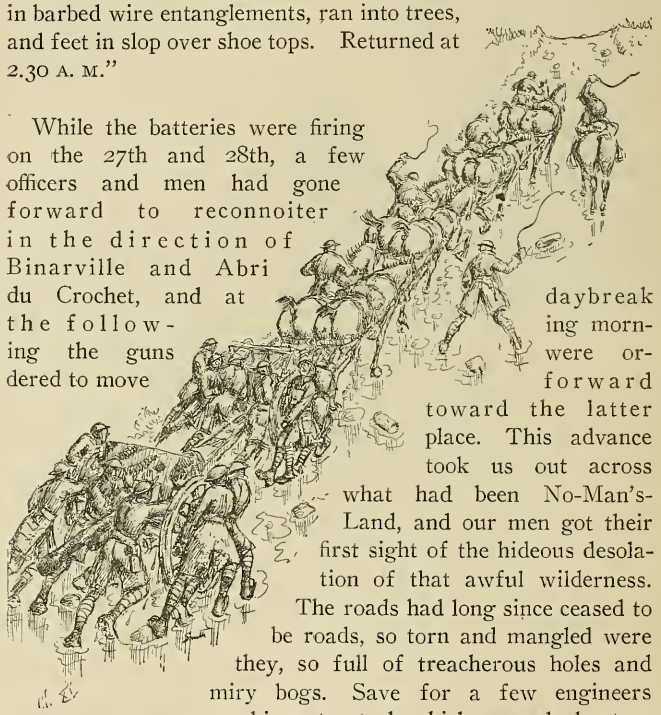
On the evening of September 26th the artillery was ordered to advance and take up new positions in support of the infantry. By eleven o'clock the batteries were packing up and moving out along the dark roads. Forward they went, through ravines, across brooks, picking their way in the night among rocks and stumps and trees. Sometimes the hills were so steep that six horses could not pull up a gun, and it was necessary to unhitch other teams and add them to the haul. Then, while the drivers urged and coaxed and swore, the cannoneers would put their shoulders to the wheels and heave, and the gun would lurch its way to the top. After many hours of labor all the batteries were in position in a ravine near what had been the front line the night before, at Le Four de Paris. There they stayed for two days, firing almost constantly in a pouring rain.

One of the cannoneers, who had been left behind with a detail to bring up ammunition, gives some interesting bits in his diary:

"At 7 A. M. when limbers came back, loaded same and advanced to positions. . . . Was pretty well drenched. Huns tried to counter attack at 5 P. M. and we sent over a barrage

which foiled them. After mess was put in charge of two G. S. limbers with Bill and told to go to old positions and draw rations. Very dark night, raining, muddy and hard to see. Got in barbed wire entanglements, ran into trees, and feet in slop over shoe tops. Returned at 2.30 A. M."

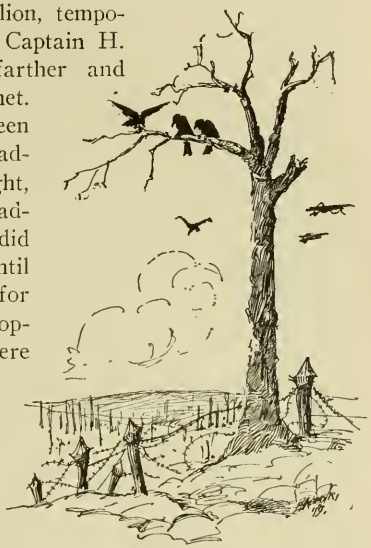
While the batteries were firing on the 27th and 28th, a few officers and men had gone forward to reconnoiter in the direction of Binarville and Abri du Crochet, and at daybreak the following morning the guns were ordered to move forward toward the latter place. This advance took us out across what had been No-Man's-Land, and our men got their first sight of the hideous desolation of that awful wilderness. The roads had long since ceased to be roads, so torn and mangled were they, so full of treacherous holes and miry bogs. Save for a few engineers working at a task which seemed about as hopeless as baling out the ocean, the only sign of life was an occasional crow perched on a skeleton tree, in raucous notes calling attention to the ruinous domain of which he was left in undisputed possession.



Put Their Shoulders to the Wheel

The Second Battalion went into position on the side of a deep

ravine near a place called Barricade Pavilion, which had been a point of strong resistance for the Germans in their line of defense. The First Battalion, temporarily under command of Captain H. B. Perrin, pushed on farther and reached Abri du Crochet. (Major Sanders had been called away to Division Headquarters the previous night, and had gone, leaving his adjutant in command. He did not rejoin the regiment until November fourth, so that for a considerable period the operations of the battalion were directed by Captain Perrin, with Lieutenant Boyd acting as adjutant.) For a day or two there was little firing, because of uncertainty regarding the exact location of the infantry's front lines. This was also the reason for the fact that the Second Battalion, in its next advance, moved so far forward that the guns could not be used at all, for they were too close to the infantry to be able to fire over their heads without landing far beyond the targets they wished to hit. Indeed, enemy machine-gun bullets, intended for the infantry, spattered right in among the cannoneers, one of whom, Private Busch, was wounded.



An Occasional Crow

It was in that position, on October 3rd, that two privates in the Medical Detachment earned a citation for bravery. Corporal Mack, of Headquarters Company, who was with the Second Battalion wireless detail, had been seriously wounded

by a shell which wrecked the wagon in which the apparatus was packed. He was lying in an exposed position, and the two medical men, Robinson and Warns, went to his assistance. Disregarding the shells which were bursting all around them, these two men dressed the corporal's wounds, put him on a litter, and carried him to shelter. Probably the only reason they were not killed or wounded was the softness of the ground, which allowed the shells to sink in before they burst and prevented to some extent the deadly flying of broken fragments. Both men were covered with mud thrown up by the explosions.

The battalion remained in that position only for one day. The infantry, meeting heavy resistance, did not advance as rapidly as had been hoped, and Major Devereux decided to move his guns back to Abri du Crochet where he could do some effective firing. There, with the two battalions only a few hundred meters apart, the batteries remained until October 8th. While frequent reconnaissances were made to prepare for further advances the guns were busy, firing for the most part on machine gun nests which, cleverly concealed in the thick underbrush and skillfully manned by expert gunners, were making the progress of the infantry extremely difficult.

During this period a battalion of the 308th Infantry, off to our left, after advancing and capturing a hill, found their flanks dangerously exposed. On attempting to withdraw far enough to reëstablish a connection with the troops on either side, their commander, Major Whittlesey, found that his battalion was surrounded by the enemy. In spite of all the Germans' attempts to annihilate his men or compel him to surrender, Major Whittlesey held out until, on October 7th, the enemy was obliged to withdraw. Our guns took part in a big attack which was planned to relieve this battalion on the morning of the 7th. The attack itself was not successful, "but [to



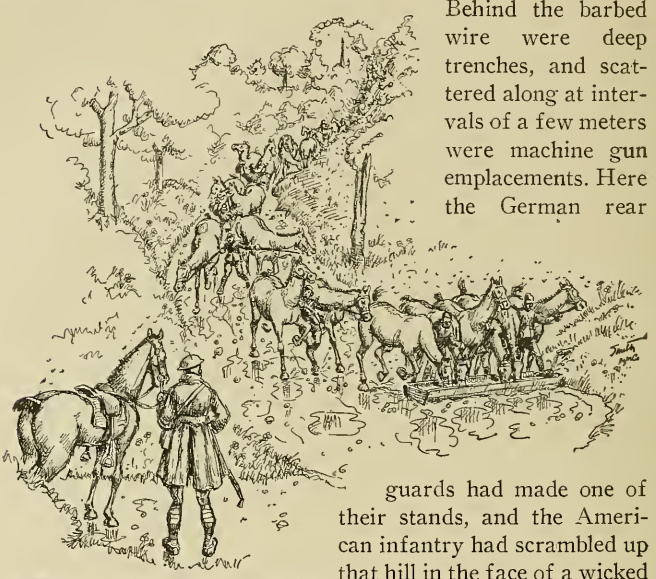
THE ADVANCE THROUGH THE ARGONNE

quote General McCloskey's report] the artillery fire caused such losses to the enemy in men and material as to compel his withdrawal" the following night.

While the batteries were firing from these positions, Colonel McCleave was established close by in a dugout alongside the one occupied by General Wittenmeyer and his 153rd Infantry Brigade headquarters. The various officers and men connected with our regimental headquarters were living in dugouts in a ravine behind the Second Battalion. Some of these places were very interesting. They had been built for permanent quarters by the Germans, and were fitted up with conveniences such as we had never dreamed of. Five of our officers slept in a dugout which had belonged to a German battery commander. It was nothing less than a little house, built of concrete, in the side of the ravine. The door opened into a sitting-room about twelve feet square, wainscoted in dark wood and equipped with comfortable chairs, tables, closets and built-in bookcases. In the corner was a brick stove. The ceiling was made of steel I-beams, painted white. The bed room adjoining was finished like the sitting room, and contained a wash-stand and a brass bedstead. Both rooms were equipped with electric light fixtures, and both had glass windows with heavy steel shutters which, when closed at night, prevented any light from escaping. Outside was a little terrace on which stood a rustic table and chairs and several urns in which palms were growing. In another dugout near by was a vast quantity of bottles of excellent mineral water. They had lived well in the Argonne, these Germans. So had the French. And why not? For nearly four years these dugout villages had been their winter and summer homes.

A little farther to the rear, in a ravine occupied by a battery of the 306th F. A., was a good example of what our infantry was having to contend with in their advance through the forest. The side of the ravine, which sloped at an angle of some forty-

five degrees, was covered with underbrush and trees. At the top of the hill was a mass of barbed wire, so thick that even now it was difficult to find an opening through which to pass. Behind the barbed wire were deep trenches, and scattered along at intervals of a few meters were machine gun emplacements. Here the German rear guards had made one of their stands, and the American infantry had scrambled up that hill in the face of a wicked fire and driven them out. Many unburied dead of both armies told how bitter had been the struggle.



Impatient Horses and Exasperated Drivers

The frequent moves made by our batteries made it necessary to keep the horses near the guns. Each battery therefore maintained a forward echelon at some place where the problem of water would not be impossible. In spite of the heavy rainfall, which was becoming a matter of almost daily occurrence, good watering places were scarce, and the few ravines where springs were found were cluttered morning and

evening with long lines of impatient horses and exasperated drivers. In the course of a few days the watering was arranged in some sort of order by the battalion commanders from the various regiments, but at first it was a wild push and scramble to see who could get first to the meager troughs.



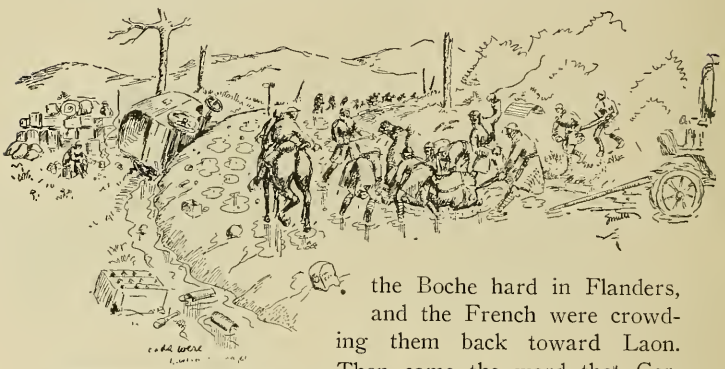
Tired, Dirty, Ragged, and Lousy

The main echelon was still on the south side of the old No-Man's-Land, for the roads were in such a terrible state and traffic was so congested that the division supply trains could not get through. Our own Supply Company, therefore, had its regimental dump at the echelon, and the drivers were obliged to take their escort wagons up daily by roads which were well-nigh impassable. New divisions were coming in—the 82nd was relieving the 28th on our right, and the 78th was moving in behind us—with the result that trucks and wagons and guns and men were pushing and crowding along in unutterable confusion. There was a traffic jam near a crossroad at Abri du Crochet one evening which blocked the passage of every vehicle during the entire night. The accumulating congestion extended back for miles, and it was not until daylight that the tangle was unraveled.

The unceasing toil was beginning to tell on our men. They were tired, dirty, ragged, lousy. They had not had a bath (save, perhaps, with an occasional bucket full of water) for two months. They had had no change of clothes, not even underclothes, for more than five weeks. Nearly every one, both officers and men, had lice, and some had fleas. And they

were worn out. "When are we going to get relieved?" was the question asked a hundred times a day.

Then news began to reach us of the great Allied successes on every front from the English Channel to the Holy Land. We heard that the Turkish armies in the East had been shattered, that Bulgaria had caved in, that the British were driving



Roads were in Terrible Shape

the Boche hard in Flanders, and the French were crowding them back toward Laon. Then came the word that Germany and Austria had asked for an armistice! The war was not over, but surely the end was in sight, and that thought wrought a miracle in the morale of the regiment. The men forgot that they were tired, forgot that they were dirty, forgot that they needed new clothes, forgot everything except that the enemy was in front of us, that our heroic infantry were advancing through difficult and dangerous terrain and needed our support, and that the one important thing in the world now was to fire every shot so that it should count toward bringing the whole wretched business to a speedy end. In that spirit the men at the guns went on with their laborious work. In that spirit the drivers brought up the ration wagons, the cooks prepared the meals, the linemen ran their miles of new telephone wires,

the messengers carried their despatches at night through the inky blackness of the forest. Every man did his work, whatever it might be, with an amazing willingness; and when, on October 8th, the order came to advance again, the whole attitude was, "Come on: let's go to it and finish the job!"

The advance which followed was a long one. The German lines had been driven almost clear of the forest. With only one or two stops for firing, the First Battalion went away off to the northwest and took up a position on a hill just east of Malassise Farm, across the river from Grand Ham, while the Second Battalion went equally as far and established itself near La Besogne. Regimental headquarters was located in the Bois de Taille, and the main echelon was set up not far from Lançon. These positions were taken by October 10th, and on the 11th our guns began to fire on German troops beyond the Argonne Forest across the River Aire.

All this time we had been keeping four of our guns forward with the infantry. They had not been called upon to do much firing during the progress through the forest. The infantry commanders, under whose direct orders they were placed, found it difficult, with observation rendered impossible by the nature of the ground and the woods, to use them. But now that the Germans were out of the woods, direct observation was easy, and the "pirate pieces" did great execution on the machine gun nests across the river. Moreover, the artillery observers could now establish O. P.'s on the heights south of the Aire, from where the fire of all the batteries could be accurately adjusted.

The division had reached the enemy's line of resistance known as the Kriemhilde Stellung, and for the first time since the drive started we were confronted with a large quantity of heavy artillery with which the Germans hoped to prevent our further advance. This called for a kind of work we had not done since we left the Aisne, namely the smashing of Boche

batteries in an attempt to put them out of action. It was a great relief to fire at such definite targets after the uncertain work in the forest, and the observers in their O. P.'s and the battalion and battery commanders at their guns enjoyed the test of real skill in directing and adjusting their fire. The rain was still constant, and the men were soaked a good part of the time and their blankets at night were laid in mud; but they worked with a will, knowing that their shots were telling. The American heavy artillery attached to the Corps had not yet been able to come up, so that for a while all this counter-battery work had to be done by the field artillery, and every gun had its full share of important work.

On the morning of Sunday, October 13th, we were greeted with the news, telephoned down from corps and division headquarters, that Germany and Austria had agreed to President Wilson's terms for an armistice. That they had asked for terms we knew, and also that the President had replied that no armistice could be granted so long as their troops occupied invaded territory and their submarines were engaged in unlawful practices at sea, nor so long as their governments were responsible to any one except the people themselves. To this the two Central Powers had now replied that they would withdraw their forces from France and Belgium and recall their submarines, and pointed out that such changes had taken place in the governments that those in control were now answerable to the people. This looked like the beginning of capitulation, and hopes ran high that an armistice might be proclaimed which would, at least, give the army a chance to rest. Some grew so hopeful as to place bets that an order to suspend hostilities would be forthcoming within twenty-four hours.

No such order came, however. Rather were we told to increase our efforts to crush and break the German lines. That very day preparations were begun for an attack on Grand

Pré, and, while most of the preparatory fire was conducted by the 305th F. A., backed up by the heavier guns of the 306th, our own batteries took some part in the destruction of fleeting targets and in protecting the 302nd Engineers while they were constructing bridges across the Aire. On the 15th, the attack was carried out, and the 154th Brigade of Infantry captured the town.



St. Juvin

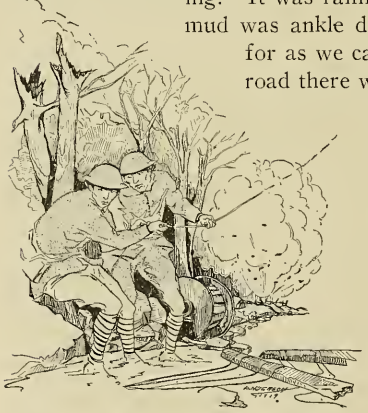
Another important engagement in which our regiment had a larger part was the attack on St. Juvin, on October 14th. This place was at the extreme right of our sector, where the lines of the 77th Division joined those of the 82nd, and it was a strategic point in the Kriemhilde Stellung. A general advance was to be made by the entire First Corps, but the particular objective assigned to the 153rd Infantry Brigade, whom we were still supporting, was the town of St. Juvin. There was to be some preparatory fire by the artillery, in which all our batteries took part, and at 8:30 A. M. the infantry was to attack from the east of Marcq, which was really out of our sector.

The most exciting part of the battle for our regiment was that played by a pirate piece under command of Lieutenant Richard, of Battery D, who had been, since October 9th, on duty with the infantry. About midnight on the 13th he re-

ceived orders to take his gun out beyond where the infantry's front lines were located and go into position where he might be able to do whatever firing should be required by the infantry battalion commander. It was necessary for him to start at dawn, move out along the La Besogne-Marcq road, which was in full view of the enemy, pass through the town of Marcq, which was daily being subjected to heavy shell fire, and reach the front lines by 7:30.

What this experience meant to the men is vividly described by the section chief in charge of the gun, Sergeant Grandin, in a letter written shortly after the battle. "The Lieutenant called me into his dugout," he writes, "and showed me where we were to go. (Imagine! For a full kilometer in plain view of the Boche and headed straight for the enemy lines.) It looked like certain death for some of us, but in the army orders are orders, and it was up to us to carry them out. . . .

"Away we went about 5 A. M., none too confident, but willing. It was raining like the dickens and the mud was ankle deep. Nature was with us, for as we came to the open part of the road there was a dense fog, and we got along finely until we reached the town."



Telephone Men Establishing Connections

Upon arriving in Marcq, Lieutenant Richard left Sergeant Grandin in charge of the gun while he went forward to reconnoiter. The Sergeant started his gun up the hill, but found the six horses unable to make the haul, so that he was obliged to wait for one of the

wagons, which for the sake of precaution was keeping a respectful distance behind, and take an extra team to put on the gun. He then went ahead to make sure of the position selected by the Lieutenant, and, after being nearly picked off by snipers, found him in the only available place—behind a clump of bushes, in front of which the ground sloped away unbroken by woods or cover of any kind toward the German lines. There were a few trees near by, and in one of these Lieutenant Richard established his O. P., while the telephone men set about establishing connections with the infantry P. C.

The Boche had started to fire, and was dropping shells on the road and near the gun position, but time was pressing. The Sergeant went back to the road and signaled to the drivers to bring up their gun. "With the men riding like jockeys, they fairly flew up the hill, dropped the gun, and got away again without a scratch. The Boche shells seemed to just miss them each time.

"We had about twenty minutes to get set before the infantry was to go over. The latter and the machine gunners were all dug in, some in front, and some just behind us. There were an awful lot of machine guns there, each of which, we were told, was to fire at the rate of a hundred rounds a minute for a while before the advance was to start. One of their officers advised us to lie flat on our bellies, as their bullets would pass about two feet above the ground. We got things ready and lay flat on the ground or in shell holes and waited. Lieutenant Richard was up in his tree.

"About quarter past eight the machine guns let loose, and what a racket! It would have been impossible for us to fire even if we had been able to stand up, for no one could have heard the commands. Some of the bullets clipped leaves from the tree where the Lieutenant was sitting.

"The machine guns had just finished their barrage when I heard a voice cry out, 'On your feet; load rifles; fix bayonets;

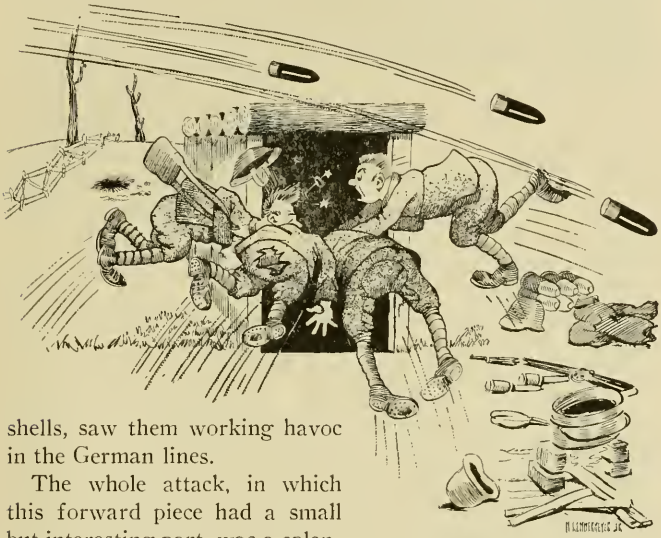
gas masks; keep cool and give 'em hell!' Where they all came from I don't know, but here were the infantry, going over the top. Such a sight! The expression on their faces—I can never forget it! The big and small guns were all ablaze by this time and the shells were flying over our heads. The attack was on.

"As soon as the doughboys had passed, we jumped to our feet and got into the party ourselves. Telephone communication had become impossible, owing to the fact that the wires were being continually cut by shells. Every time the linemen went out they found three or four breaks. Our orders were therefore brought by a runner: 'Open up on any suitable target.' Lieutenant Richard picked out a party of Boche near St. Juvin, and we blazed at them. We had fired just four shots when the Hun spotted us—the flash of our guns had given us away. We managed to get off three more under terrific shell fire, but then it became too hot."

Lieutenant Richard was about to move his piece to a healthier position when the enemy guns shifted their fire to another target, and he decided to try again. After a half a dozen shots had been fired, however, there poured in a rain of high explosive and gas, and the men were ordered to take shelter.

A change of position was imperative if the piece was to do any effective work. Accordingly, during the next lull, the drivers and cannoneers, led with great coolness and skill by Corporal McDonough, dashed up to the gun with the horses in record-breaking time, and limbered the gun. Then, while the cannoneers scooted on foot, the drivers lashed their horses into a gallop, and away they went, bumping and lurching over rocks and holes, across a railroad track, and into a sheltered place behind the crest of the hill. The Boche saw them going and opened fire. Gas shells which necessitated the putting on of masks complicated the move, and two men, Privates Tansey and Johnson, were wounded; but the crew got the gun safely

to its new position, and during the rest of the attack they fired without further accident. They had the satisfaction of knowing that they were repaying the Boche for all the trouble he had given them, for the observers, watching the bursts of their



Our Echelon Was Subjected to Annoying Fire

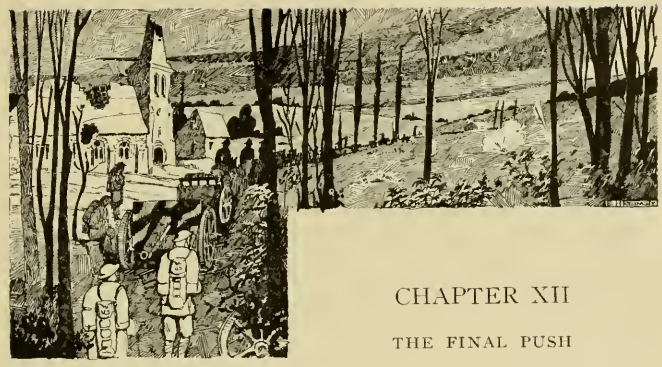
shells, saw them working havoc in the German lines.

The whole attack, in which this forward piece had a small but interesting part, was a splendid success. St. Juvin was captured, and with it a considerable number of prisoners, and the entire front of the First Corps was advanced as the Germans were compelled to fall back to new positions in the rear.

Meantime Colonel McCleave, taking with him a minimum number of officers and men on account of the danger, had advanced his P. C. to La Besogne. There both the regimental headquarters and the batteries were subjected to considerable heavy shelling, in which several men were wounded and a

number of horses killed. Some of the infantry of the 78th Division, who were moving in to relieve the 77th, were in the same ravine with our battery kitchens and horse lines, and they suffered heavy casualties. The First Battalion, in their positions at La Malassise Farm, did a great deal of firing, but came out practically unscathed. Our main echelon, near Lançon, was subjected to some annoying enfilade fire on several occasions, but no real damage was done. All things considered, the 304th was remarkably fortunate throughout this whole Argonne drive.

The news that our division was to be relieved was received with enthusiasm by a weary lot of soldiers. Tired as they were, our men knew that the infantry had suffered far more heavily in their steady advance through what General Pershing in his official report has called "the almost impenetrable and strongly held Argonne Forest," and they were as glad for the doughboys' sakes as for their own that relief was in sight. The Division Commander had not asked for it: he preferred to leave that decision to the higher command, who knew the circumstances and should be able to judge when our services could be spared. Nevertheless, both officers and men were glad when, on the nights of the 14th and 15th, the infantry of the 78th Division took over the lines held by our 153rd and 154th Brigades respectively. Our own guns remained in position until the change was effected, and then, one by one as their places were taken by fresh troops, our batteries moved out. By the afternoon of the 16th the last organization to leave the front lines was on its way to the rear for a rest, a bath, a change of clothes and a new lease on life.



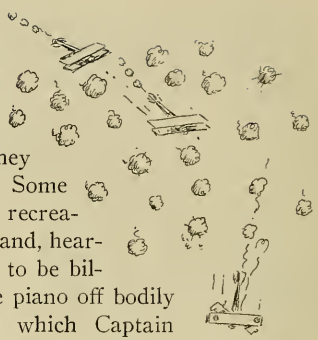
CHAPTER XII

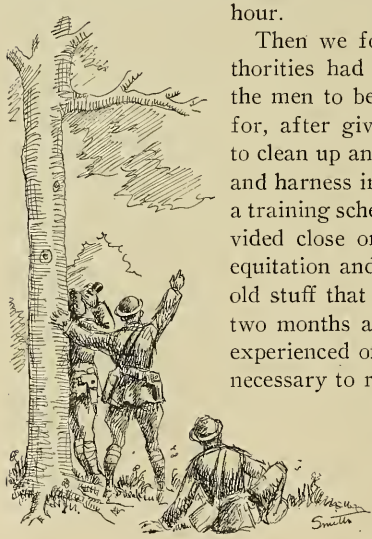
THE FINAL PUSH

We had a long but easy march. The roads had been put into fairly good shape by labor battalions brought up from the rear, and there was little congestion of traffic. When, at nightfall, we reached our destination, it seemed as though we had arrived in the promised land. Not that the place was attractive. We were in a very flat part of the valley of the Biesme, into which seeped all the water from the steep hills on both sides, making it soggy under foot—too wet for comfortable camping. But at least we were free once more from the strain and toil of the front, and we had in prospect a bath and a complete outfit of new clothes. Between La Hazarée and Le Four de Paris the Sanitary Corps had erected a bath tent, with shower baths and hot water; and in the adjoining tent was a huge pile of good, warm, woolen underclothes and socks, new flannel shirts, and winter-weight uniforms.

While the men were being bathed and clothed, word came that the officers were to be allowed a three days' leave at the discretion of the regimental commander, and a dozen or more promptly availed themselves of the opportunity and started for Nice (*via* Paris, of course—in going from any place in France to any other place, it is always necessary to pass through Paris!).

Clean once more, and comfortably dressed, the troops found that their spirits rose, and they were quite willing to forego any further move toward a real rest area if only they might be let alone for a while. Some one discovered a piano in an old recreation room at the foot of the hill, and, hearing that part of the 306th was to be billeted there, our men carried the piano off bodily and deposited it in the shed which Captain Ewell had taken over for a supply room. There for an evening or two music and song and laughter sounded hour after hour.



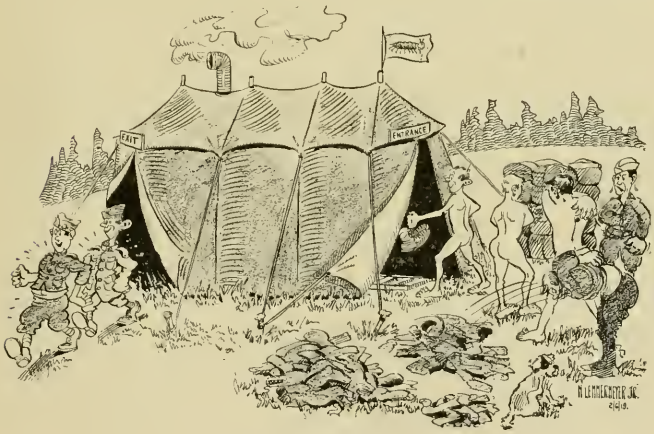


Air Activities

Then we found that the military authorities had what seemed to many of the men to be original ideas about rest, for, after giving us two days in which to clean up and get the guns and wagons and harness into good shape, they issued a training schedule a mile long which provided close order drills and gun drills, equitation and radio schools, and all the old stuff that we had agonized over for two months at Camp de Souge. Every experienced officer will see that this was necessary to restore the discipline which had been relaxed during the fighting; but a feeling of gloom spread through the regiment and all the troops around us. Why couldn't we be let alone!

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, came an order which changed everything. The whole division was directed to pack up and be ready to move. The officers who had gone on leave were wired to report to their organizations at once—the telegrams were awaiting them when they arrived at Nice. On October 25th the regiment was again on the road in march order. No one could imagine what was up. It seemed incredible that the 77th Division, especially the infantry, who had suffered such terrible hardships and lost so many men through wounds and exposure, was to be sent back again into battle.

Yet such was evidently the case, for our route lay directly across the forest toward the northeast. After one night spent near our old positions at Abri du Crochet, we turned into the valley of the Aire and marched northward to Châtel Chéhéry, where the whole regiment halted and pitched camp. There we had a good view of the main road, and day after day as we waited on the edge of the forest we watched an ever-increas-



Shower Baths and Hot Water

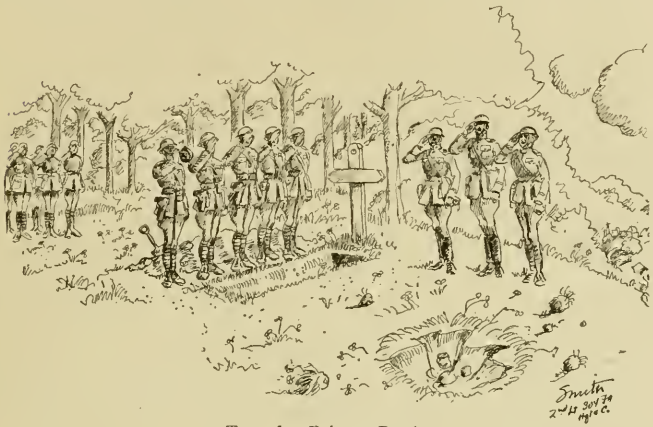
ing stream of troops, guns, trucks, and wagons pouring past us. Another drive was in preparation!

If any one had doubts on the subject, they would have been dispelled by a trip out to the point where our guns were ordered to take up their positions. The narrow sector assigned to our division was already so crowded with artillery that we were obliged to go over into the territory of the 80th Division on our right, and our batteries therefore crossed the Aire and proceeded through the town of Fléville, and then off to the right to the high hills overlooking the village of Sommerance. Our men thought they had seen massed artillery when the Argonne drive started, but that was as nothing compared to the vast array of cannon that now blocked every road and covered every hillside throughout the entire region. There were great naval guns, and the long and powerful 155mm. rifles; there were enormous 9.2 inch howitzers that had to be hoisted on and off their carriages by cranes; there were batteries of 120's and 90's, 155mm. howitzers like the 306th's, and finally an abundance of 75's like our own, manned by both French and American gunners. Surely, here was an operation worth being in. Perhaps—who knew?—it might prove to be the final drive which, coupled with the terrific British offensive in progress up in Flanders, and the aggressive onslaught of the French north of Laon, would break the German armies and force them back to the Rhine!

There was no mystery about this drive, as there had been about the start of the Argonne offensive. There was no forest to cover us, and the troops in double and even triple columns were streaming along the great arteries of traffic in broad daylight. Division after division crowded in: marines, regular army, national army, national guard, and all (save for a considerable number of French batteries of artillery) were American troops.

Here, for the first time in our experience, vast squadrons of

American airplanes soared overhead. They seemed to come in droves, some sailing, in their peculiar V-shaped formations, toward the German lines, some circling about to protect the observation balloons, some swooping down from high up in



Taps for Private Brady

the clouds to pounce upon an occasional Boche plane that ventured over to pick up information. Fights in the air became a matter of daily occurrence. Sometimes there would be two or three going on at once, and we were distracted trying to watch them.

Once, when the sound of machine guns was heard overhead, and our men rushed out of their tents to see what was going on, the air was so filled with planes that no one knew where to look. It was on that occasion that some one called out, "Get your official programs here! You cannot tell the individual players without a program!" It was like trying to watch a three-ringed circus.

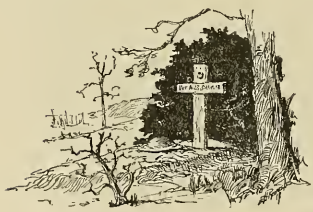
There were several days of anxious waiting. They were

anxious because the gun positions, where only a few men were on guard, were being shelled every night, and we were having some casualties before ever the real battle began. One shell struck in A Battery's kitchen, riddling pots and pans with holes and wrecking the dugout where the cook slept, and another burst beside one of B's guns and killed one of their most loyal and trustworthy soldiers, Private James Brady.

At last, after several false alarms, the order came on October 31st to send the full gun crews out to the positions. The battalion commanders had established their P. C.'s on a very high hill behind the guns, from where, if the weather was clear, they could see far into the German lines. Colonel McCleave moved his headquarters to Cornay where he had quick connections both with his batteries and with the infantry. Lieutenant McVaugh, of Battery A, and Lieutenant McDougall, of Battery E, were sent forward with pirate pieces to the infantry lines, and everything was ready.

The plan of battle for our sector was for the 77th Division, after the usual artillery preparation, to send forward its infantry from St. Juvin and on the first day to capture the town of Champigneulle. As soon as the town was in our hands, the artillery was to rush forward and take up new positions to support a further advance. "D day" was announced as November 1st, and "H hour" as 5:30 A. M.

As the evening wore on, every one who could do so lay down for a little sleep, but there was a tenseness of expectation that made rest difficult.



Soon after midnight, the German guns began their usual serenade. All over the slope where our batteries were across the valley and up toward the battalion P. C.'s they plastered their rain of shells. It seemed impossible that

no one was being hit, but, at the aid stations the surgeons waited in vain for any reports of trouble.

After about a half hour the shelling ceased, and then began the answering barrage from the American big guns. Heavier and heavier grew the fire, with ever-increasing intensity as more and more batteries let loose their awful roar. The air shook with the concussion, the hills seemed to rock, and the sky for miles around was lit by the flashes that belched from the mouths of a thousand cannon. So mighty was the volume of sound that when, at 3:30, our own little guns joined in with their vicious bark, men back on the hill behind them could not tell when their fire began.

Yet without doubt the Germans knew! Every gun had its definite target, and by accurate registering the previous day each battery commander had been able to calculate perfectly his range and direction. One platoon was sweeping back and forth along a road which the Boche must use to shift their troops. Another was pouring its rain of death into a wood where Huns were camped. Another was smothering a trench where machine gunners were hidden, while a fourth was blasting to pieces an infantry battalion's P. C. There was not a gun in the whole vast array but had its definite part in turning the enemy's lines into a living hell.

Five-thirty came, and as the infantry went over the top, our fire increased in its intensity. Day was breaking, but a heavy mist obscured the scene so that we could not tell just what was going on. Moreover, our own infantry, it will be remembered, were considerably to our left, quite out of our line of vision, so that we were compelled to wait impatiently for news of their progress.

By 7:30, groups of Boche prisoners began to appear, driven along by Marines. The latter were on the right of the 80th Division and they seemed to be living up to their reputation. All day, in gradually increasing numbers, their captives

marched past our positions. Some one counted those that went by along one road: there were fifteen hundred and sixty-three. We went out and spoke with some of them as they halted at a crossroad. A miserable lot they were, for the most part, pale and worn and dirty, and apparently glad to be out of the fight.

"When do you think the war will end?" we asked several.

"In about a week," was the usual reply.

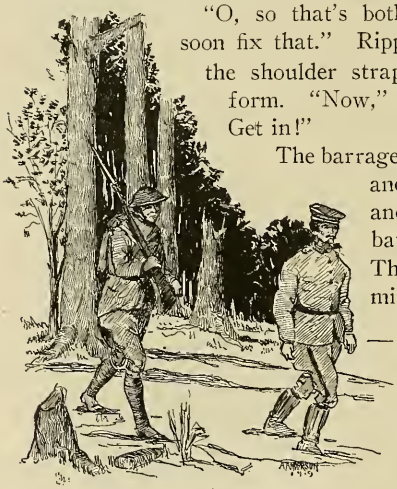
Now and then an officer marched, grim and defiant, with his men. One of these was standing by while the privates were hustled into a truck to be taken to the rear.

"Now then, you get aboard," ordered the driver when the men were all in. The officer started to climb up into the seat.

"No, not here. Get in with the rest," said the driver.

"Do you mean to say," said the officer, in perfect English, "that you expect an officer to ride with privates?"

"O, so that's bothering you, is it? We'll soon fix that." Ripping out his knife, he cut the shoulder straps from the officer's uniform. "Now," said he, "you're a private. Get in!"



Doughboy Bringing in Boche

The barrage by this time had slackened and finally died out altogether and there was nothing for the batteries to do but wait. The hours dragged by interminably with no news from the front. At last, however, the Second Battalion received the order to advance. The pursuit was on!

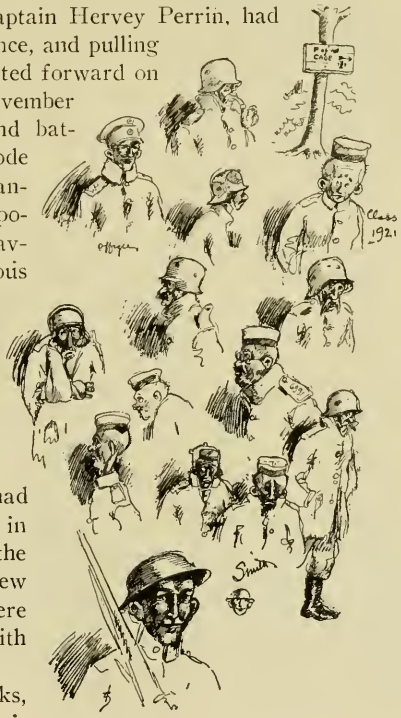
Moving off to the left, our batteries proceeded to

St. Juvin. There they were told that the infantry, meeting with a withering fire from the machine guns at Champigneulle, had failed to take the town, and it was necessary to halt for the night. The next morning, however, the doughboys renewed their attack and rushed the Hun defenses, and Major Devereux's battalion following as closely as possible, pushed ahead and came that night to Verpel.

Meantime the First Battalion, still commanded in Major Sanders' absence by Captain Hervey Perrin, had received orders to advance, and pulling out their guns they started forward on the afternoon of November 2nd. The battalion and battery commanders rode ahead to locate the infantry and to find suitable positions for the guns, leaving guides at the various crossroads to pilot the batteries as they came along.

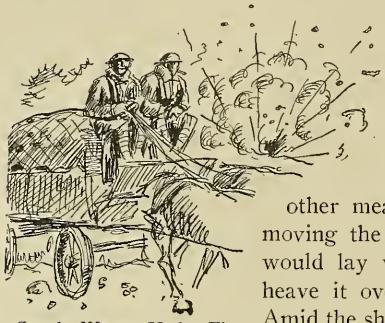
By the time the guns were on the road it seemed as though the whole American Expeditionary Force had crowded into our sector in a mad rush to overtake the fleeing Huns. The few roads leading north were literally jammed with troops and trains.

There were huge trucks, piled high with ammuni-



A Miserable Lot They Were

tion and supplies, snorting through the mud and trying desperately to avoid the shell holes and ditches that hampered their progress. Now and then one would get stuck, and the entire column, reaching back for miles, would be blocked. Chains, ropes, horses and man-power would be applied in an endeavor to persuade it to move; and then, if no other means could succeed in removing the vehicle, a hundred men would lay violent hands on it and heave it over bodily into the ditch. Amid the shouts of men, the creaking and rumbling of wheels and the purring of motors, the endless procession would start again, only to be halted a few rods farther on by some other accident.



Supply Wagon Under Fire

Long lines of escort wagons, with their prairie schooner tops, bumped over the rutted roads. The drivers, from their lofty seats, coaxing and cursing by turns, urged on the long-suffering mules that strained at the traces. Horse-drawn wagons, too, were crowding along with the rest,—ration carts, limbers, water carts, baggage wagons, fourgons and blacksmith carts, in endless profusion; but always the great army escort wagons loomed above the rest, giving the column the picturesque appearance of an emigrant train in the early days of the western plains in America.

Here would be a vehicle one of whose wheels had caved in—probably a fourgon, for those French wheels were notoriously weak—tilted at an angle which prevented any team from passing. If it could not be mended, or if no extra

wheel was available, it would share the fate of the truck and be thrown into the ditch.

Yonder could be seen an emaciated horse that had given way under the strain. There was no time to waste over him! If he could stand, he would be unhitched and led off the road, and put under the care of some disgusted soldier. If the horse were completely exhausted, he would be dragged to one side and shot, and once more the column would move forward.

There were little two-wheeled machine gun carts, each drawn by one quick-stepping mule. There were rolling kitchens that rattled and banged over the rough roads. There were despatch bearers on motor cycles threading their way through the traffic, singly mounted riders trying to get ahead, and irate generals in automobiles, impatient at the delays. There were batteries of artillery struggling to move forward where they could go into firing positions,—light field pieces like our own, their cannoneers trudging along, wearily carrying their packs so as to save the horses, and huge rifles and howitzers that lumbered behind the coughing, panting tractors which pulled them.

All mixed in with the vehicles, sometimes walking alongside, often taking to the fields to escape the mire and confusion of the roads (and finding it just as muddy there as everywhere



The Roads were Jammed with Troops and Trains

else), marched the infantry. With packs on their backs and rifles in their hands, with hatchets and shovels and trench knives and bayonets hampering their movements, that continuous stream of doughboys toiled along, weary and footsore, in a kind of dumb, uncomprehending monotony of effort.

In the fields as they passed sprawled the dead, both Germans and Americans, who had fallen in the previous day's fighting. Here and there a shattered wagon lay, its load strewn about in disorder, its horses and driver lying where they had fallen, in a pool of blood—a sickening tribute to the accuracy of some American gun crew.

Frequently at the crest of a hill would stand one or two deserted German cannon, whose crews had worked them until the last, and then had fled or been captured. Nearby, and at every available place, lay huge piles of empty shells and unused ammunition. All along by the road lay the stuff which had been thrown away by pursuer and pursued to make travel easier: helmets, rifles, packs, blankets, shovels, overcoats, pistols, harness, cartridge belts, saddles, reels of telephone wire, canned food, mess kits, shoes,—everything that could possibly be discarded was strewn about in wild disorder.

The villages through which we passed were mere skeletons. Pounded by shells and gutted by fire, their streets a labyrinth of mine craters and wreckage, they added but one more detail to the vivid picture which stamped itself on every man's memory.

Through such scenes and in the midst of that vast throng our regiment made its way on that memorable second day of November. The batteries which got farthest ahead and followed closely on the heels of the infantry escaped some of the traffic confusion, but for about six days the bulk of the regiment forced its way along in the thick of the turmoil. When it is remembered that the supply companies and the ammunition trains had to bring every ounce of food and every round



PIRATE PIECE IN ACTION

of ammunition forward to the men in the front lines, take their wagons back again and repeat the whole trip day after day, the wonder grows that we had anything to eat or to shoot.

On the night of November 2nd the First Battalion overtook the Second at Verpel. They had had a long, hard march of some fifteen kilometers, most of it in a drizzling rain. The battery commanders, who had gone ahead with Captain Perrin to reconnoiter, spent some anxious hours of waiting in Verpel before the batteries arrived, for the roads were being shelled, and the town itself was under fire. But at length, long past midnight, the last battery pulled in and camped in the muddy fields just outside of the village.

The next morning we were all astounded by an unheard-of order from the Brigade commander; on account of the shortage of horses, one battalion in each regiment was to be demobilized, in order that the other might have the animals needed! Major Devereux, being for the present the senior battalion commander, was given the privilege of taking his batteries forward as the pursuit battalion, and he was presently on his way, reënforced with a new equipment of horses and one extra gun, under Lieutenant Graham, of C Battery. Reluctantly Captain Lyman, Captain Doyle, and Captain Bacon parked their guns in Verpel, and settled down with their men to that most difficult of all tasks—doing nothing!

Meanwhile Colonel McCleave, with his staff and the headquarters detachment of telephone and radio men, orderlies, runners, and a cook or two, and Major Devereux with his three batteries, "started (as Lieutenant Welling's song has it) hell-for-leather riding over France."

Each day a new P. C. was established, as close as possible to the advancing infantry lines, in order that we might keep constantly informed of their exact positions and the location of the enemy's points of resistance on which we were to fire. At one place, La Besace, our headquarters were in the town be-

fore it was really in possession of American troops. Going forward in the morning to reconnoiter, Colonel McCleave and Captain Martin had found the bridge across a stream destroyed, and had been obliged to leave their car and walk toward the town. Finding that the infantry had not yet taken it, they returned. In the afternoon the colonel with several of his staff proceeded by another route, but coming to a place where the road had been blown up, Colonel McCleave got out, and taking with him Major Sanders and Captain Kempner, walked into the town while Captain Martin and Lieutenant Cunningham, with one messenger, went back with Corporal Moran, the chauffeur, to find a road by which the guns could be brought up. They were caught under shellfire, during which Corporal Moran showed his nerve by remaining in the car—the most dangerous place conceivable—while the officers continued their reconnaissance on foot. By evening practically the whole staff was in Besace, and a P. C. was established while enemy machine gun bullets were still whistling through the streets.

The main firing batteries never got quite so near, but they were continually on the move, and frequently went into position very close behind the infantry's front. Fortunately they were not often shelled. The Boche was so busy withdrawing his artillery that he used but few of his guns. Every afternoon he would open fire on crossroads, bridges and suspected gun positions, and several times we had occasion to realize that our enemy still knew how to shoot. But by midnight his guns would be silent, and we would know that he was withdrawing again, and that our guns would presently have to be advanced in order to keep him within range.

Lieutenant Graham and Lieutenant McDougall, however, with their forward pieces, had to keep right up with the infantry itself. The former had relieved Lieutenant McVaugh when the First Battalion was demobilized at Verpel; but Lieu-

tenant McDougall had been on this difficult duty ever since the night of October 31st, and had already taken part in several attacks and had suffered one or two casualties. In the assault on Champigneulle he had fired, with open sights, about a hundred rounds into the Germans in the town.

On November 4th, he was with an infantry battalion commander, Captain Newcomb, on a hill near St. Pierremont. The infantry and some machine gunners were deployed in funk holes along the side of the hill. From the opposing hills to the north the Germans were pouring a heavy machine gun fire toward them, and for the infantry to cross the valley for a frontal attack was out of the question. Captain Newcomb said that several companies were attacking the Germans' hill from the east and west, and suggested that if Lieutenant McDougall could drop some shrapnel into the woods it might shut off some of the machine gun fire and enable him to advance. Apparently the only way to accomplish this was to take the gun around the left end of the hill, right out in the open in front of the American lines.

This Lieutenant McDougall did. Driving around the shoulder of the hill he moved across an open field and, getting the gun into position, opened fire directly on the Boche lines before him. It was a daring move, and it might have succeeded had not a German battery on the left suddenly begun to fire on McDougall's gun. Evidently he was at the point of a salient protruding into the enemy's lines.



This Lieutenant McDougall Did

Looking in the direction from which the fire came, and seeing the flash of a gun, he quickly ordered the gunner to shift

his aim and lay the piece on the spot where the Boche battery was located. He was just about to fire when a shell burst close by, dropping three of the crew. The shelling was now so heavy that it was useless to try to do anything further, and our men were ordered to retire with their wounded to the cover of the woods. All three men were badly hurt, but only two could be carried at once. There was no time to discriminate. Privates Clark and Schoenberg were picked up and borne away, and Capasso was left for the second trip. It looked like certain death for any one to go back to where he lay, for the Germans had calculated the range perfectly and shell after shell was dropping within a few feet of him. Two men volunteered—Corporal —— and Private Fromm—and with splendid heroism they ran out boldly, picked up their fallen comrade, and brought him safely back. He had not suffered any further injuries, but the original wound was mortal, and Capasso died that afternoon at the first aid station.

Meantime our main batteries had opened fire on the Huns, and in a short while their guns were silenced and the hill was taken. When Lieutenant McDougall went back for his piece he found both gun and caisson hopelessly smashed.



Middle Aged People Grown Old and Haggard

During the advance through this region we had begun to meet French civilians, released after four years of virtual captivity within the German lines. Some had been living in their homes in the villages all during the enemy occupation, enduring the tyranny of an unfeeling and brutal invader. Others had been carried away early in the war to the region

around Sedan and kept there as laborers until the approach of the American army, when they had been sent forward to where the rear guards were fighting and then left behind when the Boche retreated, with white flags flying from the housetops to

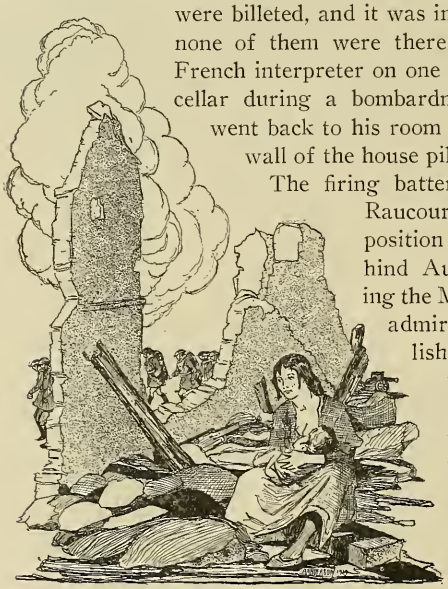


Released After Four Years of Captivity

announce their presence. They were a pitiful lot: old men and women who had seen their precious property seized and destroyed; middle aged people grown old and haggard from terror and hardship; young girls who were soon to become the mothers of children begotten by German fathers, and little boys and girls who had been denied the rightful joys of home and childhood. They appeared dazed by the sudden change when they found themselves among friends. Some of them wrung our hands with delirious joy as we entered their towns. Some talked freely of their experiences and expressed their opinion of the Boche in no uncertain terms. Many dug into their scanty stores and brought food and hot coffee to the men

who dropped into their houses. Others there were who could do nothing except stand in their doorways and look on in dumb amazement as the Americans poured through the streets.

The German retreat had now taken an easterly direction, and on November 6th, closely followed by the whole American First Army, they withdrew across the River Meuse. The 77th Division pushed right up to the west bank of the river, and the 153rd Brigade in front of our regiment established itself in the vicinity of Autrecourt. Our headquarters accordingly moved to Raucourt, where they were bothered every night by a harassing fire from the long range guns across the river. One shell crashed through the roof of the house where our men were billeted, and it was indeed fortunate that none of them were there at the time. Our French interpreter on one occasion took to the cellar during a bombardment, and when he went back to his room he found the whole wall of the house piled up on his bed.



Dazed by the Sudden Change

The firing batteries passed around Raucourt and took up their position on the high hills behind Autrecourt, overlooking the Meuse valley. With admirable liaison established with the infantry, they did effective work in demolishing dugouts and trenches across the river. The two forward pieces, one still under Lieutenant Graham and the

other under Lieutenant Richard from D Battery, were located well down toward the foot of the forward slope, where they fired directly on the German positions.

By this time rumors began to reach us concerning a new German appeal for an armistice. We had been misled so often that for a time we gave no credence to these reports, but on Saturday, November 9th, word was handed down officially that a German commission had actually had an interview with Marshal Foch and had received at his hands the Allies' terms, and that their answer was due in a very short while. Far from slowing up the Americans' efforts, this news served only to make the men more eager to deliver all the blows they could, in order to make the final catastrophe as complete as possible.

On the afternoon of the 10th, our guns, directed by Captain Kempner, and Lieutenants Graham and Tunney, who were in an observation post with the German lines in full view, fired round after round of high explosive shell into a series of Boche trenches. Those who were observing could see that the Huns were much disconcerted, for pandemonium reigned, and the Boche could be seen running about and ducking for cover in all directions.

But the final stroke of artillery genius (at least, so the infantry believed) was made late that afternoon by Lieutenant Richard. He had been relieved from his forward position, and was back again with D Battery, when the telephone buzzed. Captain Bateson was on the wire. "Richard," he said, "I've got a job for you. The infantry reports a German dugout located across the river, with smoke coming out of a stove pipe. They want it demolished."



Talked of Their Experiences

"Have you got the coördinates?" asked the lieutenant.

"That's just it," replied Captain Bateson. "They want us to put down this fire, but they could only give us the hectometric coördinates (i. e., approximate location) of the position. I told them we'd fire four shots. They could observe the fire, and if they thought it was worth while we would continue. They cautioned me to be careful, because the place is pretty close to their own lines."

Lieutenant Richard took down the coördinates. "All right," he said. "I'll figure my data and then add a couple of hundred meters to the range for safety!"

Presently four shots rang out. Then there was a few minutes' silence, while Captain Bateson awaited the infantry's report.

"I don't believe they can see anything," he said. "It's almost dark."

Just then the telephone rang. It was the infantry headquarters.

"What did you see?" asked Captain Bateson.

"Here is the observer's report," was the reply: "one direct hit, one ten meters left, one a trifle to the right, and one just over. Please continue the fire!"

Fifteen rounds were promptly pumped into that dugout, and although the darkness prevented further observation, we had the satisfaction of knowing that these, our last shots of the war, had convinced the infantry that their supporting artillery knew how to shoot.

On Sunday evening, November 10th, there was heavy cannonading away off to the right, but at our own gun positions it seemed strangely quiet. An occasional whizz-bang came over, and we could hear the "Bow!" as the German gun fired, then the short, wild shriek of that peculiar shell as it rushed over our heads, and finally the "Bloom!" of the projectile's burst

somewhere behind us in the valley. Aside from that, the night was very still.

After supper the men of the battalion headquarters detail gathered for a service in the center of their little encampment. They sat on a huge log, and some of the officers brought chairs and joined the gathering. There in the darkness, while the Chaplain recited some Scripture and offered prayer and gave a brief talk, there was an atmosphere of peace which in an undefined way prepared men's minds for the present cessation of war.

Monday morning came, and while preparations for the usual activities were under way, we wondered vaguely what was taking place at the headquarters of the Supreme Allied Command. The most credible rumor was that the Germans were to reply on that day to the terms which had been offered them, and most men believed that the end was near.

Then suddenly the telephone buzzed in the Major's P. C. Captain Bateson took down the receiver.

"Captain Martin? . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . All right."

He turned to the group of officers standing about, and in a matter-of-fact voice announced, "By command of Marshal Foch, all hostilities on this front will cease at 11 A. M. to-day."

The war was over!



CHAPTER XIII

AFTER THE ARMISTICE

At first we could not believe that the great task was finished. Somehow it was impossible to realize that the proud enemy, who for more than four years had overrun all Europe and set at defiance practically all the armies of the civilized world, had laid down his arms. The news spread rapidly among the batteries, and while there was a feeling of universal relief, there was little exuberance of joy such as might have been expected. Officers and men discussed the situation, and some doubts were expressed as to whether this were not, after all, only a temporary suspension of hostilities.

Down in Raucourt, however, there was a holiday atmosphere abroad. The streets were thronged with soldiers, walking about and talking in groups. Presently a band struck up, and with colors flying marched past our headquarters to the town hall. There the French and American flags were hoisted, and while soldiers of both armies stood at attention and the few civilians bared their heads, the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "La Marseillaise."

The people most moved were the French civilians. All along our line of march during that last drive we had met these released captives in the villages and on the roads, and as soon as the fighting ceased more and more of them ap-

peared from nowhere as if by magic. Old folks with bent backs and slow of foot and young mothers with their children were pushing in wheelbarrows or carrying on their backs all that was left of their earthly possessions. They wanted to go back to their old homes and start again to build their lives on the pitiful ruin that was left them, ready to eke out a precarious existence in that land of wasted fields and desolate villages, if only they could be left alone.

On Tuesday, November 12th, a genial French *commandant* arrived with his battalion to take over our positions, and that afternoon our whole artillery brigade was on the road that



In Raucourt There Was a Holiday Atmosphere Abroad

led southward, away from the front, on the first stage of what we all believed to be the journey toward home!

We went back along the same route we had traveled before. The traffic congestion was as bad as ever, and the mud was just as deep; but how different were the circumstances of that march! Were we held up at a crossroad? There would be impatience about getting ahead and reaching the end of the hike, but there was none of that desperate fear lest, if we did not move on, the Germans might open fire on us. Was there a jam in the darkness? Hitherto no lights had ever been permitted on the roads or in camps, but now a dozen flashlights gleamed and the trouble was soon located. Were there shell holes which threatened the safety of the trucks? Headlights were switched on and the whole road was illuminated. And wherever the regiment encamped there blazed great roaring fires around which the men gathered to warm themselves and to dry their clothes.

Our first stop was at Sommauthe, where, in the empty houses, sheds and stables, the men were billeted. The First Battalion, which had moved forward from Verpel in order to get nearer their source of supplies, had taken up their abode at a large farm not far from the town, so that the whole regiment was once more united, and we were looking forward to a congenial time. But within a day or two the Second Battalion was ordered to proceed to a front



All Their Belongings on Their Backs

line position to the east near Stenay, and there for nearly a week they lived once more under what would have been battle conditions if there had been a renewal of hostilities. Eventually, however, they were brought back, and presently the whole regiment moved southward to the little town of Briquenay.



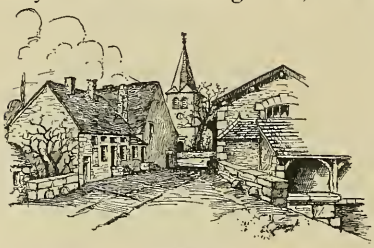
Col. Copley Enos

Just before leaving Sommauthe we were joined by a new regimental commander, Colonel Copley Enos. A West Point graduate and an old cavalry officer, he had been with an artillery regiment in training when he was sent to take command of the 304th. The order assigning him had reached us on November 4th, while we were in the midst of our mad pursuit of the retreating Huns. For a while we had vaguely expected him, but inasmuch as he had not appeared we thought that he was probably not coming. He himself, however, did not receive the order until after the armistice, and he made what speed he could in getting to us, and finally arrived on November 20th. It seemed a little hard on Lieutenant-Colonel McCleave, who had led the regiment through two months of hard fighting, to have an officer who ranked him come and assume command when the war was all over; but he showed a fine spirit, and Colonel Enos was soon at home with his new regiment.

Of Colonel McCleave we saw but little after that, for he went away shortly on sick leave and was gone for several weeks. He rejoined the regiment for a while later on, but on January 21, 1919, he was transferred as an instructor to the Field

Artillery School at Valdahon, and we were obliged to part for good with the officer who had brought us successfully through the great Argonne-Meuse campaign.

Meanwhile all our horses, except the few absolutely necessary to move the rolling stock, had been turned over to the 12th Field Artillery as the latter proceeded on its way to join the Army of Occupation. The Band, released at last from stable duty, went to work at making music, and every one enjoyed their concerts. Musician Stange, who already had a good quartet that had been singing together since the days on the Vesle, gathered in more singers from other organizations and soon had a glee club that was in constant demand.



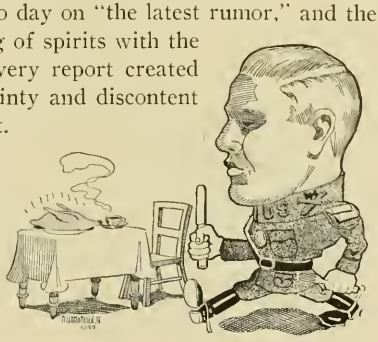
Aubepierre

Thanksgiving found us still in Briquenay, and preparations were made to celebrate. Captain Ewell took a truck to Chalons and brought back a supply of veal and lamb—a welcome change from the everlasting army beef—and with various extras secured by numerous foraging parties, the mess sergeants cooked up splendid dinners. There was a service of Thanksgiving held in the church that morning which was attended by as many men as could crowd into the building, and then each organization celebrated the day in its own way. It is safe to say that the band and the Glee Club ate more dinners that day than they had ever eaten in one day before, for they were welcome guests at every entertainment.

Soon after this, the order came to move the 77th Division to the Ninth Training Area, with headquarters at Château-Villain, a few miles south of the American General Headquarters in Chaumont. The 304th was to entrain at Autry, a

little town on the western edge of the Argonne, near where some of our hardest fighting had taken place. After a billeting officer had been despatched to arrange for lodging the troops in the new area, the regiment started to move on December 2nd. The guns and baggage, which had been kept at the now historic village of Grand Pré, were hauled to the railhead by trucks, and the men marched on foot. At Autry both officers and men were piled into American freight cars and shipped to Latrécy, where they detrained on December 3rd after an uneventful journey.

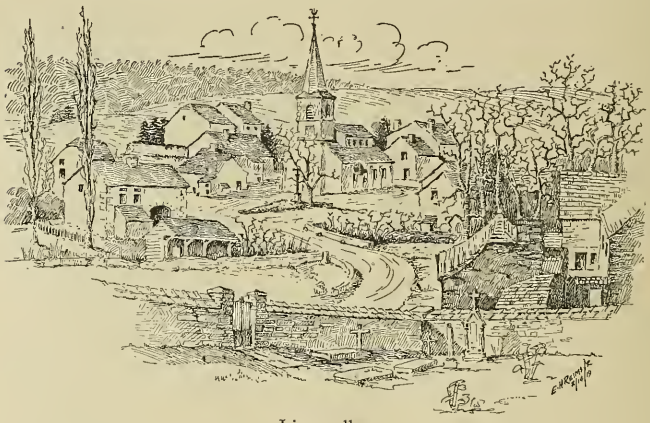
The atmosphere, ever since the armistice, had been surcharged with rumors about going home. We were to be home by Christmas; we were to sail on December 14th; we were to go about the first of January; we were not to stop at the training area at all, but go straight to Bordeaux and embark at once. There was no end to either the number or the ingenuity of these reports which circulated at their face value among the men. When the regiment detrained at Latrécy and marched to the villages where we were to be billeted, there seemed to be ominous preparations for a prolonged stay. Nevertheless, during the whole time of our occupation of that area, we lived from day to day on "the latest rumor," and the constant rising and falling of spirits with the waxing and waning of every report created an atmosphere of uncertainty and discontent which was hard to combat.



Captain Lyman

Two villages were assigned to the 304th. Regimental headquarters was established in Aubepierre, a little town of several hundred inhabitants lying in a fertile part of the valley of the

Aube. It was a quaint little place, built mostly along a single street. The billets were fairly comfortable, the inhabitants were hospitable, and had it not been for the overwhelming desire to get home, the men would have been very happy there. The Headquarters and Supply Companies were among the organizations assigned to the town, together with Batteries A, B, C, and F, and with Major Sanders' headquarters.



Lignerolles

The rest of the regiment, including Batteries D and E and Major Devereux's headquarters, were stationed at Lignerolles, a smaller village about five kilometers away. This was also on a little stream, but because the town was built with more open spaces and not crowded all on one or two streets, it was freer from the mud with which Aubepierre was always filled.

There was some question as to just what the term "training area" might mean. We knew that during the war troops had been instructed there, but what had that to do with an outfit that was through with fighting and ready for demobilization?

We were soon to know, for the higher command issued an elaborate training schedule. Drills every morning, radio and telephone schools, equitation (enough new horses had been issued to equip one battery at a time for drill purposes), sig-



Built with More Open Spaces

naling, observation, map reading, and maneuvers, in which we attacked imaginary forces of the enemy and wrested from them farms and villages. New methods of liaison were evolved, and every one was schooled in the various means of communication between infantry and artillery, and between the commanding officers of all the units involved in military operations. "The axis of liaison" became a by-word among officers and men. Just what it all signified no one could tell. There was more truth than poetry in the joke perpetrated in B Battery's minstrel show:



Captain Bateson

"Say, Mr. Interlocutor, can you tell me what in the world all dis yere drillin' is for?"

"Why, yes. It's a sort o' hardenin' process. It gets harder and harder every day for the officers to know what it's all about."

Meanwhile Christmas was drawing near, and with no prospects of spending it at home, we set about making the most of it over in France. A check for two thousand dollars from the Regimental Association in New York opened alluring prospects of a glorious dinner, and a council of officers decided that nothing would contribute more to the atmosphere of Christmas than some turkey. It was very expensive, but money was the least of our worries just then, and we sent to Langres and ordered enough turkey and goose for the whole regiment—a pound to a man.

Then, to keep alive the childhood spirit, as well as to show our appreciation of the hospitality of the townspeople, it was arranged that all the children of the two villages should be entertained. Through the efforts of Mr. Newberry, two Santa Claus outfits were procured, and enough toys and knick-knacks to provide every child with some sort of gift.

On the 23rd, we borrowed two little Ford trucks and sent them to Dijon to get the turkeys which the dealers in Langres had ordered for us. When they arrived, and the mess sergeants gathered to see that their organizations received a full allotment, it was discovered that the birds had been packed without being cleaned and without waiting for them to cool off, and the result was that nine-tenths of them were not fit to eat!

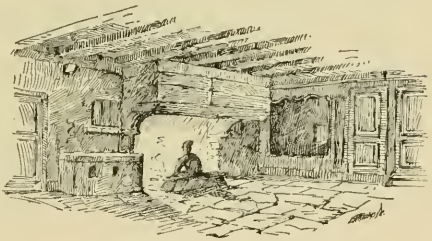
In spite of the gloom which was cast by this misfortune, the men did their best to make the children's parties a success. In Lignerolles, the celebration took place on Christmas morning. The band was imported for the occasion, and as it came into the town, an impromptu procession formed, headed by Santa Claus in full regalia, with all the children and all the

soldiers in town following. They marched to the mess hall, where a beautiful tree was decorated and aglow with candles, and there the presents were given out to the youngsters. In Aubepierre there was no place where all could assemble at once, so the children were divided up among the various organizations. Each one in turn had the use of the Y. M. C. A. hut with its Christmas tree and Santa Claus costume, and each in turn not only gave presents to the children, but entertained them and their parents with songs and recitations.

Battery C alone was absent on Christmas day. They had been chosen to represent the artillery of the 77th Division in the grand review held for President Wilson near Langres. When the day arrived, it was too muddy on the review ground to have the guns parade, but they had the honor of firing the salute of twenty-one guns when the President, accompanied by General Pershing and various other notables, arrived on the field. This event brought forth a song, written by Corporal Beveridge, which the battery sang when it returned to Aubepierre:

Battery C boys, Battery C boys!
We never had a chance to see Paree.
It was hike, hike, hike, and fire awhile,
Then make up your packs and hike another mile.
Battery C boys, Battery C boys!
We'll soon be going home across the sea.

Although we never had a chance to see Paree,
To have some fun and get run in by some M. P.,
President Wilson heard our guns, that's good enough for me!
Battery C boys, Battery C boys,
Oh, the Hoboken pier is where we want to be!



Yearning for Home



A Monster Minstrel Show

This was the season for new songs, and every event which happened produced one. Especially was this true among the officers, who all ate together in the little hotel and sang on all occasions. Was some one reported for overstaying his leave in Paris? Promptly a song commemorated the event. Was a battery commander taken to task for leading his men into a field where winter wheat was sprouting? That evening the story was told in song. The little waitress, Louise, who, occasionally assisted by her small sister, but usually alone, served all those tables full of officers, added much to the enjoyment of everybody by her unfailing brightness and naïve sense of fun. She, too, was immortalized in song:

I want to go home, I want to go home!
The children and chickens get under your feet,
The cows go strolling all over the street;
The mud is almost to your knees,
And the only bright spot is Louise!
I'm too young to drown in this hell of a town,
I want to go home!

When it came to furnishing entertainment for the men, there

was considerable difficulty. For a long time we could get no piano. Then, when we did succeed in borrowing one, the owner presently discovered that the case was getting banged up and the keys were all out of tune, and he took it back to his house, only to be loaned on special occasions. Then the Glee Club, eight of whom had gone on leave together, taking along Corporal Hagan, of Battery F, one of our few star pianists, were detained at Aix-les-Bains to amuse the soldiers, and we had to get along without them for a solid month. While they were gone G. H. Q. sent down a special order for Bugler Reed, of C Battery, our versatile and inexhaustible accompanist, and he departed to play for them there.

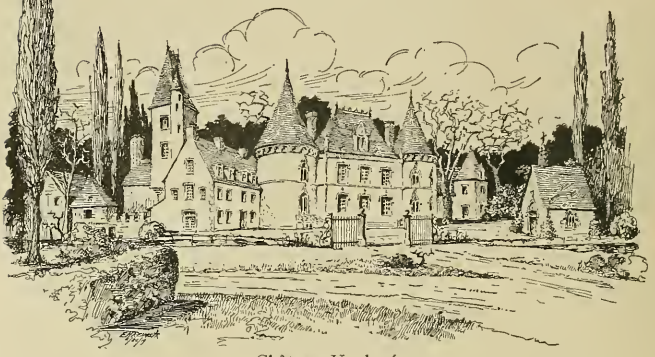


Nevertheless some clever shows were produced. Battery F led off with an admirable vaudeville performance, featuring original battery songs. Then Headquarters Company went still further and put on a program which included a one-act skit, all in costume. These two had the advantage of the Glee Club's presence, but after the singers had gone, B Battery, not to be outdone, got up a monster minstrel show—one act of straight minstrels, with a costumed chorus of twenty-eight men, followed by a screamingly funny courtroom



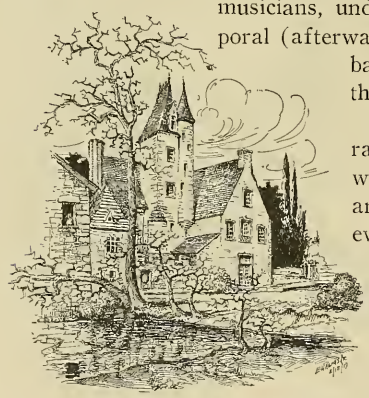
Out of Drill Hours

scene, in which the "specialties" were introduced as prisoners. By that time we had a piano, and, more



Château Vaulogé

than that, an orchestra. "Tobacco money" from the Association had been diverted to buying violins and music, and twelve musicians, under the leadership of Corporal (afterward Sergeant) Hahn, of the band, added immensely to the effect of the show.

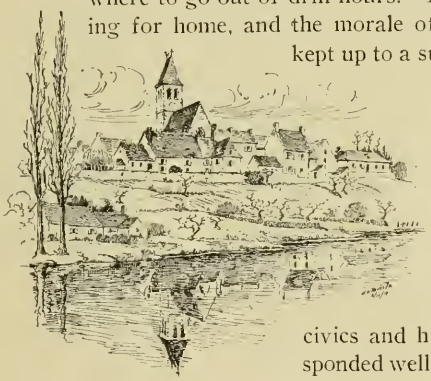


A Corner of the Château

Besides these more elaborate performances, there were boxing contests and amateur nights, and whatever entertainments could be thought up by the ingenious mind of Private Hicks, of Headquarters Company, who had been detailed as master showman.

In Lignerolles the proposition was more difficult. They had no piano, no electric lights (there was a scarcity even of candles), and, until rather late in the game, no hall except the tiny village school house. For a while the men made few attempts to get up entertainments. There was a christening, at which Sergeant Pons of D Battery stood as godfather to a French baby, and, with the band, and speeches, and a gift to the infant, this was made an affair of some importance. But aside from that, and one or two small "battery nights," nothing much was done until B Battery's minstrels were invited to come over. Then a half-empty barrack was turned into a theater, a stage was built, curtains hung, a pit dug for the orchestra, dressing rooms provided, and presently a splendid entertainment hall was ready. While they were waiting for B Battery to come over, they put on a minstrel show themselves, borrowing the Aubepierre piano for the occasion, and proved that there was plenty of talent in D and E.

All these efforts were made at entertainment because it was absolutely necessary to give the men something to do and somewhere to go out of drill hours. Every one was yearning for home, and the morale of the troops, while it kept up to a surprisingly high level, was hanging by a thread, and no one wanted to see that thread break.



Fercé

At the beginning of January, evening classes were established in English, arithmetic, French, civics and history. The men responded well at first, but they soon grew tired of it, and the classes

dwindled down to a faithful few who were really bent on learning something as well as on passing the time.



At last, about the middle of January, after a long period when men fed their starving hopes on the most fantastic rumors, the order came to prepare all the matériel for the inspectors and have it in shape to turn in. This was glorious news, and the men worked with enthusiasm. It may be said right here that the inspector who looked over the ordnance affirmed that, in twenty-one years' experience, he had never seen matériel in such splendid condition. Other inspectors, too, spoke well of the regiment. One from the First Army headquarters, who had gone carefully over both the towns, looked at billets, mess halls, kitchens, offices, and sizing up the whole appearance of the men, both on parade and about the streets, said in his report: "No comments except favorable. This organization is rated very high at these headquarters."

While preparations for departure were at their height, word came that General McCloskey, who had been in command of the brigade ever since we left Baccarat, had been ordered to the German frontier to command the artillery of the 2nd Division. During the fighting the men had seen but little of the general, and had known him chiefly as the mysterious authority who controlled all their operations; but since the end of the war his frequent visits had revealed him as a genial and kindly officer who was intensely interested in the activities, the comfort and welfare of his troops. This impression was confirmed when, on the eve of his going, he came to bid us farewell. Instead of having the regiments assembled at some place convenient for him, General McCloskey visited each town where his men were quartered, and with a few



words of appreciation for the work they had done, read them the following order which he had just issued:

HEADQUARTERS 152ND BRIGADE FIELD ARTILLERY
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

5th February 1919.

General Order
No. 1

In relinquishing command of the 152nd Field Artillery Brigade, the Brigade Commander desires to publish in orders his appreciation of the work done by its members. Entering the service at Camp Upton, drilling for weeks without guns, caissons or horses, you applied yourselves with a determination to do well which boded ill for the Boche. At Camp de Souge, your work won the merited praise of your French instructors. In the quiet of the Baccarat sector you learned the whistle of hostile shell. But it was in the Vesle that you received your baptism of fire and your reply showed the Boche that here was a foe to be reckoned with. In that long march from the Vesle to the Argonne, with sleepless nights and long distances, you acted like veterans and won the praise of French and Americans who saw you.

On September 24th you entered the great Argonne forest which for four years had belonged to the Boche. And here, regardless of privations and discomforts, unmindful of personal danger, you manned your guns and gave the death blow to the Kaiser's ambitions.



A Brigade Dance

From August 2nd when you left the Baccarat sector until November 11th when the Armistice was effective, you marched overland 340 kilometers, gained 78 kilometers from the enemy in battle and had only five days of so-called rest.

This is indeed a record to be proud of. But to it, there must be added the praise which Brigade, Division, Corps and Army Commanders have given you. No matter where the Infantry was, you al-

ways had guns in position to fire in front of them and there was always plenty of ammunition close at hand.

The accuracy of your fire and cleverness in moving your guns were visible to all, but behind this, your Brigade Commander saw the hardships, the difficulties and the sources of worry which confronted you. All these, however, you overcame because you were determined to win.

With a full appreciation of this, your Brigade Commander congratulates you on your glorious accomplishment and your magnificent spirit. To have commanded you through this victorious career is, indeed, an honor and a privilege.

MANUS MCCLOSKEY,
Brigadier General U. S. A.,
Commanding.

Meanwhile we were gradually getting rid of our equipment. First the guns and caissons were hauled away; then the wagons, and last of all the horses. How the men did bless the day when those animals were led away! Finally, after the regiment was stripped down to the bare office equipment and the personal belongings of the officers and men, came the order to move. On February 8th the regiment said good-by to Aubepierre and Lignerolles and marched to Latrécy, where they boarded a train for the embarkation center at Le Mans.



CHAPTER XIV

HOMEWARD BOUND

That was a frightful journey from Latrécy to the Le Mans area. The weather was horribly cold, and the men were packed closely in freight cars where, if they tried to have ventilation, they froze, and if they went without fresh air they coughed and sneezed in each other's faces. Influenza was rampant when the end of the journey was reached, and the ambulances were kept busy for some days taking men to the hospital, where several of them developed pneumonia and died. It seemed a shame to have to travel under such conditions, and yet every one knew that the transportation was the best available, and though they grumbled the men "bore it with a patient shrug," glad to endure almost anything so long as they were going toward home.

It had been fully expected that the 77th Division would embark early in March. In fact, it had been officially announced in New York that the date for sailing was fixed as March 5th. But necessary repairs to some of the largest transports, including our old friend *Leviathan*, had delayed the troop movements, and we were obliged to settle down to another trying period of uncertain waiting. February dragged by and March came on apace, but no news of departure was forthcoming. The divisions which were to proceed us were still

awaiting their turn, and disconcerting rumors of further indefinite delays did their best to dampen the men's spirits.

Moreover, the regiment was now scattered as it had never been scattered before. The Colonel and his staff and Battery



Market Day in La Suze

B were quartered in the Château Vaulogé; about a mile away, in the village of Fercé, were Headquarters and Supply Companies and Battery F; a half a mile to the east was Battery D, in another château; Battery E was sent to a holding camp in La Suze, a mile or two farther on, to work on the roads; while in the opposite direction, four miles to the west of Fercé, were Batteries A and C in the village of Pirmil. There were no entertainment halls, no pianos, no anything, except that in

Fercé and Firmil were small rooms where the Y. M. C. A. had maintained canteens for the casual troops who had preceded us.

Nevertheless, with the prospect of a departure for America which was eventual if not immediate, the men took things as they found them and, backed by their officers from Colonel Enos down, (not to mention the enthusiastic new brigade commander, General Glassford), they did their utmost to make the time pass as quickly and as happily as possible.





The schedule ordered by the division commander, now provided for close order drills during the morning hours and every form of movement was worked over in order that the units should make a good appearance on their return to the United States. The afternoons were devoted to athletics. There were splendid fields available, and games of baseball, soccer, basketball, and all forms of









outdoor sports were of daily occurrence.

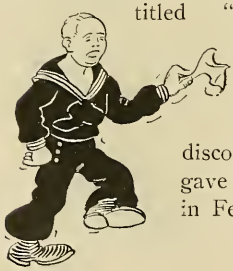
The question of entertainments was made a matter of military concern, with the idea of having something doing on every night to which the men could go. By hook or by crook, shacks, halls or tents were pro-



vided, and while the ideal of nightly shows was not attained, the men were amused and interested fairly well. General Glassford persuaded a French Count to open his château for a brigade dance. The Glee Club was worked overtime, and the band did more playing than it had ever done before. A piano was bought (this also from the "tobacco money" sent by the home Association), and the orchestra blossomed forth to help along the music of every show that was produced. Battery's Minstrels were called upon at first, and with various modifications the show was repeated in whole or in part on several occasions. Battery A produced a two-act musical skit entitled "Here and There" which showed great originality and unearthed a lot of hitherto undiscovered talent. They gave several performances in Fercé, and another for



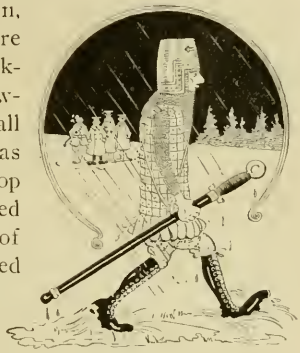






the 306 F. A. in Noyen, where the show was enthusiastically received.

The most elaborate spectacle was "Major Sanders' Pageant." During the entire month of March Pirmil was the scene of extraordinary activity. Sheets of tin, salvaged from packing cases, were being cut into odd shapes for making coats of mail; women were sewing madly on fancy costumes of all colors; the battalion P. C. was transformed into a millinery shop where high conical hats were turned out by the dozen and wigs made of straw and mops were manufactured and dyed. When the great day arrived, the Division and Brigade Commanders and their staffs and a large crowd of other notables were on hand to attend the "Funeral of ye Noble Athelstane of Conningsburg," held on the grounds of an ancient and crumbly château. When it was time for the performance to begin, a drizzling rain set in which continued all the after-



Major Sanders



Pageant

noon, but it was too late then to postpone the show. A gorgeous procession of knights in real armor, ladies-in-waiting, men-at-arms, heralds with long trumpets, archers in green doublets, serfs, monks, and all sorts of queer Norman and Saxon people wound out from Pirmil toward the château. There the visitors had an opportunity to view the corpse as it lay in state, guarded by knights in armor. Then, on a wet and



muddy field, there was a tourney and various maneuvers by the men-at-arms which the visitors watched, shivering. Before the program could be completed the men who were taking part were so wet and bedraggled that the performance was cut short, and every one was invited to fall to at a great supper of "baked meates," pies and cakes, coffee and beer. A sunny day would have made this pageant one of the most beautiful spectacles imaginable. Even with the bad weather it was unusual and worth seeing, and General Alexander was enthusiastic in his appreciation of the originality and interest of the occasion.

About the middle of March, a series of minute inspections of the soldiers and their equipment made the day of departure seem very near. Regimental and brigade and divisional inspections were all but finished and we were slated for a final looking over by the authorities from the embarkation center, when suddenly word came that two divisions had been put ahead of us on the schedule and all preparations for departure were called off. The men were bitterly disappointed and loud in their resentment, but there was nothing to be done about it, so we settled down once more to the familiar task of waiting.

Colonel Enos who had tried several times already to have his regiment brought together into one place, now at last gained his point, and all the organizations were moved down to the Holding Camp at La Suze. Here the men lived in barracks along a single street, and were far more comfortable than they had been in billets. Almost two solid weeks of sunny days made an enormous difference in every one's spirits, and on ground which was no longer muddy we had a revival of interest in baseball games and all sorts of outdoor sports. Having the whole regiment together renewed old ties and built up the regimental spirit which had been tending more and more to give place to battery rivalries.

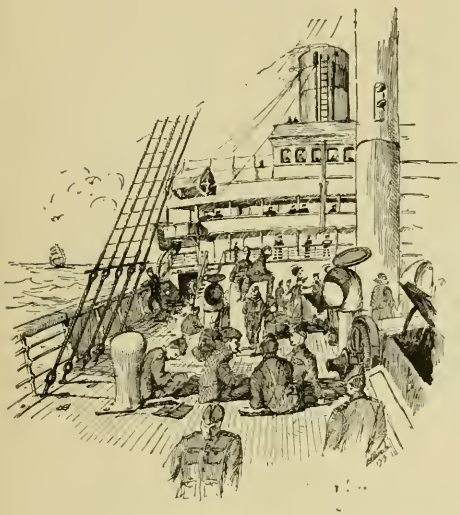
A large Y. M. C. A. hut, run by a live secretary, furnished a splendid place of amusement. Here the Second Battalion put

on a show which a special detail of men, aided by some from Headquarters Company, had been working up for several weeks. With scenery painted by Private Hedinus, of Battery E, printed programs, and all the paraphernalia of a Broadway show, these men produced a three-act musical comedy, written by Sergeant Hanft, of Battery E, and staged by Sergeants Grandin and Pons of Battery D. Corporal Hagan, of F Battery, and Musician Strange, of the band, were responsible for the music and lyrics of about a dozen new and original songs, from the chief of which the piece took its name: "Oh, Oh, Mademoiselle!" For three nights they played to crowded houses, and made such a success that it was decided to make a regimental affair of the show, and a number of new characters from the First Battalion were introduced. A special performance was given in honor of the Division Commander, at which General Alexander, as the Colonel's guest, sat in a box; and during the remainder of our stay in the Le Mans area the "Oh, Oh, Mademoiselle" Company was busy touring the towns where 77th Division troops were quartered.

Plays and skits from other organizations came to La Suze to entertain us. Hardly an evening passed but what something was going on in the Y. M. C. A. A "wet canteen," serving hot chocolate, was started by the Y girls, who together with the secretary, Mr. Harvuot, did everything possible to promote the men's enjoyment and contentment. Our own regimental secretary, Mr. Newberry, after five months of continuous service to the soldiers, retired from sight to a back room in La Suze. Here he and the men who, under his direction, were making the illustrations for the Regimental History maintained a studio and worked on the pictures which adorn this book, while the Y. M. C. A. people of La Suze and the Holding Camp looked after the more immediate needs of the men's welfare.

For several weeks we lived on the expectation that our sail-

ing date was to be April 30th. It was therefore a glorious surprise when suddenly preparations for departure were begun ahead of schedule. Final delousings, equippings, and inspections were completed quickly. Early on the morning of the 17th the whole regiment was entrained, and, cheering and singing as the train pulled out, the men bade good-by to La Suze and to the friends from the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross who had come to see them off.



The *"Aggie"*

The journey was short and comparatively easy. Daybreak on the 18th found us in Brest, filing through the enormous mess halls for a hot breakfast before the up-hill hike to Camp Pontanézen. The name of our destination was the same as when we had landed the year before, but how different was the place! Instead of the old stone barracks where the men had found sleep so impossible in 1918, we found ourselves marching through a huge city of wooden barracks and tents—a camp so large that the coming and going of twelve or fifteen thousand troops in a single day was unnoticed. Board sidewalks led away from the main road into the streets between the tents. Board floors and iron cots made the sleeping quarters comfortable. Adequate kitchen facilities made it possible

to feed the whole regiment in fifteen or twenty minutes. Glorious weather gave promise of a favorable voyage when we should embark.

There were more delousings and inspections on Friday and



There were Dances on Deck

Saturday, and then came the glad news that we were to be ready to board a transport on the morning of Sunday, April 20th.

That was an Easter Day which the 304th will never forget. At eight in the morning we all marched to an open field where, with music by the band and an address by the Chaplain, a regimental service was held in the glorious April sunshine. By ten o'clock the First Battalion was on the road for Brest, and noon saw the last of the regiment swinging along under full packs, headed for the docks.

Arrived at the pier, we were crowded on to a lighter and ferried out to where lay the transport *Agamemnon,* a splen-

did four-funnel steamer which but a few months back had sailed the seas under the name of *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* A German ship had brought us over and a German ship was to take us back.

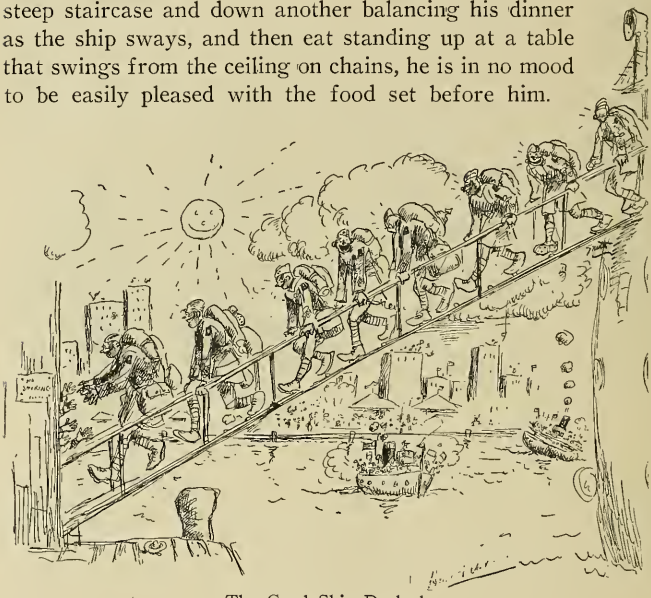
The *Agamemnon* was not so large nor so steady as the *Leviathan* but most of the sleeping quarters were more comfortable, and all the troops on board had access to the decks at all times. Besides our own regiment, there were on board the 305th and 306th, several hundred convalescent sick and wounded men, some casual officers and about a hundred nurses. It was a most congenial company. There were four bands—one from each artillery regiment and one from the ship's crew—and they all played several times each day. There were dances on deck—usually for officers and occasionally for enlisted men. Movies there were, too—three shows for the men and two for the officers every day, with a daily change of program. A stage was rigged up on the after well deck where the Liberty Players, from the 306th F. A., put on two shows, and several vaudeville performances were given in the mess halls. All of the welfare organizations—Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, American Library Association and Jewish Welfare Board—had representatives on the ship, and they kept us supplied with smokes, games, athletic supplies, books and magazines.



Officers' Mess

There was some difficulty with the men's mess, for these passenger steamships were never built to feed several thousand troops three times a day, and the men of Battery A, who had

the thankless job of being kitchen police for the entire voyage, found themselves faced with a good many kicks. After a man had stood in line for an hour or two, mess kit in hand, waiting for his turn, and then is hustled past the servers as they dump the food on his plate, only to find that he must climb up one steep staircase and down another balancing his dinner as the ship sways, and then eat standing up at a table that swings from the ceiling on chains, he is in no mood to be easily pleased with the food set before him.



The Good Ship Docked

But with only one day of anything approaching rough weather, the men in general had a lazy and a happy enough time, and —they were going home!

No bugle calls were needed to wake us up on the morning of the 29th, for we were due to reach New York before noon, and every one was on tiptoe to get the first sight of "God's Country."

A beautiful April sun was shining as the men hung along the rail straining their eyes toward the west. Presently a vague shape was discernible on the horizon, and before long Atlantic Highlands loomed into view. Then Sandy Hook, and then Coney Island!

At Quarantine came the boats of the Mayor's Welcoming Committee, laden to the gunwales with eager wives, mothers, fathers and sweethearts. It was a wonderful sight to see one group after another recognize their boy on the deck and almost climb overboard in their eagerness to reach out to him. All the way up through the harbor they escorted us, waving and shouting, while bands played and flags waved their welcome.

At last the good ship docked in Hoboken, where thousands more of the relatives were crowded along the iron fence which held them back from the pier. There was little chance for visiting, however, for the regiment was soon marched to another pier for lunch, and then onto a ferry boat which took us around to Long Island City, where we boarded a train for Camp Mills.



Captain Oliver Perin

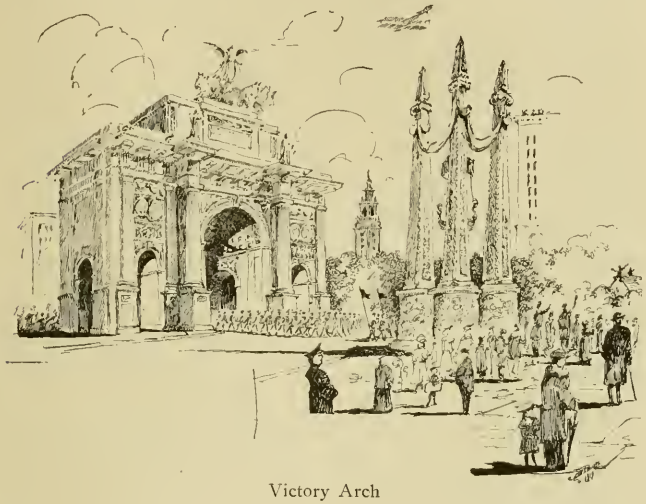
It was hard to wait for passes with New York so near, but one more delousing (in the United States called by the more polite name of "sanitation process") was necessary before any one was allowed to leave camp. Then what a rush there was for the city! And how the streets and hostess houses about the entrance of

the camp swarmed with visitors seeking those men who did not happen to have passes! It was a happy time, and the days passed quickly until, on May 5th, the entire division was brought to New York for the great parade of "New York's Own."

There had been some objection on the part of the men to having a parade, for they understood that it would necessitate their staying a few days longer in the service, and what they desired above all things now was to get back into civil life. But their folks wanted a parade, the regimental and divisional Associations wanted it, New York City wanted it, and deep down in their hearts the soldiers wanted it. And why not? Never had the whole 77th Division been seen in public, and now that the troops had made for themselves a glorious record in the war there was not a man whose pride in his organization did not assert itself and demand public recognition. When the 304th assembled at the 69th Regiment Armory on the morning of May 6th and marched to Waverly Place to await its turn to start up Fifth Avenue, even some who had not been required to attend were present.

Promptly on the hour at ten o'clock, General Alexander and his staff rode through Washington Arch and started up the Avenue. Instead of the usual open formation with platoon front, the order called for a massing of the troops. Four organizations abreast, each in column of squads, filled the broad street from curb to curb as regiment after regiment swung into line. The day was clear and cool, the pace was brisk, and the men marched with superb snap and swing. Sidewalks and grand stands which extended along the entire route were filled with proud relatives and friends who cheered lustily as the regiments tramped by with bands playing, the colors fluttering in the breeze and the artillery's guidons gleaming in the sun. At each intersecting street could be seen eager throngs held back a block away by a cordon of blue-coats. So

well had the police done their work that the way was absolutely clear. There was not a halt nor an interruption of any kind as the division proceeded through the great Victory Arch at Madison Square, under the Arch of Jewels at Fifty-ninth



Victory Arch

Street, past the reviewing stand, and straight up Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.

It was an inspiring finish to a splendid career. The 77th Division, which had been the first of the National Army divisions to be sent to France and the first to engage in active work at the front, had made for itself a reputation worth having. It had done the work given it to do, and done it well. It had earned the praise of both French and American corps and army commanders for its achievements on the battle field, no less than the unqualified approval of the inspectors and transportation officers through whose hands it passed on the way

home. New York had learned the worth of the 77th Division, and New York opened her heart to these sons of hers on that memorable 6th of May.

Sitting in his quarters in Camp Upton, whither the troops were sent for demobilization after the parade, Colonel Enos remarked, "I suppose the proudest moment of my life was when I walked up Fifth Avenue at the head of the 304th Field Artillery." For Colonel Enos, who came to us after the fighting was over, caught, in a measure that few men could have equaled, the nature and spirit of the organization which he commanded. Very unobtrusively he had fitted into his place in the regiment, and almost without our knowing it he had become in a very real sense its leader. The men never knew him personally in the same way that they had known Colonel Briggs, but all through those weary months of waiting after the armistice was signed, the quiet but intense interest, the absolute squareness, the unfailing kindness of Colonel Enos made itself felt throughout the regiment, and went far toward keeping the morale up to its surprisingly high level. No man was more frankly proud of the organization than he, and, as he said to the assembled captains the day before the regiment was disbanded, his one great regret will always be that he was denied the privilege and the honor of serving at the front, even for a day, with the 304th F. A.

No one man or group of men can be said to be responsible for the character of the regiment. Undoubtedly the leadership of Colonel Briggs through the critical period in which he was in command exerted a tremendous influence; but the spirit which animated all the men from the top down and from the bottom up was born of a common experience in a great adventure. Potentially that spirit was present in the early days at Camp Upton, but actually its power was not felt until the members of the 304th found themselves sharing danger and hardship together as co-laborers in a mighty task. Then,

with few exceptions, officers, non-commissioned officers and privates discovered the secret of disregarding their own personal interests and conveniences and working together in common loyalty to a great cause.

Those who laid down their lives are but conspicuous examples of the selfless devotion which characterized the whole body of men. We honor them, not simply because of the great sacrifice they gladly made, but because they typify to us the spirit we all felt and saw day after day in the men about us, a spirit which shall live on in the soul of every loyal member of the regiment.

As a military organization the 304th F. A. ceased to exist when, on May 10, 1919, in a downpour of rain, the men marched to the Camp Upton quartermaster's to turn in their blankets and draw their final pay. Then, in a riot of joy at the final prospect of home, with scant farewell they swarmed aboard the train which was to take them back to civil life. They left behind a splendid record of noble achievement, and they carried with them a host of memories which cannot but enrich their lives in all the years to come.

CASUALTY LIST

KILLED IN ACTION

Name	*Rank*	*Organization*	*Wounded at*	*Date*
Angrissano, William A.	Mech.	Battery C	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20, 1918
Bryant, Otto	Pvt.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 23, 1918
Buehl, Adolph	Sgt.	Battery E	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 28, 1918
Brady, James A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery B	Fléville	Oct. 28, 1918
Blaschka, Albert J.	Pvt.	Battery A	La Besace	Nov. 5, 1918
Frey, Harry C.	Cpl.	Battery C	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20, 1918
Fatseas, Paul	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 25, 1918
Hill, James A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 25, 1918
Houseman, Howard T.	Pvt.	Battery B	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 19, 1918
Lincoln, Frederick C.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery D	Vauxcéré	Sept. 10, 1918
McConville, John H.	Mech.	Battery C	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20, 1918
Moserowitz, Nathan	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20, 1918
Manthe, Clarence S.	Pvt.	Battery A	La Chalade	Sept. 26, 1918
Olsen, Eric	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery C	Vauxcéré	Sept. 14, 1918
Pierson, Owen C.	Pvt.	Battery C	Vauxcéré	Sept. 7, 1918
Pessalano, Michael	Pvt.	Battery D	Vauxcéré	Sept. 10, 1918
Robbins, Edward	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 25, 1918
Sieber, George	Pvt.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9, 1918
Vannini, Antonio	Pvt.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 23, 1918
Walters, Valentine R.	Sgt.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 23, 1918

DIED OF WOUNDS

Name	*Rank*	*Organization*	*Wounded at*	*Date*	*Date of death*
Anderson, Elmer Q.	Pvt.	Battery B	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 19	Aug. 20
Bakken, Rudolph J.	Pvt.	Battery D	Abri du Crochet	Oct. 2	
Capasso, Joseph	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery E	St. Pierremont	Nov. 4	Nov. 4
Grace, George	Pvt.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9	Sept. 10
Gaughn, Thomas J.	Pvt.	Battery C	Vauxcéré	Sept. 7	
Johnson, Oscar P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Hdqrs. Co.	Vauxcéré	Sept. 14	Sept. 16
Kalf, Edward	Pvt.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 23	
McDevitt, Earl H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery D	Vauxcéré	Sept. 10	Sept. 11
Ormestad, Ole	Pvt.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9	Sept. 10
Mack, Dorr J.	Pvt.	Hdqrs. Co.	Abri du Crochet	Oct. 2	
Stillinger, Rol. H.	Pvt.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9	Sept. 10
Weinhauer, Geo. H.	Sgt.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Sept. 5	

KILLED IN ACCIDENT

Ackerman, John J.	Pvt.	Battery B	Sommauthe	Nov. 16

WOUNDED

Name	*Rank*	*Organization*	*Wounded at*	*Date*
Anastas, Peter	Cook	Supply Co.	Vauxcéré	Sept. 14
Agnelli, Joseph	Pvt.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20
Akvik, Otto	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery C	Argonne Forest	Oct. 15
Amy, Henry J.	1st Lieut.	Battery D	Argonne Forest	Oct. 15
Agneau, Richard S.	Cpl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 21
Burke, Michael J.	Sgt.	Battery B	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20
Briden, James J.	Pvt.	Hdqrs. Co.	Vauxcéré	Sept. 5
Bartley, Harry E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9
Braun, Benjamin L.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9
Broderick, John J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery A	La Chalade	Sept. 26
Busch, Benjamin	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery E	Abri du Crochet	Oct. 2
Bandera, Robert A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery C	Fléville	Nov. 1
Christoffel, John E.	Sgt.	Battery A	La Chalade	Sept. 26
Claviter, Arthur W.	Pvt.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 23
Colmerauer, Joseph M.	Pvt.	Hdqrs. Co.	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 27
Colvin, Benjamin F.	Pvt.	Battery B	Argonne Forest	Oct. 13
Clark, Lee Roy	Pvt.	Battery E	St. Pierremont	Nov. 4
Clarke, John P.	Pvt.	Battery F	Fléville	Oct. 8
Dodge, Cleveland E.	1st Lieut.	Battery C	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20
De Cicco Albert A.	Pvt.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9
Ducharme, Theodore	Pvt.	Battery B	Fléville	Nov. 1
Dever, Willis,	Pvt.	Battery F	Fléville	Oct. 28
Duggan, Thomas F.	Pvt.	Battery F	Fléville	Oct. 28
Deyo, Raymond	Pvt.	Battery A	Vauxcéré	Sept. 19
Eberstadt, Ferdinand	1st Lieut.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 21
Engstrom, Fridolph	Pvt.	Battery E	Bazoches	Sept. 9
Epstein, Abraham L.	Pvt.	Med. Det.	Fléville	Nov. 1
Fuchs, Pellet	Pvt.	Battery B	Fléville	Oct. 28
Flynn, James P.	Sgt.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 25
Frid, Charles J.	Pvt.	Battery D	Vauxcéré	Sept. 14
Gallenz, Valentine J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery C	Fléville	Nov. 1
Hanson, Otto	Pvt.	Battery E	St. Juvin	Oct. 14
Hansen, Henry E.	Pvt.	Hdqrs. Co.	Vesle River	Sept. 5
Hornung, John J.	Pvt.	Battery D	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 23
Johnson, Olaus	Pvt.	Battery D	Argonne Forest	Oct. 14
Jeffers, William J.	Sgt.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 21
Jaeger, Albert E.	Pvt.	Battery B	Argonne Forest	Oct. 14
King, Henry D.	Pvt.	Battery B	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 20
King, Joseph V.	Pvt.	Hdqrs. Co.	Vesle River	
Koen, William H.	Cpl.	Battery D	(Accidental)	Sept. 14
Kurzman, Abraham	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug. 18

Kominsky, Irving M.	Cpl.	Battery E	St. Juvin	Oct.	14
Kavanagh, Michael	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery B	Fléville	Oct.	29
Krepps, Henry	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery C	Fléville	Nov.	1
L'Etoile, Joseph O.	Cpl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	25
Lee, Herbert F.	Cpl.	Hdqrs. Co	Vauxcéré	Sept.	9
Levine, Arthur	Pvt.	Battery A	Argonne Forest	Oct.	5
Matter, Wm. C. Jr.	Pvt.	Battery F	Fléville	Oct.	28
Maisco, Louis	Pvt.	Battery C	Fléville	Nov.	1
Mack, Christa H.	Pvt.	Battery C	Fléville	Nov.	1
Meehan, John	Pvt.	Battery D	Argonne Forest	Oct.	2
Madson, Manley	Pvt.	Battery E	Argonne Forest	Oct.	14
Moskowitz, Julius	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery B	Fléville	Oct.	29
McCourt, Andrew H.	Cpl.	Battery B	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	19
McGrath, Roger F.	Pvt.	Battery F	Argonne Forest	Oct.	15
O'Boyle, Timothy L.	Pvt.	Battery E	Fléville	Nov.	1
Prior, Thomas W.	Pvt.	Med. Det.	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	19
Pelton, Charles L.	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery A	Vauxcéré	Sept.	8
Parsons, John R.	Pvt.	Battery D	Vauxcéré	Sept.	7
Rosner, Nathan	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery F	Perles	Sept.	7
Rucker, Clarence E.	Cpl.	Battery D	Vauxcéré	Sept.	12
Schoenberg, Jacob	Pvt.	Battery E	St. Pierremont	Nov.	4
Stewart, David	Pvt.	Battery B	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	19
Smith, Spencer H.	Cpl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	25
Smith, John D.	Pvt.	Battery E	Argonne Forest	Oct.	14
Spenceley, Arthur G.	Sgt.	Battery F	Argonne Forest	Oct.	2
Tweedy, Temple H.	2nd Lieut	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	25
Tansey, George	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery D	St. Juvin	Oct.	14
Tygret, Carl L.	Pvt.	Battery E	Verpel	Nov.	2
Tulchinsky, David	Pvt. 1st Cl.	Battery F	Fléville	Oct.	28
Widman, Ernest A.	Cpl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	20
Westman, Theodore C.	Pvt.	Battery B	Fléville	Oct.	28
Walrath, Ray C.	Pvt.	Hdqrs. Co.	Argonne Forest	Oct.	15
Watts, James E.	Cpl.	Battery F	Fme. des Dames	Aug.	21
Walsh, Edward J.	Horseshoer	Battery D	Kicked by horse	Oct.	10
Young, Baldwin C.	Sgt.	Battery A	La Chalade	Sept.	25

NOTE: A number of men died from disease during the regiment's stay in France after the armistice. Their names would have been included in this roll of honor if accurate data had been available.

ORGANIZATION COMMANDERS

Regimental Commanders

Lt. Col. John R. Kelly	Sept. 27—Dec. 31, 1917)
(Maj. L. C. Sparks, acting, Sept. 27–Dec. 31, 1917.)	Sept. 5, 1917—Apr. 1, 1918
Col. Raymond W. Briggs	Apr. 1, 1918—Sept. 10, 1918
Lt. Col. William McCleave	Sept. 10, 1918—Nov. 20, 1918
Col. Copley Enos	Nov. 20, 1918—May 10, 1919

Battalion Commanders

First Battalion

Maj. Lewis Sanders	Sept. 5, 1917—Apr. 1, 1918
(Capt. H. B. Perrin, acting	Sept. 27—Nov. 4, 1918)

Second Battalion

Maj. Leonard Sparks	Sept. 5, 1917—May 10, 1918
Maj. Alvin Devereux	May 10, 1918—March 26, 1919
Maj. Joseph A. Doyle	March 26, 1919—May 10, 1919

Headquarters Company

Capt. Harry Kempner	Sept. 5, 1917—May 10, 1919

Supply Company

Capt. Guy H. Garrett	Sept. 5, 1917—Aug. 23, 1918
Lieut. James V. Murphy	Aug. 23, 1918—Sept. 10, 1918
Capt. Robert H. Ewell	Sept. 10, 1918—May 10, 1919

Battery A

Capt. Robert H. Ewell	Sept. 5, 1917—Mar. 4, 1918
Capt. Huntington Lyman	Mar. 4, 1918—May 10, 1919

Battery B

Capt. Joseph A. Doyle	Sept. 5, 1917—Mar. 26, 1919
Lieut. Frederick M. Gannon	Mar. 26, 1919—May 10, 1919

Battery C

Capt. Elliot C. Bacon	Sept. 5, 1917—Dec. 26, 1918
Lieut. Cleveland E. Dodge	Dec. 26, 1918—Jan. 22, 1919
Capt. Grinnell Martin	Jan. 22, 1919—May 10, 1919

Battery D

Capt. Robert V. Mahon	Sept. 5, 1917—May 10, 1919

Battery E

Capt. Oliver Perin	Sept. 5, 1917—May 10, 1919

Battery F

Capt. E. Powis Jones	Sept. 17, 1917—Mar. 4, 1918
Capt. Robert H. Ewell	Mar. 4, 1918——Sept. 10, 1918
Capt. Ferdinand Eberstadt	Sept. 10, 1918—Jan. 25, 1919
Lieut. Basil H. Hunter	Jan. 25, 1919—May 10, 1919

ROSTER OF OFFICERS

ALMON, GEORGE C. ALBANY, ALABAMA
2nd Lt., Supply Co., Nov. 20, 1917–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to 1st Lt.

AMY, HENRY J. 44 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY.
2nd Lt., Battery A, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Transferred to Btry D, Sept. 10, 1918. Transferred to Hdq. Co., Oct. 27, 1918. Transferred to 302nd Ammunition Train, Jan. 9, 1919.

ANDERSON, RAYMOND W. 1832 CARROLL ST., ST. PAUL, MINN.
1st. Lt., Battery A. Mar.–May, 1918.

ARMITAGE, GUY D. 520 LAKE DRIVE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
Lt. Col., Feb. 15, 1919–May 10, 1919.

BACON, ELLIOT C. 23 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY.
Capt., Battery C, Sept. 5, 1917–Dec. 26, 1918. Transferred to Hdq., 1st Army Corps, Dec. 1918.

BAKER, LOUIS P.
2nd. Lt., Battery B, Nov. 16, 1918–April 9, 1919. Transferred to Hdq. 77th Div.

BATESON, E. FARRAR 64 EAST 54TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
Capt., Adjutant, 2nd Battalion, March 1918–May 10, 1919.

BONNET, GEORGE A. 621 MORRIS ST. N. E., WASHINGTON, D. C.
Capt. (attached), Supply Co., Nov. 16, 1918–Feb. 8, 1919. Transferred to 2nd Battalion as Adjutant. Served with Regiment until May 10, 1919.

BOYD, HUGH M. 416 WEST 145TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
2nd Lt., Battery A, Nov. 4, 1917–May 10, 1919.

BRIGGS, RAYMOND W.
CARE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Colonel, commanding 304th F. A., April 1–Sept. 10, 1918. Promoted to Brigadier General, Aug. 25, 1918.

BRADFORD, W. K. CHICAGO, ILL.
2nd. Lt., Supply Co., March–May, 1919.

Brown, Edward M.
2nd Lt., Battery B, Oct. 14–Nov. 16, 1918. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Brown, Howard H. .. Care Mrs. Grenville Gilbert, Ware, Mass.
2nd Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Dec. 11, 1917–May 10, 1919. Served on Staff of 1st Bn. Promoted to 1st Lt., Sept. 18, 1918.

Bruns, Fred H.
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.
1st Lt., Battery C, Sept. 5, 1917–Jan. 22, 1918. Transferred to Supply Co. Regimental Munitions Officer. Transferred to Army of Occupation, Nov. 16, 1918.

Brunnerman, F. L.
2nd Lt., Supply Co., Sept. 10–Oct. 20, 1918. Transferred to Military Police, 77th Div.

Chambers, T. G. 505 West 17th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
2nd Lt. Battery B, Feb.–May 10, 1919.

Cunningham, Frank L. 46 Hamilton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Battery A, Nov. 14, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Sept. 5, 1918. Served until May 10, 1919.

Cunningham, James W. Mt. Lakes, N. J.
2nd Lt., Headquarters Co., Jan. 1, 1918. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Regimental Radio Officer. Served until May 10, 1919.

Danforth, Nicholas 106 West 58th St., New York City.
1st. Lt., Headquarters Co., Jan. 1–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. and promoted to Capt.

Daniel, S. L.
2nd Lt., Headquarters Co., Sept. 12, 1918. Transferred to Battery D, Oct. 12, 1918. Served until May 10, 1919.

Davis, Worthington
2nd. Lt., Battery E, Nov. 14, 1917–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. and promoted to 1st. Lt.

De Baun, Milton Haverstraw, N. Y.
1st Lt., Headquarters Co., Jan. 1, 1918. Transferred to Battery E, Jan. 22, 1918. Served until May 10, 1919.

Devereux, Alvin 120 Broadway, New York City.
Major, Commanding 3rd Battalion, March–May, 1918. Commanding 2nd Battalion, May 1918–May 10, 1919.

Dodge, Cleveland E. Riverdale, New York City.
2nd Lt., Battery C, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Served until May 10, 1919.

Dold, Ralph S.
1st Lt., Headquarters Co., Jan. 1–July 3, 1918. Went to balloon school and was transferred as balloon observer.

Dole, Richard E., Harvard Club, 27 West 44th St., New York City.
2nd Lt., Battery C, Sept. 5, 1917–May 10, 1919.

Doyle, Joseph A. 687 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City.
Capt., Battery B, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to Major, commanding 2nd Bn., March 26, 1919.

Eagan, Edward F.
2nd Lt., Battery C. July 22–Aug. 24, 1918. Transferred to Battery F, Aug. 24–Sept. 12, 1918. Transferred to Battery D, Sept. 12–Oct. 27, 1918. Transferred to Hdqrs. Co., Oct. 27–Nov. 16, 1918. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Eberstadt, Ferdinand 214 Glenwood Ave., East Orange, N. J.
1st Lt., Battery D, Sept. 5, 1917–Sept. 10, 1918. Promoted to Capt., transferred to Btry. F. Capt., Battery F, Sept. 10, 1918–Jan. 25, 1919. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Enos, Copley
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.
Colonel, commanding 304th F. A., Nov. 20, 1918–May 10, 1919.

Everhart, Edgar S. Scranton, Pa.
Major, Regimental Surgeon 304th F. A., Dec. 21, 1918–March 1, 1919. Relieved to attend University of Paris.

Ewell, Robert H. .. Yale Club, 30 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City.
Capt., Battery A, Sept. 5, 1917–March 4, 1918. Transferred to Battery F, March 4–Sept. 19, 1918. Transferred to Supply Co. Served until May 10, 1919.

Fehliman, William E. Lead, South Dakota.
Capt., Regimental Surgeon, March 10–May 10, 1919.

Falvey, John D. 286 Goodfellow Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
2nd Lt., Battery F.

Foote, Delano P.
2nd Lt., Battery A, Sept. 5th, 1917–Jan. 22, 1918. Transferred to Hdqrs. Co. Telephone Officer, 1st Bn., Regimental Telephone Officer. Evacuated to hospital after injury from fall, Oct. 19, 1918.

Fitch, J. E. 828 Junior Terrace, Chicago, Ill.
1st Lt., Battery A, Feb.–May, 1919.

Gannon, Frederick M. 344 West 56th Street, New York City.

2nd Lt., Battery B, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Commanding Battery B, March 26–May 10, 1919.

GARRETT, GUY H.
Capt., Supply Co., Sept. 5, 1917–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to Major.

GOUGH, WILLIAM R. 313 FRANKLIN PLACE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
2nd Lt., Battery B, Nov. 14, 1917–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to 1st Lt.

GRAF, WILLIAM E. 1124 JACKSON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.
1st Lt., Dental Surgeon, Oct. 19, 1917–Mar. 1, 1919. Promoted to Capt., and made Dental Surgeon, 77th Division.

GRAHAM, CHARLES V. 15 VERNON AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Battery C, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lieut., Jan. 3, 1918. Served until May 10, 1919.

HORTON, GEORGE E. WARTRACE, TENN.
1st Lt., Regimental Surgeon, 304th F. A., Sept. 5, 1917–Dec. 17, 1918. Promoted to Capt., Dec. 6, 1917. Promoted to Major, May 10, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. for discharge at his own request, Dec. 17, 1918.

HOWARD, JAMES M. .. 200TH ST. AND BAINBRIDGE AVE., NEW YORK CITY.
1st Lt. Chaplain 304th F. A., Sept. 27, 1917. Acting Senior Chaplain, 77th Div., March 19–May 10, 1919. Promoted to Capt., March 16, 1919. Served with Regiment until May 10, 1919.

HUNTER, BASIL H. NEWBERRY, MICHIGAN.
2nd Lt., Battery E, Nov. 24, 1917–Mar. 16, 1918. Transferred to Hdqrs. Co. Gas Officer, 2nd Bn. Promoted to 1st Lt., and transferred to Btry F, Sept. 10, 1918. Commanding Battery F, Jan. 25–May 10, 1919.

JONES, E. POWIS 105 EAST 53RD ST., NEW YORK CITY.
Capt., Battery F, Sept. 5, 1917. Transferred to 2nd Bn., as Adjutant, Mar. 4, 1918. Made Regimental Personnel Adjutant, May, 1918. Made Regimental Adjutant, Jan. 22, 1919. Served until May 10, 1919.

JUSEK, HARRY J. 424 MYRTLE ST., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.
2nd Lt., Veterinary Corps, with 304th F. A., Oct. 13, 1918–April 20, 1919. Transferred to remain over seas when regiment sailed for U. S. A.

KELLER, WILLIAM ST. JOHNSVILLE, N. Y.
1st Lt., Headquarters Co., Jan. 1, 1918–Mar. 26, 1919. Preceded regiment overseas, Jan. 1918, rejoining at Camp de Souge, June,

1918. Regimental Gas Officer. Transferred to Supply Co., Mar. 26, 1919. Served until May 10, 1919.

KEMPNER, HARRY 547 FOURTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Capt., Hdqrs. Co., Sept. 5, 1917–May 10, 1919. Regimental Operations Officer.

KELLY, JOHN R.
CARE ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Lt. Colonel, commanding 304th F. A., Sept. 5, 1917–April 1, 1918. Transferred to 17th F. A. and promoted to Colonel, June, 1918.

KITTLE, PERCY H. 228 WEST 71ST ST., NEW YORK CITY.
2nd Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Regimental Telephone Officer. Served until May 10, 1919.

LILLIBRIDGE, HARRISON 411 WEST END AVE., NEW YORK CITY.
2nd Lt., Battery B, Sept. 5, 1917–March, 1919. Relieved to attend University of Paris.

LAWTON, GEORGE L. 175 LINCOLN ST., MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
2nd Lt., Hdqrs Co., Nov. 22, 1917–Jan. 24, 1919. 1st Bn. Staff. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

LUNNY, JAMES E. 508 SIXTEENTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
1st Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Jan. 1–Sept. 10, 1918. Transferred to Battery D. Served until May 10, 1919.

LYMAN, HUNTINGTON 65 WEST 54TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
1st Lt., Battery A, Sept. 5, 1917. Commanding Battery A, Jan. 1918–May 10, 1919. Promoted to Capt., Mar. 4, 1918.

LATTIMER, JOHN M. 691 NINTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.
2nd Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Mar.–May, 1918. Came over-seas as 1st Sgt., Btry. A. Graduated Officers' Training School, Saumur, France.

LOOMIS, HAROLD J. 47 WEST 8TH ST., OSWEGO, N. Y.
1st Lt., Dental Corps, March–May, 1919.

MCMASTER, JOHN W. 346 SIXTEENTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Battery B, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Transferred to Hdqrs. Co., Jan. 22, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to Capt., Aug. 23, 1918.

MCCALEB, WALTER L. DUCK RIVER, TENN.
1st Lt., Medical Corps; assigned Sept. 5, 1917. Surgeon, 2nd Battalion. Served until May 10, 1919.

MCCLEAVE, WILLIAM
CARE OF ADJUTANT GENERAL OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Lt. Colonel, 304th F. A., Sept. 1, 1918–Jan. 21, 1919. Command-

ing 304th F. A., Sept. 10–Nov. 20, 1918. Transferred as Instructor to Artillery School at Valdahon, France.

McRae, Donald C. Care McRae and Keeler, Attleboro, Mass. 1st Lt., Supply Co., Jan. 1, 1918. Transferred to Hdqrs. Co., March, 1918. Liaison Officer with 305th Inf. at the front. Transferred to 302nd Ammunition Train, Jan. 9, 1919.

McVaugh, Keith 506 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2nd Lt., Battery A, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Served with Battery A until May 10, 1919.

Macdougall, Allan Convent, N. J. 2nd Lt., Battery D, Sept 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Transferred to Hdqrs. Co., Jan. 22, 1918. Transferred to Battery E, July 16, 1918. Served with Battery E until May 10, 1919.

Mahon, Robert V. 109 Fourth St., Garden City, N. Y. Capt., Battery D, Sept. 5, 1917–May 10, 1919.

Malm, Douglass R. 1448 East 115th St., Cleveland, Ohio. 2nd Lt., Battery E, Nov. 12, 1918–May 10, 1919.

Mandeville, William H. 439 West Clinton St., Elmira, N. Y. 2nd Lt., Battery E, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to Capt., Aug. 23, 1918.

Mann, John W. 3616 Newark St., Washington, D. C. 2nd Lt., Battery C, Dec. 12, 1918. Transferred to Battery D, Mar. 3, 1919. Served with Battery D until May 10, 1919.

Martin, Grinnell
Care Frazer & Spear, 20 Exchange Place, N. Y. City. 1st Lt., Battery E, Sept. 5, 1917. Made Regimental Adjutant, July 5, 1918. Promoted to Capt., Sept. 10, 1918. Transferred to Battery C, Jan. 22, 1919. Commanded Battery C until May 10, 1919.

Murphy, James V.
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C. 1st Lt., Supply Co., Sept. 5, 1917–Jan. 24, 1919. Commanded Supply Co., Aug. 23–Sept. 10, 1919. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Norman, A. W. R. R. No. 2, Culpeper, Virginia. 2nd Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Sept. 10, 1918–May 10, 1919.

Norris, Frank
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt., Battery F, Sept. 5, 1917–Jan. 24, 1919. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

North, L. L.
1st Lt., Veterinary Corps, with 304th F. A., Sept. 6–Oct. 13, 1918. Evacuated to hospital.

O'Donnell, Joseph 403 Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Battery E, Sept. 5, 1917–Nov. 16, 1918. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Offray, Claude V.
2nd Lt., Battery A, July 22–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to 1st Lt.

Page, Charles W. 94 Woodland St., Hartford, Conn.
1st Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Jan. 1, 1918–May 10, 1919. Absent from Regiment as balloon observer, July–November, 1918.

Perin, Oliver 158 East 62nd St., New York City.
Capt., Battery E, Sept. 5, 1917–May 10, 1919.

Pfaelzer, Oswald D. Montclair, N. J.
2nd Lt., Battery F, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to Capt., Aug. 23, 1918.

Perrin, Hervey Bates
Care Federal Reserve Bank, San Francisco, Cal.
Capt., Adjutant 1st Bn., Sept. 5, 1917–Jan. 1919. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Quinn, Timothy R.
2nd Lt., Battery F, Nov. 12, 1918–May 10, 1919.

Rennard, John T. 70 East 77th St., New York City.
2nd Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Sept. 5, 1917–May 10, 1919. Telephone Officer, 2nd Bn.

Richard, August 69 East 56th St., New York City.
2nd Lt., Battery D, Sept. 5, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Served with Battery D until May 10, 1919.

Robertson, Daniel S.
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.
1st Lt., Veterinary Corps. Regimental Veterinarian, June 16, 1918–March, 1919. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Sams, James R. Newborn, Georgia.
1st Lt., Medical Corps, Sept. 5, 1917. Surgeon, 1st Battalion. Promoted to Capt., Mar. 26, 1919. Served with Regiment until May 10, 1919.

Sanders, Lewis 126 East 27th St., New York City.
Major, commanding 1st Bn., Sept. 5, 1917–May 10, 1919.

Schwartz, Alfred A. 825 West 179th St., New York City.
1st Lt., Medical Corps, May 1–July 6, 1918. Transferred to Camp Hospital No. 9, France.

Smith, Roger McE. 30 Church St., Ellenville, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Headquarters Co., Sept. 5, 1917–May 10, 1919. Radio Officer 1st Bn. Served with B Battery through the Argonne.

Smith, Sheldon D. 98 Englewood Ave., Detroit, Mich.
2nd Lt., Battery C, Nov. 23, 1917–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to 1st Lt., Aug. 23, 1918.

Sparks, Leonard C.
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.
Major, commanding 2nd Bn., Sept., 1917–June, 1918. Transferred to 17th F. A., and promoted to Lt. Colonel.

Stevens, Kenneth M.
2nd Lt., Battery C, Nov. 23, 1917. Transferred to Hdqrs. Co., Mar. 25, 1918. Radio and Reconnaissance Officer, 2nd Bn. Served with Regiment until May 10, 1919.

Sullivan, Leonard Woodmere, Long Island, N. Y.
Capt., Regimental Adjutant, Sept 5, 1917–July 1, 1918. Transferred to Army Staff College at Langres, France.

Tench, Francis M.
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.
1st Lt., Dental Corps, Mar. 21–Aug. 19, 1918. Transferred to 302nd Sanitary Train and promoted to Capt.

Thomas, Rupert B. 259 Broadway, Flushing, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Battery D. Dec. 21, 1917. Transferred to Battery F, Sept. 12, 1918. Served with Battery F until May 10, 1919.

Tweedy, Temple H. 4316 Thirteenth St., Washington, D.C.
2nd Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Jan. 23, 1918–Aug. 24, 1918. Transferred to Battery F. Wounded, Aug. 25, 1918. Rejoined Regiment as 1st Lt., Oct. 1918, and served with Hdqrs. Co. until May 10, 1919.

Washburn, Ira H. Haverstraw, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Battery F, Sept 5, 1917–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to 1st Lt.

Watson, Elmer E.
2nd Lt., Battery F, Nov. 24, 1917–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to 1st Lt.

Welling, Charles B. 55 East 76th St., New York City.
1st Lt., Battery B, Sept. 5, 1917. Made Regimental Personnel Adjutant, Jan. 22, 1919. Promoted to Capt., Mar. 26, 1919.

Whitcomb, Newell B.
1st Lt., Supply Co., Jan. 1–Aug. 23, 1918. Returned to U. S. A. and promoted to Capt.

Wyman, Walter F. 152 West 58th St., New York City
2nd Lt., Hdqrs. Co., Sept. 5, 1917–Promoted to 1st Lt., Jan. 3, 1918. Evacuated to hospital as sick, Oct. 10, 1918.

Wenzel, Andrew J. 2374 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
2nd Lt., Battery B, April–May, 1919. Came over-seas as 1st Sgt., Hdqrs. Co. Graduated from Officers' Training School at Saumur, and served at front with 2nd Div.

Yarborough, Arthur L.
Care of Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.
2nd Lt., Battery A, Oct. 14, 1918–Jan. 24, 1919. Transferred to Army of Occupation.

Note: A number of non-commissioned officers of the 304th F. A. were graduated from the Artillery Training School at Saumur, France, and qualified for commissions. The commissions, however, did not arrive until just before demobilization. The editor regrets that, as a complete list of these promotions was not available, he was unable to include the names in the roster of officers.

ROSTER OF ENLISTED MEN

THOSE WHO WENT OVERSEAS WITH THE REGIMENT[1]

Aaberg, Casper I.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 4, Starbuck, Minn.	Battery F.
Abrams, Harry	Sgt.	69 Hart St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Ackerman, John	*Pvt.*	*1136 Flushing Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*	*Battery B.*
Adelberg, Harry	Pvt.	212 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Agneau, Richard S.	Pvt.	76 Union Road, Roselle Pk., N. J.	Battery F.
Agnelli, Joseph	Pvt.	Otter River, Mass.	Battery D.
Agoni, Joe	Pvt.	Box 94, Buhl, Mass.	Battery C.
Aigeltinger, Frank W.	Sgt.	475 W. 142d St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Akvik, Otto	Pvt.	Audubon, Minn.	Battery C.
Allard, Felix	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 2, Southbridge, Mass.	Battery D.
Allen, Edward P.	Mech.	325 E. 51st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Allen, Vernon L.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Stockton, Kansas	Battery C.
Almy, William M.	Sgt.	Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.	Battery C.
Altenburg, Charles	Bd. Sgt.	234 Jerome St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Altman, Morris H.	Pvt.	294 Georgia Ave., Broklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Alvey, John L.	Pvt.	Issue Post Office—Charles Co., Md.	Battery A.
Américo, Dante	Pvt.	130 Houston St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Amidon, Willis E.	Pvt.	1613 Holme St., Kansas City, Mo.	Battery C.
Anastas, P. N.	Pvt.	520 W. 54th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Anderson, Albert W.	Pvt.	1530 E. 18th St., Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery F.
Anderson, Albin J.	Pvt.	Crosby, Pa.	Hdqrs. Co.
Anderson, Andrew	Pvt.	Trommlald, Minn.	Battery E.
Anderson, Archie	Pvt.	22 Center St., Rockaway Bh., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Anderson, A. W.	Rt. Su. Sgt.	Emmet, Idaho	Supply Co.
Anderson, Carl W.	Cpl.	R. F. D., Osseo, Minn.	Battery A.
Anderson, Carl O.	Wag.	397 N. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn.	Supply Co.
Anderson, Edward	Pvt.	% Mrs. O. Greyezwaez, 26 Third Ave., Seymour, Conn.	Battery A.
Anderson, Elmer Q.	Pvt.	*Roxbury Rd., N. Britain, Conn.*	*Battery B.*
Anderson, Ernest W.	Pvt.	Box 97, Rush City, Minn.	Battery B.
Anderson, Frode	Wag.	1528 25 Ave., S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.	Supply Co.
Anderson, Josephus	Sgt.	321 Stanhope St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Anderson, Ludwig	Pvt.	Higden, Minn.	Supply Co.
Anderson, Oscar A.	Pvt.	119 Adams St., Eveleth, Minn.	Battery F.
Andrews, Edmund Z.	Mech.	165a Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Andrews, John F.	Pvt.	Johnson, Minn.	Battery F.

[1] Names printed in italics represent those who lost their lives as a result of wounds received in action.

Angelo, Guiseppo Pvt. 13 Hamburg Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y... Battery C.
Anquisano, Wm. A. .. Pvt. 316 *E. 62nd St., N. Y. City, N. Y.*.... *Battery C.*
Anselmi, Galiano *Pvt.* 617 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y..... Battery D.
Antola, Francesco Bug. 3 Hamilton Place, N. Y. C. Battery D.
Antonecchi, A. Pvt. 3436 Kingsbridge Ave., N. Y. C. Battery E.
Apicella, Louis Cook 1063 Park Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y..... Battery D.
Appel, Eric G. Cpl. Scobey, Mont. Battery E.
Appleby, Robert Pvt. Mystic, Iowa Battery D.
Aquilino, Michele Pvt. 2 Elliot Pl., Newton, Up. Falls, Mass. Battery F.
Arfman, Chris. J. Sgt. 510 E. 89th St., N. Y. C., N. Y..... Battery A.
Armstrong, Albert T. .. Cpl. 1715 Montgomery Ave., N. Y. C.... Battery C.
Armstrong, James A. .. Pvt. 9 Acorn St., Elmhurst, N. Y..... Battery E.
Armstrong, John R. .. Pvt. 474 78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y..... Battery E.
Arola, Arvid Pvt. Wolf Lake, Minn. Battery D.
Arone, Raffaello Mech. Elm St., Ardsley, N. Y. Supply Co.
Ashby, Whitman G. .. Sgt. Sherman Ave., No. Collins, N. Y.... Hdqrs. Co.
Asher, Harry R. Mech. Red Hooke, N. Y.. Battery E.
Aske, Leonard A. Pvt. Prosper, Minn. Battery D.
Askman, John Cpl. 1571 2nd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y..... Battery A.
Atno, Sherwood Sgt. 57 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y..... Battery C.
Augustine, Harry Mech. Westhampton Beach, L. I., N. Y.... Battery B.
Aureli, Michele Pvt. 209 E. 103d St., N. Y. C., N. Y..... Battery C.
Ayers, Stephen Sgt. 166 W. 129th St., N. Y. C. Hdqrs. Co.

Bacca, Cornino Pvt.
Bailey, Gaylord Pvt. 1208 Brookdale Ave., Charlton, Ia... Battery D.
Bailey, Harold R. Pvt. 130 W. 28th St., Minneapolis, Minn.. Battery A.
Bailey, William F. Pvt. c.o. Minneapolis *Journal*, Minn..... Battery A.
Baird, Edward B. Cpl. 43 Columbus Ave., Port Richmond, S. I. Hdqrs. Co.
Baker, Lester B. Wag. Creek Road Forks, N. Y. Supply Co.
Bakke, Jacob A. Pvt. Storden, Minn. Battery E.
Bakken, Paulus Pvt. Vining, Minn. Battery F.
Bakken, Rudolph Pvt.*Houston, Minn.* *Battery D.*
Baldwin, Amos J. C. .. Sgt. Merrick Rd., Belmore, L. I., N. Y... Hdqrs. Co.
Ball, Elliott B. Pvt. Hammondsport, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Bandera, Robert A. .. Pvt. 3909 Folsam St., St. Louis, Mo..... Battery C.
Bang, Walter Pvt. R. 1, Royal, Iowa Battery D.
Barger, Jesse W. Cpl. Mohegan Lake, N. Y. Battery D.
Barham, Lee Pvt. Edgerton, Iowa Battery D.
Barker, Paul J. Pvt. 35 Mystic Ave., E. Lynn, Mass..... Battery A.
Barnett, Grover C. .. Pvt. General Delivery, Meta, Mo. Battery B.
Barnett, Richard J. .. Pvt. 67 Sutton St., Brooklyn, N. Y..... Battery F.
Barrett, Clyde A. Pvt. Happyville, Colo. Battery C.
Barrett, Thomas M. .. Pvt. 905 5th Ave., McKeesport, Pa. Battery F.
Barrett, William Pvt. 220 E. 57th St., N. Y. C., N. Y..... Battery D.
Barrington, Williams . Pvt. 1361 Whitney Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.

Barry, Edmund L.	Cpl.	45 Wadsworth Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Bartell, Fred	Pvt.	833 2nd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Barth, Jacob F.	Pvt.	Keating Summit, Pa.	Battery D.
Bartley, Harry E.	Pvt.	307 W. 21st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Barton, Francis K.	Sgt.	742 Richmond Rd., Richmond, S. I., N. Y.	Battery F.
Bass, S.	Cook	1664 Park Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Bassage, Roy E.	Cpl.	R. F. D. No. 12, Branchport, Steuben Co., N. Y.	Battery F.
Basset, Edw. J.	Pvt.	41 Summit St., New	Medical
Baum, Arthur	Pvt.	540 W. 157st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Baumgardner, H. H.	Pvt.	101 Wall St., Sioux City, Iowa	Battery C.
Baumgrass, Cornelius	Cpl.	167 E. 89th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Bauscher, Charles	Pvt.	530 E. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Beach, Hart J.	Sgt.	Saybrook, Conn.	Battery F.
Beams, Frederick B.	Pvt.	161 E. 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Beck, Leonard L.	Pvt.	238 E. Lucy St., St. Paul, Minn.	Battery A.
Belgan, John L.	Pvt.	117 W. 96th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Bellquist, Oscar W.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 2, Box 94, Dassel, Minn.	Battery B.
Benczik, Alios J.	Pvt.	1904–19 ½ Ave., 3rd St., N. St. Cloud, Minn.	Battery E.
Bennet, Robert	Cpl.	169 Main St., Hamburg, N. Y.	Battery A.
Benzing, Albert H.	Bug.	48 Maple Ave., Springville, N. Y.	Battery B.
Benzing, William F.	Bug.	48 Maple Ave., Springville, N. Y.	Battery B.
Beransky, Joseph	Pvt.	Barren Island, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Bereen, John S.	Pvt.	Spicer, Minn.	Battery B.
Berg, Christ	Cook	Deerwood, Minn.	Battery C.
Berger, Fred	Pvt.	563 W. 173rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Berges, Walter	Pvt.	498 E. 7th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Bernier, Edwin B.	Pvt.	Winona, Minn.	Hdqrs. Co.
Bertraum, Fritz	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Cohasset, Minn.	Battery F.
Bertuglia, Francesco	Cook	340 E. 13th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Bestman, William	Pvt.	157 Newell St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Betuel, G.	Cpl.		Ordnance
Beveridge, Constable	Cpl.	80 Bunker Hill Ave., Waterbury, Conn.	Battery C.
Bianchi, Joseph G.	Pvt.	2376 Genesee St., Cheektowaga, N. Y.	Battery A.
Bideaux, Leo A.	Pvt.	2367 Jackson St., Dubuque, Iowa	Battery B.
Bielfelt, Leonard W.	Pvt.	Route No. 5, Boone, Iowa	Battery F.
Biggins, Ralph	H. shoer	Lake St., Wilson, N. Y.	Battery E.
Billings, Elton L.	Pvt.	Friendship, N. Y.	Battery D.
Biniak, Paul	Pvt.	975 Geranium St., St. Paul, Minn.	Battery A.
Birkeland, Nels M.	Pvt.	2427 N. 6th St., S. Minneapolis, Min.	Battery F.
Bittner Albert	Pvt.	100 W. 81st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Bicksler, Paul	Cpl.	114 Lincoln Pl., Wadsworth, Ohio	Hdqrs. Co.
Bjorge, LeRoy	Pvt.	Gary-Mormon Co., Minn.	Battery F.
Blake, Peter A.	Pvt.		Battery A.
Blaney, Lawrence V.	Pvt.	Little Falls, West Virginia	Battery C.

Blaschka, Albert J. .. Pvt. 283 Bunker St., St. Paul, Minn. Battery A.
Bliss, Arthur P. Pvt. R. F. D. No. 3, Westfield, Pa. Hdqrs. Co.
Bliss, E. M. Pvt. Waterville, Minn. Battery E.
Bloom, Morris Pvt. 348 Powers Ave., N. Y. C. Battery E.
Blundy, John A. Cook Orchard Park, N. Y. Battery E.
Boccard, Victor E. .. Pvt. 1419 Ave. I, Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery B.
Boguhn, John W. Mech. Angola, N. Y. Battery A.
Booker, Ralph L. Pvt. 17 Sayward St., Dorchester, Mass. ..Hdqrs. Co.
Boom, Axel T. Pvt. Wheaton, Minn. Battery D.
Borchert, Alfred Pvt. 352 Kosiosok St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Supply Co.
Bosz, Michael Pvt. Orchard Park, Erie Co., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Bottke, Fred. J. Cpl. 646 Columbus Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery E.
Bourdeau, Dave Pvt. 20 Maple Pl., Minneapolis, Minn.....Battery B.
Bourne, Harry Pvt. 319 Willet Ave., Portchester, N. Y...Battery C.
Bouse, William Pvt. 7th St., Bayside, N. Y. Battery F.
Bowen, Milo M. Pvt. 69 Railroad Hill Ave., Waterbury, Conn. Battery C.
Bowler, Patrick Pvt. 650 High St., Holyoke, Mass. Battery D.
Bradshaw, James D. .. Pvt. 28 Depot St., Adams, Mass. Battery D.
Brady, James A. Pvt. 1237 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery B.
Braga, Joseph F. Pvt. 146 Stewart St., Fall River, Mass. ..Battery D.
Bramson, Joseph Sgt. 216 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. C...Supply Co.
Braun, Benj. Pvt. Box 463, Wadena, Minn. Battery E.
Brautigarn, Arthur .. Pvt. 226 E. 21st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
Breister, Stanley H. .. Pvt. 254 Keystone Ave., Buffalo, N. Y....Battery A.
Brenden, Iver Pvt. Moorhead, Minn. Battery B.
Bretschneider, J. E. .. Pvt. 1800 Monroe Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y...Battery A.
Briden, James J. Pvt. 316 N. 11th St., Olean, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Bridger, Alva E. Pvt. Decatur City, Iowa Battery D.
Brighton, Bruce D. .. Cpl. 258 Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery E.
Brink, Arthur Pvt. Battery D.
Britting, Lyman E. .. Pvt. R. F. D. No. 1, Angola, N. Y. Battery A.
Broderick, John J. Pvt. 19 Floyd St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery A.
Brodsky, Alex Pvt. 57 E. 104th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Brodt, John H. Ord. Sgt. .. Ordnance
Brogan, Louis Pvt. Odebolt, Iowa Battery A.
Brooks, Leon N. Pvt. Greenbush, Minn. Battery D.
Brothers, Fred Sgt. 1306 Van Alst, Astoria, L. I.....Hdqrs. Co.
Brotz, Elmer J. Pvt. 221 Gray St., Buffalo, N. Y.....Battery D.
Brown, Edward P. .. Pvt. 219 E. 69th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Brown, Eugene F. Cpl. 203 Sterling St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery E.
Brown, Iva K. Pvt. Delevan, N. Y. Battery C.
Brown, Jesse C. Pvt. New Market, Iowa Battery B.
Brown, Robert J. Pvt. 2109 S. Alden St., Philadelphia, Pa...Medical
Brown, Roland E. Cpl. Holland, N. Y. Battery E.
Browngardt, Carl Pvt. Germaine Ave., Sag Harbor, N. Y...Battery F.
Brueggemeier, P. F. .. Pvt. Norwood, Minn. Battery C.
Bruni, Joseph Pvt. Red Lodge, Montana Battery C.

Bruntmeyer, Henry	Pvt.	Battle Lake, Minn.	Battery A.
Bryant, Otto	*Pvt.*	*Garden City, Minn.*	*Battery D.*
Bryant, William	Pvt.	427 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Bucciantinni, Angelo	Cpl.		Battery F.
Buchmiller, Jos. W.	Pvt.	Jefferson, Iowa	Battery D.
Buckley, George E.	Pvt.	1388 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Buckley, Timothy J.	Sgt.	1158 1st Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Buechel, Louis	Pvt.	Dubuque, Iowa	Battery B.
Buehl, A.	Sgt.	*19 Chestnut St., Brooklyn, N. Y.*	*Battery E.*
Buffum, Sayles	Pvt.	Payne St., East Aurora, N. Y.	Battery B.
Buldic, Amile	Pvt.	1404 14th Ave., N. Minneapolis, Min.	Battery E.
Bundy, Harry D.	Pvt.	Angola, N. Y.	Battery A.
Buono, Julius	Pvt.	829 Park Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Burchards, John H.	Cpl.	116 Central Ave., Flushing, L. I.	Hdqrs. Co.
Burdick, Donald E.	Pvt.	R. D. No. 2, Bolivar, N. Y.	Battery D.
Burk, Lester	Pvt.		Battery C.
Burke, M. L.	Sgt.	225 E. 89th St., N. Y. C., % Hanlon	Battery B.
Buss, Jacob	Wag.	R. F. D. No. 2, Box 134, Robinsdale, Minn.	Supply Co.
Burkland, Chas. E.	Pvt.	174 Palmer St., Muskegon, Mich.	Battery C.
Busch, Benjamin	Pvt.	347 Harrison St., St. Paul, Minn.	Battery E.
Busel, Fred	Pvt.	33 Cooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Bush, Ernest	Cpl.	109 W. 24th St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Byrne, John J.	Pvt.	171 Beebe Ave., L. I. City, N. Y.	Battery C.
Byrne, Sylvester G.	Pvt.	1342 Clinton Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Byrne, Thomas J.	Wag.	1193 3rd Ave., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Caderre, Elzear	Pvt.	145 Dean St., New Bedford, Mass.	Battery A.
Cain, Harley J.	Pvt.	Clearfield Iowa	Battery D.
Calari, Alphonso	Pvt.	10 E. 14th St., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Caleca, Frank	Pvt.	316 W. 49th St., New York City.	Supply Co.
Calvin, Benjamin F.	Pvt.		Battery B.
Camp, Henry C.	Pvt.	Sonoma, Cal.	Battery C.
Campbell, Charles E.	Pvt.	Keokuk, Iowa	Battery C.
Canamare, Louis	Cpl.	Chestnut St., Cederhurst, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Canellos, John K.	Pvt.		Battery C.
Canfield, Harold T.	Sgt.	102 Bay St., Glens Falls, N. Y.	Battery A.
Cantwell, Thomas J.	Pvt.	511 W. 169th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Cappasso, Joseph	*Pvt.*	*304 E. 29th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.*	*Battery E.*
Capistran, Leo J.	Pvt.	Crookstown, Minn.	Battery D.
Cappalo, Vincent	Pvt.	21 Jones St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Carder, Earl B.	Pvt.	Valley Junction, Iowa	Battery C.
Carey, Erwin F.	Cpl.	96 Haven Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Carlson, Albert	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Herndon, Kansas.	Battery C.
Carlson, Axel L.	Pvt.	Wildwood, Minn.	Battery D.
Carlson, Edmund	Sgt.	1059 40th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Carlson, Herman R.	Pvt.	Sandstone, Minn.	Battery F.
Carmine, Bruno P.	Pvt.	264 Davis Ave., Greenwich, Conn.	Battery E.

Carmody, William A.	Pvt.	Emmetsburg, Iowa	Battery D.
Carr, Charles C.	Cpl.	101 Brent St., Dorchester, Mass.	Hdqrs. Co.
Carroll, Edward	Pvt.	452 W. 25th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Carrol, John J.	Pvt.	134 W. 63rd St., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Carter, Howard C.	Sgt.	Norfolk, Conn.	Hdqrs. Co.
Cartwright, Earl	Pvt.	Detroit, Minn.	Battery D.
Case, Arland B.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 1, Painted Post, N. Y.	Battery F.
Cass, Edwin C.	Cpl.	214 E. 69th St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Cassell, Robert W.	Cook	523B E. 85th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Cassidy, James A.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Springfield, Minn.	Battery C.
Cassidy, James F.	Cpl.	10 Stanley Terrace, Lynn, Mass.	Hdqrs. Co.
Castellano, Michael	Pvt.	339 3rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Castle, Albert	Cook	Eden Centre, Erie Co., N. Y.	Battery A.
Catibiloti A.	Pvt.	349 E. 76th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Caudell, Floyd	Pvt.	Stanton, Ky.	Battery D.
Cavanagh, Charles A.	Pvt.	804 E. 182nd St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Challeen, James A.	Pvt.	Pine City, Minn.	Battery B.
Chapman, Joseph N.	Pvt.	207 Berkeley Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Charles, Moriville J.	Pvt.	R. F. D., Sandusky, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Charleson, James F.	Pvt.	412B Avlarad St., Los Angeles, Cal.	Battery E.
Charley, Albert	Pvt.	Grandy, Minn.	Battery A.
Chott, John F.	Pvt.	215 Chestnut St., Fort Madison, Ia.	Battery E.
Christensen, Axel	Pvt.	Ringstead, Iowa	Battery D.
Christie, Burdette H.	Pvt.	R. D. No. 8, Hastings, Mich.	Battery E.
Christie, Elmer	Pvt.	Osakis, Minn.	Battery A.
Christoffel, J. E.	Sgt.	1198 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Clackner, John L.	Sgt.	350 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Clancy, James	Pvt.	222 South 17th St., Olean, N. Y.	Battery F.
Clark, Adam	Pvt.	Beacon, Iowa	Battery E.
Clark, Bert E.	Pvt.	Winatchi, Wash.	Supply Co.
Clark, Lee R.	Pvt.	400 Washington St., Colfax, Iowa	Battery E.
Clark, R. H.	Cpl.	Fisher's Island, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Clarke, John P.	Pvt.	730 S. Evans Ave., McKeesport, Pa.	Battery F.
Clausen, Christian A.	Pvt.	3251 Minnehaha Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery C.
Claviter, Arthur W.	Pvt.	616 4th Ave., International Falls, Minn.	Battery D.
Claypool, William	Pvt.	Pine Island, Minn.	Battery B.
Cleary, William M.	Pvt.	53 West St., Chicopee, Mass.	Battery D.
Cline, Clyde O.	Pvt.	Leechburg, Pa.	Battery F.
Coats, Wm. Van R.	Sgt.	240 Audubon, N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Coffeen, Ben	Pvt.	Mound City, Kansas	Battery C.
Coffey, James J.	Pvt.	513 3rd Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Coffta, Stanley V.	Pvt.	248 Lackawanna Ave., Sloan, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Cogan, John R.	Pvt.		Battery A.
Cohen, Benj. H.	Cpl.	550 W. 157 St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Cohen, Meyer	Pvt.	1417 S. Franklin St., Phila., Pa.	Battery C.

Collarissi, Thomas	Cpl.	307 W. 69th St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Cole, Walter J.	Pvt.	Middlesex, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Coleman, George	Mech.	2274 7th Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Collat, Justin A.	Pvt.	605 W. 144th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Colling, Perry L.	Pvt.	110 Albro Ave., Springville, N. Y.	Battery B.
Collings, Jeremiah G.	Pvt.	722 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Collins, Nicholas	Pvt.	114 E. 127th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Colmerauer, Joseph	Pvt.	Seneca & Lind Sts., Gardenville, N.Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Condon, William B.	Pvt.	1617 7th Ave. S., St. Cloud, Minn.	Battery F.
Conlon, Thomas E.	Pvt.	Curlew, Iowa	Battery E.
Connell, James C.	Pvt.	1221 Maple St., Olean, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Connell, Levitson	Pvt.	R. F. D. 4, Box 12, Charlotte, N. C.	Battery A.
Connelly, Frank T.	Pvt.	285 Franklin St., Norwich, Conn.	Battery F.
Connelly, James E.	Pvt.	28 Perry St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Connelly, R. A.	Pvt.	111 Lake St., Newburg, N.Y.	Battery F.
Converse, Verne E.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 2, Fairhaven, Minn.	Battery C.
Cook, Edward W.	Cpl.	52 Woodward Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Cook, Ralph P.	Cpl.	251 5th Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Cookman, Charles A.	Pvt.	P. O. Box 64, Cowlesville, N. Y.	Battery B.
Coon, Russell G.	Pvt.	2101 Clark St., Des Moines, Iowa	Battery E.
Coppolo, Alfonso	Pvt.	159 Malvern St., Newark, N. J.	Hdqrs. Co.
Corbett, James J.	Pvt.	263 7th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Corigliano, Santo	Pvt.	52 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Cornish, Orin A.	Pvt.	214 Lenworth Pl., S. W., Washington, D. C.	Battery F.
Corrado, Antonio	Saddler	33 Crescent St., Swampscott, Mass.	Battery D.
Correll, T. V.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 5, Marshall, Mo.	
Corrigan, Charles F.	Pvt.	110 Pleasant St., New Britain, Conn.	Hdqrs. Co.
Consentino, Rosario	Mech.	282 Exchange St., Geneva, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Cote, William L.	Sgt.	Warrenburg, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Cox, Louis H.	Pvt.		Medical
Coyle, Michael	Pvt.	1274 Ave. A., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Coyne, Thomas A.	Cpl.	318 W. 125th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Cramblitt, Harry C.	Pvt.	920 Ryan St., Baltimore, Md.	Battery C.
Crean, Peter	Pvt.	446 Maple St., Holyoke, Mass.	Battery D.
Cristiano, Guissepe	Pvt.	McKinley, Minn.	Battery C.
Cromwell, H. M.	Pvt.	Scranton, Iowa	Battery E.
Cronin, Thomas J.	1st Sgt.	618 W. 5th St., Topeka, Kansas	Battery B.
Crooker, Howard O.	Cpl.	2560 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery A.
Crooks, James	Sgt.	435 36th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Crosby, James E.	Pvt.	353 E. 193rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Cross, Miles E.	Sgt.	Eureka, N. Y.	Battery D.
Croy, Walter C.	Cpl.	Glencoe, Iowa	Battery D.
Cucciniello, Louis	Sgt.	123 Goodrich St., Astoria, L. I., N.Y.	Battery A.
Cucopules, A.	Cook	112 W. 65th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Cullen, Bernard	Bug.	504 W. 172nd St., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Curnan, Patrick	Pvt.	2791 8th Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Curry, Thomas C.	Sgt.	345 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.

Curtis, Clarence D. .. Cpl. Leedy, Okla. Battery A.
Cutshell, John L. Pvt. General Delivery, Livingston Co., Bedford, Mo. Battery A.

Dallye, William T. Sgt. 730 S. Evans Ave., McKeesport, Pa..Battery F.
Dalrymple, Fred Pvt. 129 E. 23rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Daly, William F. Pvt. 381 E. 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery A.
Damato, Anthoney M. .. Pvt. 479 Adelphia St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery B.
Damitz, John F. Pvt. Box 40, Elkhorn, Nebr. Battery A.
Danforth, George C. .. Sgt. Foxcroft, Maine Battery C.
Daniels, Joseph Wag. 175 Herkimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y...Supply Co.
Danielson, George Pvt. Erskine, Minn. Battery A.
Darling, George Sgt. 611 W. 156th St., N. Y. C. Battery D.
Darrel, Roscoe R. Pvt. Twinn, Minn. Battery F.
Daubert, Elmer E. Pvt. 2618 W. Silver St., Philadelphia, Pa..Battery A.
Dauwalder, Charles .. Pvt. Rochelle Park, N. J. Hdqrs. Co.
Davies, Leroy S. Pvt. 47 Park Ave., Englewood, N. J. Battery B.
Davis, Lloyd S. Pvt. 4 Park St., Springville, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Dawson, Norman Sgt. 314 Webster St., Needham Hts., Mas.Battery D.
DeCicco, Albert A. .. Pvt. West Hoboken, N. J. Battery E.
Deegan, William A. .. Mech. 192 Wycoff Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery A.
Di-Lello, Joseph Cook 209 E. 44th St., N. Y. C.....Battery B.
Dehullu, Julian Pvt. 41 Snipsie St., Rockville, Conn.....Battery A.
Deike, Fredk. H. B. .. Pvt. 8725 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery E.
Del Nevo, Anthony .. Sgt. 482 W. Broadway, N. Y. C., N. Y....Battery C.
Deming, Roy L. Pvt. 3122 Hiawatha Ave., Minneap., Minn.Battery F.
Despino, Salvatore .. Pvt. 36 Little Nassau St., Brooklyn, N. Y..Battery A.
Dettman, Henry J. Pvt. Clarence, Iowa Hdqrs. Co.
Dever, Willis Pvt. Highwood, Ill. Battery F.
Devoe, Charles R. Pvt. Oyster Bay, N. Y. Battery B.
Devorak, C. G. Pvt. 76 W. 48th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
Dewey, Henry S. Pvt. 49 Marigold St., Buffalo, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
DiCaprio, Bernard R. .. Cpl. Box 15, Skillman, N. J. Battery F.
Dichich, Mike Sgt. 252 W. 39th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Dickman, Eldo F. Pvt. Garnsville, Iowa Battery A.
Dignen, Charles B. .. Pvt. R. F. D. No. 2, Addison, Steuben Co., N. Y. Battery F.
Director, Jacob Cook 219 Henry St., N. Y. C. Battery F.
Dobby, David Cpl. 556 St. Paul's Pl., N. Y. C., N. Y....Battery B.
Dodrille, Martin Pvt. Bergoo, W. Va. Medical
Doepner, William Pvt. 640 W. Minnehaha Ave., St. Paul, Minn. Battery F.
Doherty, Samuel R. .. Bugler 301 Warwick St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery A.
Dolfini, Andrew Bd. Ldr. ...136 6th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Dominski, John S. Pvt. 88 Main St., Hamburg, N. Y.....Battery A.
Dondich, Sam Pvt. P. O. Box 206, Aurora, Minn. Battery B.
Donnelly, John Pvt. 412 Prospect Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery D.
Donnelly, William J. .. Cpl. 1629 W. 32nd Place, Chicago, Ill....Battery F.

Donnelly, Joseph P. .. Pvt. 20 Treadwell Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y..Hdqrs. Co.
Donohue, John J. Pvt. 238 E. 124th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Donovan, Aloysius B. . Pvt. 53 North St., Binghamton, N. Y....Supply Co.
Dorck, John Pvt. 232 E. 100th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
Dorst, Walter M. Wag. Hamburg, N. Y. Supply Co.
Doshna, John Pvt. 26 Arlington Ave., Yonkers, N. Y....Hdqrs. Co.
Doty, L. F. Cpl. 605 W. 181st St., N. Y. C. Hdqrs. Co.
Doubek, Joseph F. Pvt. General Delivery, Wilson, Kansas...Battery B.
Dowling, Edward M. . Pvt. 227 W. 70th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Downes, Ernest J. Pvt. 1838 3rd Ave., N. Y. C. Battery D.
Deyo, Ramond Pvt. 62 Bunker Hill Ave., Waterbury, Conn. Battery A.
Doyon, Joseph N. Pvt. Boyden, Iowa Battery C.
Drenth, Klaas Cpl. Elsworth, Minn. Battery A.
Dresch, Frank E. Cpl. 287 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery C.
Dreyblatt, Max Bd. Sgt. ..325 E. Houston St., N. Y. C., N. Y...Hdqrs. Co.
Dries, F. G. 1st Sgt. ...Southold, L. I., N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Driscoll, Robert E. .. Pvt. 962 W. 28th St., Erie, Pa. Supply Co.
Drosendahl, W. H. Jr. . Pvt. R. F. D. No. 1, Wales Center, N. Y..Battery E.
Ducharme, Joseph A. . Pvt. R. F. D. Box 174, N. St. Paul, Minn.Battery C.
Ducharme, Theodore . Pvt. R. R. No. 1, Red Lake Falls, Minn...Battery B.
Dunham, James Pvt. Prospect Park, Hamburg, N. Y.....Battery A.
Dunn, Bernard J. Pvt. Box 164, Cascade, Iowa Battery B.
Dunn, John J. Pvt. P. O. Box 209, Glen Cove, L. I., N. Y.Hdqrs. Co.
Dunning, Morris M. .. Pvt. R. F. D., Cuba, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Dunphy, John J. Sgt. 23 Winifred St., Middle Village, L. I., N. Y. Battery E.
Duphorne, Otto D. .. Pvt. Gen. Del., Sharon Springs, Kas.....Battery B.
Durkin, Roy E. Pvt. 740 8th St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.....Battery C.
Durling, Ray W. Sgt. 57 W. 92nd St., N. Y. C. Battery E.
Dyblass, Charles W. .. Pvt. 694 E. 138th St., N. Y. C., N. Y. ...Battery B.
Dyer, Thomas B. Pvt. 27 Lawn Ave., Pawtucket, R. I. Battery D.

Eannuzzo, Guesseppe . Pvt. Fragona Provensi, Gorgenti, Italy...Battery F.
Eaton, Christopher .. Pvt. 353 W. 44th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Edgerton, Abel J. Pvt. 597 E. 136th St., Bronx, N. Y.....Battery B.
Edgerton, Lester M. .. Pvt. 311 Hall Ave., Solvay, N. Y. Battery A.
Egan, John Sgt. 2120 Crotona Ave., Bronx, N. Y.....Battery B.
Egan, William J. Pvt. 1227 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y..Battery F.
Ehlers, Paul Pvt. 619 Gaines St., Davenport, Iowa.....Battery E.
Elmer, Harry F. Pvt. Union Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y. Battery E.
Eichele, Otto Pvt. 224 3rd St., New Dorp, S. I., N. Y...Battery C.
Eisele, Albert J. Pvt. Orchard Park, N. Y. Battery E.
Eisenberg, Albert Mus. 97 Norfolk St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Elko, Edward Cpl. 2780 Ambler St., Cleveland, Ohio...Battery A.
Emerson, Robert M. .. Pvt. 3 Clifford Ave., Ware, Mass. Battery D.
Emil, Anders Cpl. 938 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery C.
Engen, Helmar J. Pvt. Highwater, Minn. Battery B.

Engstrom, F. C. Pvt. R. F. D. No. 1, Garfield, Minn. Battery E.
Epstein, Abraham L. .. Pvt. 87 Goerck St., N. Y. C. Medical
Ess, Floyd Cpl. 296 Grove St., East Aurora, N. Y....Battery E.
Evans, Esli M. Pvt. R. F. D. No. 2, Weldon, Iowa Battery B.
Everitt, Seward C. Pvt. Hammondsport, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Ewinger, Wesley F. .. Pvt. 214 N. Main St., Burlington, Iowa..Battery A.

Fairchild, George Pvt. Packwood, Iowa Battery E.
Fancher, Allen R. Pvt. Perrysburg, N. Y. Battery C.
Farber, Charley A. .. Pvt. R. F. D. 5, Erie, Pa. Battery B.
Farber, Harl Pvt. R. F. D., Hoxie, Kansas Battery B.
Farley, Christ Pvt. 351 Kentucky St., St. Paul, Minn....Battery E.
Farni, Charles N. Pvt. R. F. D. 1, Durango, Iowa Battery B.
Farrell, Patrick J. Pvt. 426 W. 48th St., N. Y. C. Battery B.
Farrell, W. A. Pvt. 2796 8th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Farren, John J. Pvt. 4 Hallock St., Amherst, Mass. Battery D.
Fatseas, Paul Pvt. 673 3rd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Feinberg, Sam Pvt. 1345 44th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery E.
Feldweg, Edward H. . Pvt. 137 5th St., Elizabeth, N. J. Battery A.
Fenneran, Bert T. Pvt. Humphrey, N. Y. Battery C.
Fieldly, John O. V. .. Pvt. 650 Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery F.
Fink, Albert A. Cpl. 425 E. 120th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Fink, Max Pvt. 34 Garden St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery F.
Finkelstein, Harry Pvt. 2771 W. 36th St., Coney Island, N. Y.Battery F.
Finnegan, Dennis Sgt. 629 Hamburg Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y..Supply Co.
Fischer, A. J. Pvt. 1625 6th St., N. Minneapolis, Minn...Battery E.
Fischer, George E. Sgt. Battery C.
Fischer, Joseph W. .. Sgt. 146 E. 98th St., N. Y. C. Battery C.
Fisher, Mike J. Pvt. 140 Exchange St., Chicopee, Mass...Battery D.
Fisher, William F. Pvt. 453 E. 78th St., N. Y. C.....Supply Co.
Fitzgerald, Nicholas .. Pvt. 144 Sargeant St., Holyoke, Mass....Battery D.
Flienes, Alvin Pvt. International Falls, Minn. Battery E.
Fleitman, Abraham .. Mus. 35 Spring St., Boston, Mass. Hdqrs. Co.
Fleming, Bert F. Pvt. 116 Washington Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Battery A.
Fleming, Gerald Pvt. 540 W. 159th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Fleming, William A. .. Pvt. R. F. D. 1, Concordia, Mo.
Flynn, James P. Sgt. 60 16th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery F.
Flynn, William J. Pvt. 511 S. Bridge St., Holyoke, Mass....Battery D.
Foley, Henry Mech. 807 W. 17th St., Omaha, Neb.....Battery A.
Follett, Carlyle W. .. Pvt. Machias, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Foose, Edward W. .. Pvt. Blasdell, N. Y. Battery A.
Foote, Perrie Pvt. Raymond, Minn. Battery B.
Fosano, Tony Pvt. Hdqrs. Co.
Foster, Philip W. H. shoer ..97 W. 9th St., Oswego, N. Y.....Battery D.
Fox, Andrew J. Pvt. 38 Pearl St., Springville, N. Y.....Battery B.
Fox, Isidore J. Pvt. 129 W. 112th St., N. Y. C., N. Y. Battery B.
Frank, August H. Cpl. 389 3rd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.

Franz, Oscar	Pvt.	772 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Frazier, Lewis	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 3, Malvern, Iowa	Battery B.
Frazier, Louis S.	Pvt.	187 Front St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Fredericksen, F. A.	Pvt.	Box 315, Tyler, Minn.	Battery C.
Freedman, Robert	Cpl.	628 W. 151st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Freehof, Marty L.	Pvt.	41 E. North St., Wilkesbarre, Pa.	Battery A.
Freeman, Benj.	Pvt.	20 Rutger Pl., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Freidberg, Benj.	Pvt.	116 W. 129th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
French, Arthur	Mus.	760 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
French, Neal M.	Pvt.	6722 Agnes Ave., Kansas City, Mo.	Battery A.
French, Oscar L.	1st. Sgt.	1506 15th St., Nitro, W. Va.	Battery D.
Frey, Harry C.	*Pvt.*	155 *Audubon Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.*	*Battery C.*
Frid, Charles J.	Pvt.	345 Fulton St., St. Paul, Ramsay, Minn.	Battery D.
Freidman, H.	Pvt.	1879 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Friedricksen, Emil	Pvt.	Kiron, Iowa	Battery C.
Fromm, Louis	Pvt.	500 W. 175th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Fuchs, Peilet	Pvt.	2317 Westchester Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Fuller, Frederick C.	Pvt.	Cordanville, Mass.	Battery D.
Fullhardt, William	Pvt.	1752 1st Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Gallenz, Valentine	Pvt.	Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	Battery C.
Galli, Louis	Pvt.	728 Garfield St., Eveleth, Minn.	Hdqrs. Co.
Gallo, Ernest	Pvt.	333 E. 120th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Gallo, Gus	Pvt.	Newton, N. J.	Battery C.
Gambel, Edward	Mech.	1437 2nd Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Gardali, Chas.	Pvt.	19 Summer Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Garner, George L.	Pvt.	Potosi, Wisconsin	Battery D.
Garrison, Charles	Cpl.	Bay 20th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Gasper, John G.	Pvt.	525 21st Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery F.
Gaudazno, Ralph	Pvt.	2037 1st Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Gaughn, Thomas J.	*Pvt.*	70 *Iglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.*	*Battery C.*
Gavin, Bernard M.	Pvt.	702 W. Healey St., Olean, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Geery, Duncan F.	Sgt.	64 Clark St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Gehrke, George W.	Pvt.	Route 4, Jackson, Minn.	Battery A.
Geise, Henry M.	Pvt.	2000 3rd Ave., N. Y. C.	Ordnance
Gerard, Louis	Pvt.	267 W. 40th St., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Gerardo, Lewis	Pvt.	297 Mott St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Geyer, Charles G.	Cook	86 Himrod St., Brooklyn. N. Y.	Battery D.
Ghelardi, Anthony F.	Sgt.	645 40th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Giambruno, E.	Pvt.	266½ William St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Gilbert, Frank J.	Pvt.	136 Maple St., East Aurora, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Gillis, Williamson	Pvt.	18 Cedar St., Stapleton, S. I., N. Y.	Battery B.
Gilmore, Michael	Pvt.	1582 3rd Ave., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Gilmour, Arthur E.	Pvt.	14 Park Ave., Winchester, Mass.	Hdqrs. Co.
Gilmour, James	Pvt.	East Grand Forks, Minn.	Battery D.
Gilway, J. J.	Sgt.	161 Eagle St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.

Gimmey, Chas. E. Pvt. 292 Hickory St., Buffalo, N. Y.....Battery A.
Ginsberg, Leonard Sgt. 935 St. Nicolas Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery F.
Glass, Joseph Cpl. 170 Broadway, N. Y. C. Battery D.
Glauber, Jerome H. ..Cpl. 535 W. 162nd St., N. Y. C. Battery B.
Glauber, Nathan S. ..Pvt. 535 W. 162nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Gleason, Jos. M. Sgt. 476 Main St. Poughkeepsie, N. Y...Battery D.
Gleason, William J. ..Cpl. 307 E. 37th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Glover, William H. ..Pvt. 78 Harrison St., N. Britain, Conn....Battery A.
Godfrey, Peter Pvt. 470 St. Anthony St., St. Paul, Minn..Battery A.
Godoy, Frank Mus. Barros, Porto Rico Hdqrs. Co.
Godwin, Frank A. Sgt. Ordnance
Goebel, John M. Ch. Mech..Roosevelt Ave., Inwood, L. I., N. Y..Battery E.
Goldberg, Max Pvt. 1600 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y...Battery A.
Goldsmith, Joseph Cpl. 700 W. 179th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Goldschmidt, R. O. ..Cpl. 641 Ward St., Richmond Hill, N. Y..Hdqrs. Co.
Golub, Herman A. Pvt. 321 Fernwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.Medical
Gonzales, Joseph Pvt. 65 W. 36th St., N. Y. C.....Battery E.
Goodman, Frank Pvt. 522 W. 3rd St., Bloomington, Ind....Battery D.
Goodwin, James A. ..Cpl. 370 W. 29th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
Gordon, Warner A. ..Pvt. General Delivery, Bunker, Missouri.Supply Co.
Gorman, A. T. Sgt. 37 W. 87th St., N. Y. C. Battery E.
Gorman, Clarence P. ..Pvt. 102 Waverly Pl., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
Gorrell, T. V. Pvt. Battery B.
Grace, George Pvt. Battery E.
Graham, Lawrence F. .Pvt. 444 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.....Ordnance
Graham, Revard Pvt. 1294 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.Hdqrs. Co.
Graham, William L. ..Pvt. 129 S. 11th St., Olean, N. Y. Battery F.
Grandin, Victor S. ..Sgt. 602 W. 146th St., N. Y. C., N. Y....Battery D.
Gravany, John C. Pvt. 219 E. 76th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Graves, Victor H. Pvt. 463 W. 2nd St., Elmira, N. Y.....Battery D.
Graves, Wayne K. Pvt. Chaffee, N. Y. Battery B.
Gray, Daniel Pvt. 312 W. 51st St., N. Y. C. Battery B.
Green, Warner Pvt. Humbolt Pl., Depew, Erie Co., N. Y.Battery A.
Greenbaum, Louis Pvt. 502 W. 176th St., N. Y. C., N. Y....Battery C.
Greenberg, Herman J. .Pvt. 233 Vernon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery B.
Greenfield, J. T. Sgt. Battery C.
Gregg, James Cpl. 310 W. 121st St., N. Y. C., N. Y....Battery C.
Gregory, Christopher .Pvt. 134 W. 20th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Greim, Frank J. Pvt. Ottawa, N. Y. Battery C.
Grenz, Edward Pvt. 643 E. 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Supply Co.
Grieves, Edward Pvt. Big Timber, Montana Battery D.
Griffin, George J. Pvt. 2832 Cortland St., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery F.
Griffith, A. C. Pvt. Chrisman, Ill. Battery E.
Griffith, Glenn M. Pvt. Arcade, N. Y. Medical
Grogan, Joseph E. Pvt. 115 Wolcott St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery F.
Grohs, Raymond J. ..Ch. Mech...44 Lynbrook Ave., Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y. Battery B.
Grunauer, Mortimer ..Sgt. 323 Edgecombe Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.Hdqrs. Co.

Gronback, Ragner K.	Cpl.	3847 N. Whipple St., Chicago, Ill.	Battery C.
Grundt, Michael	Pvt.	1483 5th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Grunditz, Hjelmer R.	Pvt.	3932 13th Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery F.
Grunfast, Isidore	Pvt.	499 Hendrix St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Medical
Guenther, Albert	Pvt.	19 London St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery F.
Guida, Anthony	Pvt.	313 E. 48th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Gronewald, Henry	H. shoer	Sibley, Iowa	Supply Co.
Gwynne, William	Wag.	431 E. 17th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Haag, John G.	Wag.	Sumner, Iowa	Supply Co.
Hagan, James F.	Pvt.	128 E. 112th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Hagan, James J. Jr.	Cpl.	172 W. 82nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Hagman, Roy W.	Pvt.	223 W. 13th St., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Hahn, Andrew	Bn. Cpl.	241 Central Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Haley, Wesley H.	Mech.	565 W. 148th St., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Hall, Joseph	Pvt.	South Coventry, Conn.	Battery E.
Hallbauer, Walter C.	Pvt.	509 Broadway, S. Boston, Mass.	Battery A.
Halligan, Jos. J.	Pvt.	413 Vanderbilt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Halverson, John	Pvt.	712 S. 11th St., Esterville, Iowa	Battery A.
Halverson, C. O.	Pvt.	Waseca, Minn.	Battery C.
Hamburg, Norvin	Pvt.	R. No. 1, Box 92, Oakland, Minn.	Battery A.
Hamff, William	Pvt.	6 Allen St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Hammerschmidt, J.	Pvt.	304 E. 85th St., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Hanft, William A. Jr.	Sgt.	100 Hudson St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Hanner, Robert F.	Pvt.	711 Church St., Greensboro, N. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
Hannon, Thomas J.	Pvt.	10 Ridgefield St., Dorchester, Mass.	Battery E.
Hanrahan, Michael J.	Pvt.	317 W. 142nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Hansen, Harry	Pvt.	R. R. No. 2, West Burlington, Iowa.	Battery F.
Hansen, Henry	Pvt.	208 E. 21st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Hansen, Warner J.	Pvt.	806 42nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Hanson, Otto	Pvt.	Foley, Minn.	Battery E.
Harknett, George	Sgt.	1296 Shakespeare Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Harper, Henry J.	Pvt.	Potosi, Mo.	Battery B.
Harper, Martin B.	Pvt.	Peoria Heights, Peoria, Ill.	Battery C.
Harrington, E. O.	Pvt.	404 Park Ave., Herkimer, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Harrington, Jeremiah	Cpl.	122 W. 84th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Harris, Harry	Pvt.	122 W. 104th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Harrison, Henry D.	Sgt.	Eldred, Pa.	Hdqrs. Co.
Hart, John A.	Mus.	165 W. 126th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Harvey, George W.	Sgt.	1371 Shakespeare Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Hauenstein, Antony	Pvt.	191 Avenue B, N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Hausman, John B.	Pvt.	172 Shelton Ave., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.	Battery A.
Hawkins, William J.	Pvt.	Walnut St., Pawling, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Hawkinson, Peter A.	Pvt.	503 E. Belvedere St., St. Paul, Minn.	Battery A.
Hawley, Henry S.	Pvt.	Pelham Road, Amherst, Mass.	Battery D.
Hayes, Delmor	Pvt.	Pleasantville, Iowa	Battery E.

Hayden, Thomas F. .. Pvt. 203 W. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Haynes, Edward Cpl. 54 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Haynes, Daniel E. .. Pvt. 231 Morgan St., Tonawanda, N. Y...Battery E.
Head, Edward J. Sgt. 48 Convent Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Headings, John S. Pvt. R. F. D. 5, Hutchinson, Kansas Battery B.
Healzig, Charles Pvt. 114 E. 105th St., N. Y. C.,.....Supply Co.
Heaney, James J. Pvt. 1882 Park Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Hecht, Theodore Pvt. 560 W. 149th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Hedenus, George W. . Pvt. 208 E. 95th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
Hedinger, Richard, Jr. . Pvt. 611 Westchester Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.Battery C.
Hefferman, Joseph J. . Pvt. 112 St. Mark's Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y..Medical
Heldt, George Mech. 221 E. 88th St., N. Y. C. Battery E.
Helgans, Harry Cpl. 89 Elton St., Broklyn, N. Y. Battery B.
Heller, J. A., Jr. Pvt. 219 E. 114th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Heller, Max J. Pvt. 3 Sheriff St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Hellman, Harvey W. . Pvt. Manchester, St. Louis Co., Mo.....Battery B.
Helman, Jack Pvt. 363 E. 51st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery A.
Henley, Maurice Pvt. 215 Lee Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery A.
Henky, Theo. Pvt. 188 Elderds Lane, Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery B.
Hennessy, Sylvester .. Pvt. 300 W. 147th St., N. Y. C., N. Y....Battery A.
Henry, John F. Pvt. 814 North St., Collingdale, Pa.....Supply Co.
Herfort, Gunther Cpl. 570 W. 189th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Herman, Benedict Pvt. 213 Henry St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Hergenrother, E. H. . Pvt. 462 Chestnut St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery F.
Herrick, William G. .. Pvt. Perrysburg, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Heron, Thomas J. Pvt. 165 E. 49th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Heyl, Robert C., Jr. .. Sgt. Wynnewood, Pa. Hdqrs. Co.
Hicks, Alexander Pvt. 558 W. 148th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Higbee, Norman Sgt. Maj...R. F. D. No. 2, Milleville, N. J. Hdqrs. Co.
Hill, Horace J. Pvt. Lost Creek, Tenn. Battery F.
Hill, Irving H. Sgt. 118 Warren St., N. Y. C. Battery B.
Hill, James A. Pvt. 215 *Liberty, Bath, N. Y.*.....*Battery F.*
Hiltensmith, Albert J. . As. Bd. Lr..Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Hines, Edwin S. Pvt. 474 W. 158th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
Hirsch, M. D. Sgt. 98 Sheriff St., N. Y. C. Battery B.
Hirsch, Vincent R. .. Pvt. Pound Rd., Spring Brook, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Hoag, Martin J. Cpl. Wingdale, N. Y. Battery C.
Hochreiter, John B. .. Pvt. Main St., West Falls, N. Y.....Battery E.
Hodel, Joseph M., Jr. . Pvt. 110 S. 11th Ave., Whitestone, N. Y...Battery D.
Hodge, Carl V. Pvt. Hastings, Iowa Battery E.
Hodson, George F. .. Pvt. Orchard Park, Erie Co., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Hoey, Alfred E. Sgt. 477 W. 143rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Hoffman, Abraham .. Cpl. 214 Lynch St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery C.
Hoffman, George H. .. Cpl. R. F. D. No. 2, Hempstead, L. I.....Ordnance
Hoffman, Jacob H. .. Cpl. 763 Fresh Pond Rd., Bklyn., N. Y...Battery F.
Hoffman, William J. .. Pvt. McIntyre, Iowa Battery D.
Hogan, Bernard J. .. Pvt. 502 W. 53rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Hogarth, Robert Sgt. Jericho, L. I., N. Y. Supply Co.

Hoggerle, Joseph A... Pvt. 423 S. 10th St., Minneapolis, Minn...Battery D.
Hogg, Joseph A. Bd. Cpl. ...154 Garfield Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Holder, Edward P. ..Sgt. Battery B.
Hollock, William H. ..Pvt. General Delivery, Malden, Mo.....Battery B.
Holmes, Arthur Sgt. 182 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.Ordnance
Hoover, Paul J. Pvt. Scotland, Pa. Battery A.
Hopkins, William V. ..Pvt. 342 E. 65th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Hornung, Harry E. ..Pvt. 207 Adams St., Buffalo, N. Y.....Battery E.
Hornung, John J. Pvt. 305 W. 146th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Horton, Gerald C. Cpl. William St., Hammondsport, N. Y...Battery F.
Hotchkiss, Eugene E. .Pvt. 218 Stenvenson St., Buffalo, N. Y...Battery A.
Houseman, H. T......Pvt. *Battery B.*
Hovey, Harris*Pvt.* R. No. 3, Grove City, Minn.....Battery C.
Howard, George F. ..Pvt. 243 Division St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Howell, Floyd Pvt. Bens Run, W. Va. Medical
Howley, John Pvt. 638 3rd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y. Battery E.
Hoyt, Henry C. Sgt. 558 Woodward Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.Battery A.
Huback, Frank Cpl. Mobridge, So. Dakota Battery E.
Hudson, E. P. Pvt. 376 W. 48th St., N. Y. C., N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Hughes, Clifford L. ..Pvt. Farmersville, N. Y. Supply Co.
Humbert, Joseph S. ..Wag. 133 Duerstein Ave., Buffalo, N. Y...Battery A.
Humphreys, H. J. Pvt. 378 Bay St., Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y. Battery E.
Humphrey, William ..Sgt. 242 E. 48th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Hunt, Dominic P. Pvt. 1330 E. 24th St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery A.
Hunter, John E. Sgt. 546 Broadway, Astoria, N. Y. Battery A.
Hurwitz, Ely Pvt. 1117Westchester Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.Battery A.
Hutchinson, H. S. Cpl. 164 Ash Ave., Flushing, L. I., N. Y..Battery B.
Hyde, Joe R. Pvt.

Inglett, Lloyd M. H. shoer ..Prosper, Minn. Battery F.
Ireland, Frank Pvt. 1568 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y...Supply Co.
Isaacs, Lester Cpl. 1064 57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Izmialowicy, Ignacy ..Pvt. Battery D.

Jackson, John A. Pvt. Battery E.
Jackson, Lloyd B. Pvt. Newmarket, Iowa Battery D.
R. F. D. No. 1, N. St. Paul St.,
Jackson, Wayne L. ..Pvt. Cameron, Steuben Co., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Jacob, William R. Mech. 1732 Holland Ave., Bronx, N. Y.....Battery C.
Jacboson, William Cpl. 731 E. 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery D.
Jeager, Albert E. Pvt. 340 Kaufman Ave., Dubuque, Iowa..Battery B.
Jaekle, Jacob Sgt. 1218 N. Union, Olean, N. Y. Battery F.
Jakob, Frederick L. .Pvt. 332 E. 94th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
James, Ashton Pvt. East Lynn, Mass. Battery B.
James, Emile, Jr. Pvt. 137 W. 13th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Janulewicz, John Pvt. 111 Lemon St., Holyoke, Mass. Battery D.
Jay, Albert C. Pvt. 424 Harrison St., Pottsville, Pa.....Battery C.

Jeanette, Louie	Pvt.	22 11th Ave., W. Duluth, Minn.	Battery C.
Jeffers, William J.	Sgt.	1807 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	Battery F.
Jemma, Vincent	Cpl.	25 New Bowery, N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Jensen, Cris H.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 9, Penn Yan, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Jensen, Oscar	Pvt.	R. No. 1, West Gate, Iowa	Battery B.
Jewell, Joseph	Pvt.	Wallingford, Vt.	Battery D.
Jewell, Robert	Pvt.	217 N. 2nd St., Olean, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Joa, Christian	Pvt.	R. No. 1, Box 88, Rosco, Minn.	Battery E.
Johansen, C. L.	Pvt.	Fordensold, Minn.	Battery C.
Johansen, Ingvarda	Pvt.	3904 Gold St., Omaha, Neb.	Battery F.
Johns, Alfred A.	Cpl.	296 Ravine Lane, Rochester, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Johnson, Claus	Pvt.	R. R. 2, Madelia, Iowa	Battery D.
Johnson, Edward	Pvt.	Park Ridge, N. J.	Hdqrs. Co.
Johnson, Edward T.	Pvt.	Buffalo St., Elkland, Pa.	Hdqrs. Co.
Johnson, Edwin G.	Pvt.	8 Charles Pl., Woodhaven, N. Y.	Battery D.
Johnson, Elmer A.	Sgt.	1010 Haynes St., Ottumwa, Iowa	Hdqrs. Co.
Johnson, Gilbert A.	Pvt.	Route No. 6, Atwater, Minn.	Battery F.
Johnson, Harold L.	Pvt.	Bonapart, Iowa	Battery B.
Johnson, Harry W.	Pvt.	2316 Monroe St., Minneapolis, Minn.	Hdqrs. Co.
Johnson, Joseph E.	Sgt.	52 Irving Pl., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Johnson, W. C.	Pvt.	Audubon, Minn.	Battery E.
Johnston, James J.	Sgt.	30 Greenwood Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Battery C.
Jonas, James E.	Cpl.	419 W. 129th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Jones, Arthur T.	Sgt.	625 W. 138th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Jones, Thomas H.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Bonair, Iowa	Battery A.
Jorden, Frank R.	Pvt.	114 Wayne St., Olean, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Jorschumb, Emil A.	Pvt.	Dumont, Minn.	Battery E.
Jung, Theo. A.	Sgt.	Fifth St., Bay Side, N. Y.	Battery A.
Jurgensen, Harry	Pvt.	404 Woodbury St., Marshalltown, Ia.	Battery B.
Kaiser, Harry	H. shoer	Rolfe, Iowa	Battery C.
Kaiser, W. B.	Pvt.	Janesville, Minn.	Battery E.
Kalf, Edward	*Pvt.*	*Wellsville, N. Y.*	*Battery D.*
Kalle, Lewis W.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 1, Box 26, Ebenezer, N. Y.	Battery A.
Kamus, Louis	Pvt.	95 W. 119th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Kane, Hiram C.	Pvt.	General Delivery, Lackawanna, N. Y.	Battery A.
Kaplan, Phillip	Pvt.	165 E. 89th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Kaplan, Samuel	Pvt.	3037 W. 23rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Karlson, Wesley	Sgt.	20 W. 129th St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Karolowsky, Stanis	Pvt.	47 Beck St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Karp, Joseph D.	Pvt.	1520 Charlotte St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Kassner, George	Mech.	Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.	Battery C.
Kaula, Edgar T.	Sgt.	38 Richdale Ave., Boston, Mass.	Battery E.
Kavanagh, Michael	Pvt.	259 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Keane, George J.	Sgt.	309 Grant Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Keenan, George E.	Sgt.	Lindley, N. Y.	Battery C.
Kegley, Robert R.	Pvt.	General Delivery, McDough, Ark.	Battery B.

Keller, G. G., Jr. Cpl. 211 2nd Ave., N. Pelham, N. Y.....Battery A.
Keller, Henry F. Pvt. 32 Western Ave., Elmhurst, N. Y...Battery D.
Kelly, Bernard F. Wag. 116 N. 2nd St., Olean, N. Y. Supply Co.
Kelly, James Pvt. 566 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery C.
Kelly, John D. Pvt. 925 8th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Kelly, Martin Pvt. 4 Brown Place, Maspeth, N. Y.....Battery E.
Kelly, Thomas Pvt. 96 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y....Hdqrs. Co.
Kennedy, Bernard F. .Pvt. 443 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Kennedy, Joseph Pvt. 300 W. 141st St., N. Y. C., N. Y....Hdqrs. Co.
Kennedy, M. J. Pvt. 157 Albany Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery B.
Kennedy, Theo. Sgt. 140 East End Ave., N. Y. C. Battery E.
Kenning, Bert H. Pvt. Manson, Iowa Battery C.
Kewney, John P. Cpl. 217 McCrea St., Indianapolis, Ind...Hdqrs. Co.
Kielty, Thomas Cpl. 234 Bradhurst Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y..Battery C.
Kiely, Thomas J. Bug. 237 E. 87th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Kiernan, F. G. Pvt. 1644 E. 21st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Kiernan, Thomas Pvt. 2266 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.Battery E.
Kiernan, Joseph J. Pvt. 48 Charlton St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Kilburn, Cecil E. Pvt. Dellevan, N. Y. Battery A.
Killen, John R. Pvt. Fillmore, Mo. Battery B.
Kilroy, E. L. Pvt. 209 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y....Hdqrs. Co.
Kimble, Leslie D. 3d Cl. Mu..Painted Post, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Kimball, Alson D. Sgt. 86 4th St., Garden City, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
King, Fred J. Pvt. 42 Park Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
King, Henry D. Pvt. Gouvick, Minn. Battery B.
Kingsland, Edwin Pvt. 157 W. 98th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
Kingsley, William J. . Wag. 253 Clinton St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Kingston, George S. ..Pvt. 272 W. 94th St., N. Y. C.....Battery A.
Kinnonen, Alek Pvt. 5611 Albany Ave., Station B, South Superior, Wis. Battery E.
Kittleman, Fred. Bug. 1115 W. Sullivan St., Olean, N. Y...Battery F.
Klan, William J. Cpl. 46 6th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Klein, George Pvt. 48 Olcott Pl., Pine Hill, Buffalo, N.Y.Hdqrs. Co.
Kleinhans, Arnold Sgt. 1472 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.....Medical
Klesmer, Irving Pvt. 746 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery D.
Klinger, Leon Pvt. 438 W. 123rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y....Battery C.
Klink, Edward Pvt. Ebenezer, N. Y. Battery B.
Kluczynski, Wm. H. ..Pvt. 72 Clark St., Buffalo, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Klyne, Robert R. Pvt. 211 N. 13th St., Olean, N. Y.....Battery F.
Knappen, John E. Pvt. Dale, Minn. Battery C.
Kneer, Harry Pvt. 371 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.Hdqrs. Co.
Knox, Clayton Y. Cpl. Painted Post, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Koclanis, George Pvt. 120 W. Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill....Battery F.
Koelfgen, John Cpl. 2319 Madison St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn. Battery A.
Koen, William H. Cpl. 254 Atlantic Av., E. Rockaway, N. Y.Battery D.
Koster, C. H. Pvt. Paullino, Iowa Battery E.
Kofrom, E. F. Cpl. Garner, Iowa Battery E.

Kohnen, Franklin M.	Pvt.	Lock Box 24, Blaisdell, N. Y.	Battery A.
Kominsky, Irving	Cpl.	387 S. 4th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Kory, Louis	Pvt.	2125 67th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Kosky, Raymond	Sgt.	25 Croton Terrace, Yonkers, N. Y.	Battery F.
Kosmider, Frank J.	Cpl.	207 27th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Kotrba, Walter	Cpl.	420 E. 73rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Kouw, John	Pvt.	21 Pine St., Zeeland, Mich.	Battery D.
Krajewski, Frank J.	Pvt.	165 Bright St., Forks, N. Y.	Battery A.
Krajewski, Stanley F.	Pvt.	944 Farrington Ave., St. Paul, Minn.	Battery E.
Krakat, Charles	Pvt.	1018 River St., Olean, N. Y.	Battery F.
Kras, Thomas	2d Cl. Mu.	2245 Hughes Ave., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
Krauss, William	Sgt.	168 Himrod St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Kremler, Alfred L.	Pvt.	369 Sumpter St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Krepps, Henry	Pvt.	Machias, N. Y.	Battery C.
Kreter, Charles F.	Sgt.	167 E. 90th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Kroeger, John W.	Sgt.	115 Maurice Ave., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.	Battery E.
Kroeger, Walter H.	Pvt.	75 Lynch St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Kucharski, Walter	Cook	867 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Kuhl, Arbie H.	Pvt.	Hardman, W. Va.	Medical
Kuehmel, Otto	Pvt.		Battery C.
Kulstad, J. M.	Pvt.	Halsted, Minn.	Battery E.
Kumpa, Phillip J.	Pvt.	416 E. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Kundin, Irving	Bug.	887 Longwood Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Kurzman, Abraham	Pvt.	2180 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Kvalheim, R. O.	Pvt.	Ortonville, Minn.	Battery D.
La Count, Louis	Pvt.	Highlander, Minn.	Battery B.
Lafava, Fred	Pvt.	Bandettè, Minn.	Battery F.
Lafleur, Napoleon A.	Pvt.	Chapin Ave., Chicopee, Mass.	Battery D.
Laine, John J.	Sgt.	1090 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Lajambe, Norman	Pvt.	Toppinish, Wash.	Battery C.
Lalicker, Verne P.	Pvt.	Ipava, Ill.	Battery A.
Lambe, Joseph	Cpl.	262 W. 153rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Lambert, Robert H.	Sgt.	100 Douglass St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Lammers, George	Pvt.	463 W. 46th St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Lampley, Herman	Pvt.	920 Scovel St., Nashville, Tenn.	Battery E.
Lanieski, Alexander	Pvt.	New Hyde Park, L. I., N. Y.	Battery B.
Lazarone, Ignacius H.	Pvt.	60 Jefferson St., Brooklyn	Battery D.
La Rosa, Augustina	Cook	109 Pearl St., Portchester, N. Y.	Battery E.
Larson, Arthur E.	Pvt.	R. R. No. 2, Long Prairie, Minn.	Battery A.
Larson, Charles A.	Pvt.	2676 Zullette Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Larson, John	Pvt.	2219 Central Ave., Minneapolis, Min.	Supply Co.
Latta, Raymond S.	Pvt.	1119 Parker St., McKeesport, Pa.	Hdqrs. Co.
Lattimer, J. M.	Sgt.	691 9th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Laudiero, Nicholas	Pvt.	34 Vermilyea Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Lauri, Francesco	Pvt.	647 First Ave., West Haven, Conn.	Hdqrs. Co.
Law, Edmund W.	Pvt.	335 E. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.

Lawler, Michael J. Pvt. 920 Homer St., Olean, N. Y.....Battery F.
Leach, Roy E. Pvt. Glydon, Minn. Battery C.
Leahy, Patrick J., Jr...Cpl. Ordnance
Lease, Earl R. Pvt. 834 Washington St., Reading, Pa....Battery A.
Leavenworth, Louis ..Pvt. 11312 Anthrope Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y. Battery E.
Lebert, Euclid Pvt. 139 Liberty St., N. Adams, Mass. ...Battery D.
Lecce, Pellegrino 1st Cl. Mu..2278 First Ave., N. Y. C. Hdqrs. Co.
Lechner, Harry C. Pvt. 449 E. 58th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Lee, Herbert F. Cpl. 124 Lynch St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Lehtinen, William Pvt. 238 Irving Ave., N. Minneapolis, Min.Battery A.
Leken, Mike Pvt. St. Paul, Minn. Battery C.
Lemaire, William Cpl. 79 Drew Ave., Union Course, L. I., N. Y. Battery C.
Lemmermeyer, M., Jr..Cpl. 241 61st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery B.
Lemmon, Albert K. ..Pvt. 738 E. 20th St., Pittsburg, Kan. Battery B.
Lemon, Fred Pvt. R. F. D. Route No. 1, Allegany, N. Y.Battery F.
Lendzun, John Pvt. 360 3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery D.
Lennon, Ralph A. Pvt. Genesee St., New Briton, N. Y. Battery E.
Lentz, Phillip 3d Cl. Mu..774 Sackman St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Hdqrs. Co.
Leonard, Fred L. Pvt. 614 Homer St., Olean, N. Y.....Battery F.
Leonard, Walter L. ..Pvt. 114 Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
L'Etoile, Joseph O. ..Cpl. 66 Belmont Ave., Winchendon, Mass.Battery F.
Leudesdorff, J. O. Pvt. 59 Palmetto St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Supply Co.
Leva, Salvatore Pvt. 730 Light St., Baltimore, Md.....Battery F.
Leverentz, John F. ..Pvt. Spring Brook, N. Y. Battery A.
Levine, Arthur Pvt. 1429 5th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Levine, Isidor Pvt. 144 E. Broadway, N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Levine, Stephen J. Cpl. 2872 Bailey Ave., Kingsbridge, N. Y.Battery D.
Levinson, David D. ..Ord. Sgt. .. Ordnance
Levison, Herbert S....Cpl. 436 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery E.
Levison, Irving Pvt. 307 E. 89th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
Lincoln, Fred C. Pvt. Prescott, Mass. Battery D.
Lindgren, Ansel Pvt. Leonard, Minn. Battery C.
Lindgren, Edwin A. ..Pvt. Madrid, Iowa Battery D.
Linsley, Manley A. ..Pvt. Mt. Auburn, Iowa Battery C.
Lipsky, Sam Pvt. 167 Ridge St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Livingston, Benjamin .Cpl. 550 W. 180th St., N. Y. C.....Battery E.
Lobozzito, Antonio ..Pvt. Terry, Mont. Battery A.
Loeffler, John Pvt. 258 Steinway Ave., Astoria, N. Y...Battery E.
Logan, Russell A. Pvt. 1125 S. Clinton St., Trenton, N. J....Medical
Lohrer, Henry Pvt. Ordnance
Lokay, Henry E. Pvt. Jericho, N. Y. Battery F.
Long, Raymond R. ..Pvt. 160 Pine Ridge Rd., Cheektowago, N. Y. Medical
Lorenz, Keith Ord. Sgt. .. Ordnance
Lorenzen, Herman W. .Pvt. Lake Benton, Minn. Battery C.
Loving, Frank B., Jr. .Sgt. Oyster Bay, N. Y. Battery B.

Lowell, John B.	Sgt.	599 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Lowery, John F.	Wag.	159 W. 99th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.	
Luckey, Robert J.	Pvt.	946 Lorimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	C.
Ludlow, Raplh J.	Pvt.	Ripley, N. Y.	Battery	A.
Ludwig, Oscar	Mech.	54 Howard St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Supply Co.	
Lueders, George H.	Pvt.	Ottertail, Minn.	Battery	A.
Lufburrow, Albert J.	Pvt.	148 W. 64th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Lund, Clair M.	Pvt.	Harmony, Minn.	Battery	A.
Lunde, John	Pvt.	227 2nd Ave., N. Crookstone, Minn.	Battery	A.
Lutz, Julius	Sgt.	639 10th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Lynch, James F.	Pvt.	Havanna, N. D.	Battery	A.
Lynch, Joseph P.	Pvt.	806 Caton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	E.
Lynn, John J.	Pvt.		Supply Co.	
Lyon, Harold J.	Pvt.	215 Flower Ave., E. Watertown, N.Y.	Battery	F.
Lyons, Burton A.	Pvt.	638 W. 151st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	D.
Lyons, Samuel	Pvt.	1644 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	F.
McAuliffe, Joseph	Pvt.	117 4th Ave. N., S. St. Paul, Minn.	Battery	C.
McBride, William E.	Pvt.	35 Martin St., Wellesville, N. Y.	Battery	D.
McBurney, James G.	Sgt.	227 W. 145th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	A.
McCabe, Terrence H.	Pvt.	Route No. 1, Cresco, Iowa	Battery	F.
McCahill, Geo. Burnst	Pvt.	16 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	D.
McCarren, James E.	Pvt.	75 E. 85th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	B.
McCarthy, John P.	Pvt.	Glen Cove, L. I., N. Y.	Battery	B.
McCarville, Joseph P.	Pvt.	Cresco, Iowa	Battery	D.
McCollum, Leon F.	Pvt.	3312 Hennekin Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery	A.
McConville, John H.	*Pvt.*	*718 Westchester Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.*	*Battery*	*C.*
McCormack, H. F.	Pvt.	251 Harrison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	B.
McCourt, Andrew H.	Pvt.	Orchard Park, N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	B.
McCracken, James A.	Pvt.	Hamburg, Iowa	Battery	C.
McCracken, Wm. J.	Sgt.	491 W. 130th St., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs.	Co.
McCully, J. A.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 1, Elen, Minn.	Battery	E.
McCue, W. J. F.	Sgt.	446 E. 139th St., N. Y. C.	Battery	C.
McDermott, Chas. J.	Sgt.	207 Eckfort St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
McDevitt, Earl H.	*Pvt.*	*Blasdell, N. Y.*	*Battery*	*D.*
McDonnel, George C.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 1, Box 58, Ayrshire, Iowa.	Battery	A.
McDonald, James N.	Pvt.	2508 Christian St., Philadelphia, Pa.	Battery	B.
McDonald, Leland A.	Saddler	R. F. D. No. 1, Mankato, Minn.	Battery	F.
McDonough, A. J.	Pvt.	426 W. 144th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Medical	
McDonough, Harry	Cpl.	426 W. 144th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	D.
McEntee, Charles F.	Sgt.	133 W. 128th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	A.
McFadden, Barth A.	Pvt.	333 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	D.
McGinnis, John M.	Pvt.	Caledonia, Minn.	Battery	A.
McGlynn, Peter	Pvt.	1301 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.	Battery	B.
McGovern, Thos. J., Jr.	Pvt.	1492 University Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	C.
McGowan, John J.	Cpl.	392 Henry St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	B.
McGrady, John F.	Pvt.	24 E. 92nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	B.

McGrath, Roger F.... Pvt. 904 6th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
McGraw, Francis A... Cpl. Lima, N. Y. Battery F.
McGuire, James A..... Pvt. 1510 5th St., S. E., Minneapolis, Min.Battery E.
McHugh, Patrick Pvt. 349 Marion St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery B.
McHugh, Peter Cook 418 W. 57th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
McKewen, William D.. Sgt. 2029 3rd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
McKinney, Emerson C. Pvt. 16 Westview St., Philadelphia, Pa... Medical
McLain, William J.... Pvt. 533 W. 52nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
McManus, James T.... Pvt. Olean, N. Y. Battery F.
McManus, Walter J... Pvt. 71 Horatia St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
McNally, Walter A.... Pvt. 288 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery C.
McNeil, Carl H. Pvt. Naples, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
McNulty, John J. Pvt. 1991 Wnd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Machby, Herman Pvt. 518 W. 151st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Mack, Christa H..... Pvt. Franklinsville, N. Y. Battery C.
Mack, Dorr J..... Pvt. 1440 Highland Park Ave., Rochester, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Mackin, James J..... Pvt. 509 Grand St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery E.
Maclean, William H... Sgt. 431 W. 156th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Medical
Madden, William J.... Pvt. 62 Carpenter Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y..Hdqrs. Co.
Maddock, Augustine.. Pvt. 200 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N. Y..Battery C.
Macri, Joseph Pvt. Malcher, Iowa Battery E.
Madson, Manley Pvt. Halsted, Minn. Battery E.
Magers, Frank J..... Pvt. 1833 Hillside Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind..Medical
Maggi, Ferdinando ... 1st Cl. Mu..1512 57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Madigson, Robert Pvt. 1691 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y., % Goldman Battery F.
Maher, Martin J. Pvt. 459 W. 125th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
Maher, Paul P..... Pvt. 267 W. 15th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
Mahony, Frank D..... Pvt. 643Walker Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y..Battery A.
Maisco, Louis Pvt. 354 Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery C.
Maixner, Richard Cpl. 337 E. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Malak, Frank Sgt. 14631 Elm Ave., E. Cleveland, Ohio.Battery B.
Malango, Salvatore ... Pvt. 1039 2nd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Maletta, Joseph G..... Pvt. Lock Box 35, McKinley, Minn.....Battery A.
Malm, Carl V. Pvt. Battery F.
Malone, James A..... Pvt. 1925 2nd Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery C.
Maltz, Henry A..... Pvt. 934 Barretto St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery A.
Malue, James F..... Pvt. 1144 Wilkus Ave., N. Braddock, Pa..Battery F.
Mancinelli, James Pvt. 31 Oliver St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Manderson, Raymond. Sgt. 403 W. 21st St., N. Y. C. Battery D.
Manes, Harry Pvt. 441 E. 187th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Mann, Henry Pvt. 403 E. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Mannes, Edward Pvt. 232 W. 114th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Mannes, Joseph A..... Sgt. 34 Convent Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Mannix, Edwin T. ... Pvt.% Mrs. Wm. Donovan, Hartland, Wis. Battery A.
Manthe, Clarence S.... Pvt. Montana Ave., St. Paul, Minn.....Battery A.

Manzo, Rocco Pvt. 47 Perry St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Marcella, James Pvt. 77½ Newtown Ave., Astoria, L. I., N. Y. Battery F.
Marion, Joseph F..... Pvt. 157 9th Ave., L. I. C., N. Y.....Battery D.
Marion, William Pvt. 306 7th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery F.
Marmer, Jack E..... Pvt. 19 E. 101st St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Medical
Maroney, Thomas Pvt. 506 11th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery D.
Marsh, Charles N..... Pvt. Route No. 1, Cuba, N. Y. Battery D.
Marshall, Charles Cpl. Shoreham, L. I., N. Y. Battery F.
Marshall, Louis Pvt. Cedar Falls, Iowa Battery C.
Marshall, Thomas S... Pvt. Blasdell, N. Y. Battery D.
Martin, Andrew J..... Pvt. 527 E. 82nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Martin, Frederick Pvt. 335 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Martin, G. F..... Cpl. 920 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery A.
Martin, John Pvt. 209 12th Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.Battery F.
Martinelli, Michael ... Pvt. 76 Wyona St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery F.
Martino, Cosimo Pvt. 2919 8th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Martinsen, George ... Pvt. 1669 St. Anthony Ave., St. Paul, Min.Battery A.
Martz, Charles R..... Cpl. 112 Ave I, Brooklyn, N. Y. Battery E.
Marxmeyer, W. V..... Cpl. 499 W. 158th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery F.
Mason, Robert H..... Pvt. Woodhull, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Mathew, Walter G.... Pvt. Cox's Mills, W. Va. Medical
Matistos, Gerossimo.. Cook 787 7th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Matter, W. C., Jr..... Pvt. 3108 E. 37th St., Minneapolis, Minn..Battery F.
Mattila Hilmar Pvt. Sepeka, Minn. Battery C.
Maulick, Charles O.... Cook 432 W. 124th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.
Mayer, Joseph J. Sgt. 197 Lathrop St., Buffalo, N. Y.....Battery D.
Mead, W. C..... Pvt. 166 W. Main St., Tarrytown, N. Y...Battery B.
Means, Alen. H. Sgt. 4718 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill....Hdqrs. Co.
Meara, Chas. E..... Sgt. 79 Montgomery St., N. Y. C.....Hdqrs. Co.
Meeham, John Pvt. 2918 Heath Ave., N. Y. C. Battery D.
Meier, H. G. Cook 458 62nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Supply Co.
Meinken, August C.... Pvt. R. F. D. No. 2, Aurora, Iowa Battery E.
Meisel, Harry Sgt. 208 Stanton St., N. Y. C.....Battery C.
Melbye, Paul H..... Pvt. Hitterdale, Minn. Battery C.
Meldrum, C. C..... Sgt. Maj. ..340 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Hdqrs. Co.
Melrose, Carl A..... Pvt. Portville, N. Y. Battery F.
Mendel, William Pvt. 453 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery A.
Menger, G. R. Cpl. 242 Sumpter St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery F.
Merrill, Fred C..... Bug. Collins, Erie Co., N. Y. Battery B.
Merriman, Tony Sgt. 1947 Hodemont, St. Louis, Mo.....Hdqrs. Co.
Merritt, Walter A..... Pvt. 111 N. 7th St., Marshalltown, Iowa..Battery A.
Meyers, Lawrence A... Pvt. 127 N. Crawford St., Carroll, Iowa.Battery A.
Middlebrook, G. A.... Pvt. Battery F.
Michael, E. W., Jr.... Pvt. 518 15th St., College Point, N. Y....Battery C.
Mieras, W. L..... Pvt. Mourice, Iowa Battery E.
Mignault, Philias Pvt. 97 Madison St., Worcester, Mass....Hdqrs. Co.
Millar, Michael W.... Pvt. 445 E. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....Battery B.

Miller, Clarence A.	Pvt.	3229 Bloomington Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery A.
Miller, George J.	Pvt.	15 Park Row, N. Y. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
Miller, Harry	Pvt.		Ordnance
Miller, Henry L.	Cpl.	105 W. 77th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Miller, M. J.	Pvt.	Dubuque, Iowa	Battery E.
Miller, Nathan	Sgt.	883 Longwood Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery E.
Milleville, Paul W.	Pvt.	Holland, Erie Co., N. Y.	Battery B.
Millholen, Arthur	Pvt.	Machias, N. Y.	Battery C.
Minken, Noah	Pvt.	783 Quincy St., N. Y. C.	Medical
Minogue, Henry	Pvt.	458 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Mirabella, Mike	Pvt.	Worcester, Mass.	Battery A.
Miron, Joseph I.	Pvt.	1555 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Mischle, Joseph, Jr.	Pvt.	222 Ellery St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Mitarotonda, F.	Pvt.	345 E. 173rd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Mitchell, Robert G.	Pvt.	431 W. 30th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Mobeck, Reyland L.	Pvt.	North Branch, Minn.	Battery C.
Moclair, Michael	Pvt.	213 E. 57th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Moelle, Albert C.	Pvt.	308 E. 9th S., Salt Lake City, Utah.	Battery D.
Moller, Edward J.	H-Sgt.	123 Cornelia St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Monaco, Giuseppa	Pvt.	411 W. 42nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Moncado, Frank V.	Pvt.	168 W. 225th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Mongelluzzi, Antonio.	Pvt.	832 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Montes, Frederico	H. shoer	Silver City, New Mexico	Battery B.
Moon, Sanford 'D.	Pvt.	Tracy, Minn.	Battery C.
Moon, Walter A.	Wag.	R. F. D. No. 4, Lomoni, Iowa	Supply Co.
Moore, Harry J.	Pvt.	434 E. 89th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Moore, William J.	Pvt.	Perkins, W. Va.	Medical
Moran, Michael	Cpl.	Waldon, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Moran, William H.	3d Cl. Mu.	Mill River Rd., Oyster Bay, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Morawski, Joseph	Pvt.	Lewiston, Maine	Battery A.
Morgan, Thomas C.	Sgt.	1173 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Morrison, William	Cpl.	3803 8th St., Des Moines, Iowa	Battery C.
Morrissey, David F.	Cpl.	553 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Morrissey, Patsey	Pvt.	623 Bank St., Keokuk, Iowa	Battery E.
Moserwitz, Nathan	*Pvt.*	*60 Montgomery St., N. Y.*	*Battery F.*
Moskowitz, Julius	Pvt.	5 Ten Eyck St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Mott, Harry F. S.	Cpl.	985 Decatur St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Moynihan, Timothy	Pvt.	2658 8th Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Muehlethader, Chas.	Pvt.	155 Illinois St., Huron, So. Dak.	Battery E.
Muethethaler, Wm.	Wag.	Rock Valley, Iowa	Supply Co.
Muessigman, John	Pvt.	Iowa Falls, Iowa	Battery C.
Muir, Isaac L.	Pvt.	2927 14th Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery A.
Muir, John J.	Pvt.	129 E. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Mulhaul, Frank	Pvt.	130 Ainslee St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Mullholland, Jas. B.	Pvt.	219 E. 37th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Mullane, Daniel	Pvt.	1629 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Mullane, John	Pvt.	1629 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.

Mullen, John	Pvt.	184 West End Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Munday, Thomas E.	Sgt.	362 11th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Munster, Charles H.	Sgt.	230 29th St., Buckhurst, L. I.	Battery B.
Murphy, A. V.	Cpl.	100 Morningside Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Murphy, John P.	Pvt.	921 Stuhoff Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Medical
Murphy, P. F.	Cook	1420 Vyse Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Murphy, Peter J.	Pvt.	525 W. 47th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Murray, John A.	Cpl.		Battery D.
Murray, Michael	Pvt.	416 W. 57th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Murray, Paul	Pvt.	521 W. 156th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Murray, William D.	Pvt.	Box 746, Stafford Springs, Conn.	Battery A.
Murtha, John J.	Pvt.	160 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Murtha, Thomas	Cook	461 W. 159th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Myers, Guy C.	Pvt.	Marilla, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Myrick, Clair	Pvt.	Ischua, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Nagel, Samuel	Cpl.	910 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Naughton, Patrick J.	Sgt.		Battery C.
Nealon, Thos. P.	Pvt.	77 N. Henry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Neander, Eddie R.	Pvt.	Route 2, Harris, Minn.	Battery F.
Neischloss, Louis	3d Cl. Mu.	1724 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Nelson, Andrew	Pvt.	389 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Nelson, Arthur H.	Sgt.	1241 Madison St., Eau Clair, Wis.	Hdqrs. Co.
Nelson, Carl G.	Pvt.	Cambridge, Minn.	Battery B.
Nelson, Otto L.	Pvt.	Baronet, Wis.	Battery D.
Nelson, Robert E.	Cpl.	146 Willis Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Nelson, Thorwald	Pvt.	R. F. D. 3, Boone, Iowa	Battery E.
Nelson, William P.	Pvt.	Plainsview, Minn.	Battery B.
Newbert, Paul R.	Pvt.	513 Dewey Place, Seattle, Wash.	Battery E.
Newgard, Eddie	Pvt.	Bock, Minn.	Battery F.
Newkirk, Raymond	Pvt.	Mayfair, Morris Plains, N. J.	Medical
Neuman, Frank	Pvt.	East Eden, N. Y.	Medical
Newman, Harold	Pvt.	1043 Tiffany St., Bronx, N. Y.	Battery E.
Newman, Joseph F.	Pvt.	4422 Park Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Newman, John M.	Pvt.	12 Short St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Nichols, Ernest F.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 3, Chatfield, Minn.	Battery B.
Nicolo, John	Pvt.	357 Barley St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Nihan, Joseph	Pvt.	734 Columbia Rd., Boston, Mass.	Battery D.
Niosi, Joseph J.	Mch.	417 E. 14th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Nissen, Arthur	Pvt.	R. D. No. 2, Tyler, Minn.	Battery C.
Noble, Luie T.	Pvt.	421 N. 9th St., Olean, N. Y.	Battery F.
Nolan, Daniel J.	Cpl.	Hotel McAlpin, N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Nolen, James B.	Wag.	61 E. 122nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Supply Co.
Nolan, T. J.	Pvt.	Waukon, Iowa	Battery E.
Noonan, William J.	Wag.	5920 5th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Norberg, Eric	Pvt.	Blacon, N. D.	Battery B.
Norcyk, Frank	Pvt.	9 Harrison Ave., E. Hampton, Mass.	Hdqrs. Co.

Nord, Herbert W.	Pvt.	Grandy, Minn.	Battery C.
Nordsveen, Thorvald	Pvt.	Route No. 6, Box 114, Decorah, Ia.	Battery A.
Norman, Isaac	Pvt.	2401 S. Elliot St., Minenapolis, Minn.	Battery F.
Norris, Leslie M.	Pvt.	% Otter Tail Co., Perham, Minn.	Battery A.
Northcote, Wm. H.	Cpl.	1502 W. State St., Olean, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Northrop, Grover H.	Pvt.	Prattsburg, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Nostrand, George J.	Cpl.	335 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Notardonato, James	Pvt.	632 S. May St., Chicago, Ill.	Battery A.
Noxon, Mitchell	Cpl.	83 Northern Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Oberg, Thorston O. H.	Pvt.	235 E. 48th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
O'Boyle, Timothy L.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 2, Vail, Iowa	Battery E.
O'Brien, Francis	Pvt.	318 E. 58th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
O'Brien, Harry	Pvt.	173 Bay 13th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
O'Brien, Osmund	Pvt.	Tignish, Prince Edward Isl., Can.	Battery D.
O'Connor, Thomas V.	Pvt.	Bondsville, Mass.	Supply Co.
Offenberger, George	Sgt.	444 E. 88th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
Ofstad, Gile A.	Pvt.	Florence, Minn.	Battery C.
Ogle, Roy	Pvt.	125 12th Ave., East Albie, Iowa	Battery F.
Oglesby, Andrew K.	Cpl.	214 Leeds Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.	Battery D.
O'Grady, James	Pvt.	166 E. 104th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
O'Grady, Patrick	3d Cl. Mu.	128 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
O'Hare, John H.	Pvt.	288 E. 155th St., Bronx, N. Y.	Battery C.
O'Keefe, David A.	Pvt.	175 E. 102nd St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery B.
O'Keefe, James	Cpl.	47 India St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Oldham, Walter	Pvt.	Northwood, Iowa	Battery E.
Olive, Sam F.	Pvt.	Jamestown, N. D.	Battery F.
Olsen, Alfred L.	Pvt.	741 Fairmount Pl., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Olsen, Charles O.	Pvt.	1217 Sixth St., N. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery A.
Olson, Eric	*Pvt.*	*Williams, Minn.*	*Battery C.*
Olson, F. H.	Pvt.	Garfield, Minn.	Battery E.
Olson, Fred Nelse.	Cook	Roosevelt, Minn.	Battery A.
Olson, John	Pvt.	Washkish, Minn.	Battery F.
Olson, J. A.	Pvt.	Halfa, Iowa	Battery E.
Olson, John O.	Pvt.	4340 11th Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery F.
Olson, Ole	Pvt.	Lancaster, Minn.	Battery F.
Olsson, Theodore	Pvt.	2114 Daily Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Opitz, Julius	Pvt.	522 E. 74th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
O'Regan, J. F., Jr.	Cpl.	1579 E. 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
O'Reilly, James	Pvt.	590 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Ormestad, Ole	*Pvt.*	*Northwood, Iowa*	*Battery E.*
Osborne, Frank W.	Pvt.	102 W. 89th St., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Ostermann, Wm., Jr.	Sgt.	527 W. 152nd St., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Ostertag, Paul R.	Pvt.	155 Edgecomb Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery D.
Ostrom, Olof B.	Pvt.	R. No. 1, Isanti, Minn.	Battery D.
Ott, Frederick A.	Pvt.	23 North Henry St., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Otto, Raymond G.	Pvt.	416 E. 8th St., Muscatine, Iowa	Battery D.
Ovens, Thomas E.	Pvt.	E. Selkirk, Manitoba, Canada	Battery A.

Paganelli, Charles V...	Pvt.	26 Carmine, N. Y. C., N. Y.....	Battery	C.
Page, Edgar W.....	Sgt.	131 Cambridge Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y..	Battery	E.
Pagel, George C.....	Pvt.	Mineral Spring Road, Gardenville, N. Y.	Supply Co.	
Palmerton, Merrill J...	Pvt.	Collins Center, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.	
Palmer, Garner D.....	Sgt.	1309 Ocean Ave., Spring Lake, N. J..	Hdqrs. Co.	
Panfil, John J.....	Pvt.	155 Bright St., Forks, Erie Co., N. Y.	Battery	D.
Paoli, Andrew	Pvt.	235 W. 67th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....	Battery	A.
Parchman, Charley F..	Pvt.	Crisco, Iowa	Battery	C.
Parente, John J.....	Cpl.	1125 4th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Battery	E.
Paret, Stephen G.....	Cpl.	358 Wadsworth Ave., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery	E.
Parisi, Louis	Cpl.	433 N. Terrace Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Supply Co.	
Parkhurst, Lewis B....	Pvt.	19 Ohio Ave., Lawrence, Mass.....	Battery	A.
Parma, Charles J.....	Pvt.	7104 14th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Battery	E.
Parmentier, Marcel ..	Cpl.	Marshall, Minn.	Battery	F.
Parsons, John B.....	Pvt.	McCluskey, No. Dak.	Battery	D.
Patterson, William ...	Pvt.	594 E. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Battery	C.
Paturzo, Anthony	Pvt.	2917 Ft. Hamilton Ave., Bklyn., N. Y.	Battery	F.
Paul, Frederick J.....	Sgt.	Farnham, N. Y.	Battery	F.
Paul, Herbert S.....	Pvt.	Commercial St., Farnham, Erie Co., N. Y.	Battery	B.
			Battery	B.
Pease, Homer H.....	Pvt.	Dayton, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.	
Pelky, Edward	Pvt.	2891 W. Huron St., Duluth, Minn...	Battery	C.
Pelton, Charles L.....	Pvt.	Waterford, Conn.	Battery	A.
Peluso, Fred	H. shoer	..89 Nelson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Battery	A.
Pember, A. O.....	Sgt.	1537 E. 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Battery	A.
Peppard, Luke J.....	Pvt.	76 Underhill Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...	Battery	B.
Perkins, Geo. W., Jr...	Sgt.	Riverdale-on-Hudson, N. Y.....	Supply Co.	
*Pessalano, Miclael	*Pvt.*	114 *Wilcox St., Springfield, Mass....	*Battery*	*D.*
Petchle, Claude B. ...	Pvt.	52 Clarkson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Battery	D.
Peterson, A.	Pvt.	R. 2, Waverly, Minn.	Battery	E.
Peterson, Albion	Pvt.	200 Cambridge St., Boston, Mass....	Battery	D.
Peterson, Clarence E..	Pvt.	Slayton, Minn.	Battery	B.
Peterson, Emery G....	Pvt.	125 Fairview St., New Britain, Conn.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Peterson, Ernest E....	Mech.	2213 7th St., S. Minneapolis, Minn...	Battery	F.
Peterson, Henry C....	Pvt.	Angola, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Peterson, Martin B....	Pvt.	Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery	F.
Peterson, Oscar W....	Pvt.	Alvarado, Minn.	Battery	A.
Peterson, Peter	Pvt.	R. No. 6, Decorah, Iowa	Battery	B.
Petersen, Vigo	Pvt.	Avoca, Minn.	Battery	B.
Petheran, George	Sgt.	356 W. 49th St., N. Y. C.....	Battery	A.
Petri, George	Pvt.	806 Clinton, Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery	E.
Pettes, Frank A.....	Pvt.	225 Main St., Springfield, N. Y.....	Hdqrs.	Co.
Pfaff, Wm. F., Jr.....	Pvt.	18 Grove St., Stapleton, S. I.....	Battery	D.
Phillipps, Leo R.	Cook	76 Commonwealth Ave., Springfield, Mass.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Philpot, Daniel	Ch. Mech...	414 E. 135th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.....	Battery	D.

Phinney, Wm. H.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Delevan, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Piantoni, Battist	Pvt.	Turtle Creek, Pa.	Battery C.
Pidone, John	Cook	437 E 12th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Pierce, Martin F.	Pvt.	339 E. 10th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Battery C.
Pierson, Henry	Pvt.	130 E. 19th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Pierson, Owen C.	*Pvt.*	*Mankato, Minn.*	*Battery C.*
Piovesano, Joseph	Pvt.	2330 Belmont Ave., Bronx, N. Y.	Battery E.
Poer, Frank J.	Pvt.	131 Highland Blvd., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Pohler, Joseph F.	Pvt.	R. R. No. 3, Solon, Iowa	Battery B.
Polglase, A. T.	Sgt.	231 73rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Pons, Claude A.	Sgt.	119 W. 107th St., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Potter, C. J.	Cpl.	Hillsdale, N. J.	Battery E.
Powers, James F.	Pvt.	571 9th Ave., L. I. C., N. Y.	Battery F.
Poynton, Edward J.	Sgt. Maj.	57 Wayne St., Jersey City, N. J.	Hdqrs. Co.
Pratt, William G.	Pvt.	309 Laurel Ave., Olean, N. Y.	Battery F.
Pressalsky, Harry	3d Cl. Mu.	353 E. Houston St., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
Price, Thomas H.	Mech.	104 Union Ave., Mariners' Harbor, S. I., N. Y.	Battery D.
Prine, Everett V.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Carson, Iowa	Battery E.
Procopio, Francesco	Pvt.	40 Irving St., Winchester, Mass.	Battery D.
Propp, Ellis	Pvt.	3681 Broadway, N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Proto, William	Pvt.	10 Meeker Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Prior, Thomas W.	Pvt.	59 Springville, N. Y.	Medical
Puddicombe, Al. A.	Pvt.	830 S. Steel St., Tacomah, Wash.	Battery A.
Pumilia, John	Pvt.	310 E. 29th St., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Puszeski, Mike	Pvt.	635 Summer St., Minn., Minn.	Battery B.
Putnam, Wm. H., Jr.	Pvt.	2372 83rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Quackenbush, Hy. H.	Pvt.	265A 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Quigley, Francis J.	Sgt.	206 S. Clinton St., Olean, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Quimby, Howard L.	Pvt.	South Acton, Mass.	Battery A.
Quinn, Joseph H.	Cook	962 3rd Ave., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Quinn, Raymond J.	Cpl.	97 Maplehill Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Quirk, John J.	Pvt.	129 E. 91st St., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
Quist, Elmer W.	Pvt.	Atwater, Minn.	Battery B.
Radner, Geo. N.	Pvt.	42 Greenwood St., Springfield, Mass.	Battery D.
Radskin, Saul	Pvt.	69 W. 130th St., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Re, Carmello	Pvt.	177 E. 75th St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Reale, Edward	Bug.	636 Crescent Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Recker, Bernard H.	Pvt.	Dyersville, Iowa	Battery F.
Reed, Edward P.	Pvt.	Brewster, N. Y.	Battery B.
Reed, F. M.	Pvt.	Russell, Iowa	Battery E.
Reed, Harry John.	Pvt.	262 First St., Hoboken, N. J.	Battery C.
Reed, Henry C.	Pvt.	Amenia, Union, N. Y.	Battery B.
Reeves, Charles	Pvt.	Mattituck, L. I., N. Y.	Battery F.
Regan, Edwin A.	Sgt.	P. O. Box 542, City Hall Sta., N. Y.	Battery C.
Regan, Patrick Jos.	Pvt.		Ordnance

Reha, Joseph	Pvt.	Lake Wilson, Minn.	Battery E.
Reichnau, Walter C.R.	Pvt.	Fredericksburg, Texas	Battery A.
Reid, Samuel A.	Pvt.	Onslow, Iowa	Battery C.
Reims, E. H., Jr.	Pvt.	8104 Chechester Ave., L. I. C.	Battery E.
Rekses, Sivert	Pvt.	1708 5th Ave. S., Minn., Minn.	Battery F.
Renehan, Norman A.	Pvt.	White River Junction, Vt.	Battery E.
Restle, William A.	Sgt.	24 Utica St., Clinton, N. Y.	Battery E.
Reynold, H. J.	Pvt.	Tiffin, Iowa	Battery E.
Reynolds, John H.	Pvt.	Cameron Mills, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Rhodes, Fred A.	Pvt.	19 S. Bridge St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Battery B.
Ribando, Morris	Pvt.	325 E. 28th St., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
Riccardi, John	Pvt.	200 22nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Rice, Lemuel C.	Pvt.	Slaton, Minn.	Battery C.
Rich. John	Sad.	3247 Perry Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Richards, Edward	Cpl.	2533 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Riether, Otto	Wag.	1704 Second Ave., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Ringwelski, Vince	Pvt.	Little Falls, Minn.	Battery F.
Racchini, Tony	Pvt.		Hdqrs. Co.
Robins, H. C.	Pvt.	Storm Lake, Ia.	Battery E.
Robinson, Leigh H.	Cpl.	21 Hawthorne St., Perry, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Robinson, William E.	Pvt.	476 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Medical
Rocchi, Cesare	Pvt.	Box 127, Buhl, Minn.	Battery B.
Rook, Hendrick	Pvt.	Princeton, Minn.	Battery E.
Rockwood, William	Pvt.	R. F. D., Lackawanna, N. Y.	Battery B.
Roegan, Michael	Cook	56 Beaver St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Roemer, William J.	Pvt.	367 E. 234th St., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Roffe, Charles F.	Pvt.	38 W. Main St., Gowanda, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Rogers, Daniel	Wag.	303 E. 56th St., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Rogers, Neal	Pvt.	306 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Romaine, Chas. W.	Sgt.	2248 E. 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Ronayne, Paul Jos.	Sgt.	3440 Broadway, N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Rooney, James	Pvt.	227 E. 46th St., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Rose, Geo. W.	Pvt.	Otto, N. Y.	Battery C.
Rosebrock, John H.	Pvt.	1058 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Rosenzweig, Harry	Pvt.	226 E. 98th St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Rosner, Nathan	Pvt.	926 Union Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Roth, Chris	Pvt.	Belden, Neb.	Battery D.
Roth, Joseph	Pvt.		Battery B.
Roth, Henry	Pvt.	1238 57th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Rottenberg, Samuel	Pvt.	137 Division Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Rousseau, Charles	Cook	1434 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Rowan, Harold S.	Pvt.	416 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Rowan, Patrick J.	Pvt.	63 W. 107th St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Rowland, Claude A.	Pvt.	Delevan, N. Y.	Battery C.
Rubino, Donato	Pvt.	111 Seventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.	Battery D.
Ruby, Fred F.	Pvt.	33 High St., Ft. Wadsworth, S. I., N. Y.	Medical
Rucker, Clarence E.	Cpl.	Blasdell, N. Y.	Battery D.

Rud, J. K.	Pvt.		Battery E.
Ruffle, Harold	Wag.	290 Coney Isl. Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Ruggiero, Salvatore P.	Sgt.	3636 Barnes Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Rush, Charles Edgar.	Sgt.	Maine St., Wappinger Falls, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Russ, John W.	Pvt.	338 E. 3rd St., Corning, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Russell, George	Wag.	383 Pearl St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Russell, J. F.	Pvt.	Box 216, Senath, Mo.	Supply Co.
Russell, William E.	Pvt.	Hecla St., Uxbridge, Mass.	Battery D.
Rutz, J.	Pvt.	101 W. 99th St., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Ryan, Edward C.	Mech.	Box 137, Olean, N. Y.	Battery F.
Ryder, Jason Alden.	Sgt.	R. F. D. No. 2, Sardina, N. Y.	Battery B.
Sagman, Ernest	Pvt.	1490 Brook Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Salomon, Sidney	Cpl.	38 Union Square, N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Samuelson, Einar	Pvt.	Gardar, N. D.	Battery E.
Samuelson, John F.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 3, Atwater, Minn.	Battery F.
Sandberg, David E.	Pvt.	3006 Logan Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery B.
Santini, Reynold Jos.	Sgt.	452 E. 149th St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Sapir, Morris	Pvt.	74 Clinton Pl., Jersey City, N. J.	Battery C.
Sarno, Gregorius	Pvt.	Lamartine Ave., Bayside, L. I.	Battery F.
Sather, Peter E.	Pvt.	118 N. 3rd St., E. Grand Forks, Minn.	Battery A.
Savage, Charley C.	Pvt.	1436 Ida Ave., Wichita, Kan.	Battery B.
Savage, Mark A.	Cpl.		Ordnance
Schaefer, Frank A.	Sgt.	345 E. 23rd St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Schaeff, George	Pvt.	588 E. 136th St., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Schapiro, Henry	Cpl.	570 W. 161st St., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Schatkowski, Henry	Sgt.	216 E. 81st St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Scheffel, Henry J.	Bug.	1248 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Scheller, Fred	Pvt.	504 E. 7th St., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Schenkman, Conrad	Sgt.	3609 Broadway, N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Schlosser, Fred'k. R.	Cpl.	116 Wildwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery D.
Schlow, M. S.	Pvt.	66 41st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Schmidlin, Jean B.	Wag.	416 E. 65th St., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Schmunk, Fred P.	Pvt.	1423 S. Main St., Crookston, Minn.	Battery A.
Schnautz, John Wm.	Pvt.	Hamburg, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Schneider, Walter L.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 1, Rib Lake, Wis.	Battery C.
Schnoor, Louis F.	Sgt.	1722 84th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Schoenberg, Jacob	Pvt.	120 Avenue A, N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Schreiner, Peter	Pvt.	331 E. 92nd St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Schroeder, W. J.	Pvt.	Schleswig, Iowa	Battery E.
Schrull, Rudolph	Cook	54 S. Terrace Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Battery A.
Schrumpf, Chas. C.	Pvt.	430 E. 87th St., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Schwab, Philip Jacob.	Cpl.	Holland Ave., Ebenezer, N. Y.	Battery D.
Schwartz, Abraham.	Pvt.	251 Stanhope St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Schwartz, Gilbert	Pvt.	1933 Park Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Schwartz, Isidore	Cook	475 Powell St., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Schweickert, John F.	Pvt.	246 Ten Eyck St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.

Schwehr, Wm.	Cpl.	401 E. 81st St., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs. Co.
Scott, Augustus C.	Pvt.		Battery B.
Scott, A. L.	Pvt.	R. 3, Box 64, Mapleton, Iowa	Battery E.
Scott, George	Cpl.	Gordon Cottage, Hawicka, Scotland	Hdqrs. Co.
Scuderi, Edigio	Pvt.	Roosevelt Ave., Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.	Battery E.
Seaton, John F.	Pvt.	248 Hancock St., L. I. C., N. Y.	Battery A.
Segwalt, Daniel	Pvt.	Holland, N. Y.	Battery E.
Selby, Thomas	Pvt.	R. F. D. 2, Blakeburg, Iowa	Battery E.
Sellman, Bernard J.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 1, Taylors Hall, Minn.	Battery F.
Semmon, John B.	Pvt.	125 E. 120th St., N. Y. C.	Supply Co.
Senecal, James N.	Sgt.	607 Franklin St., Watertown, Pa.	Battery F.
Shaw, Earl B.	Pvt.	57 Jasper St., Saugua, Mass.	Medical
Shea, Thomas Gerald.	Pvt.	133 Lawrence Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Shea, William A.	Pvt.		Ordnance
Sheeler, Harry G.	Pvt.	208 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Shoffner, Roy B.	Pvt.	257 Montford Ave., Asheville, N. C.	Battery B.
Sheld, Louis	Pvt.	317 E. 54th St., New York City	Battery A.
Shelley, Geo., Jr.	Pvt.	4814 Ave. O, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Sheesley, Claude L.	Pvt.	Ellston, Iowa	Battery E.
Sidway, K. L.	Cpl.	72 Seaman Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Sieber, George	*Pvt.*	*128 Norman Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.*	*Battery E.*
Siebert, Frank W.	Pvt.	E. Aurora, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Sikorski, Bruno	Pvt.	141 23rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery B.
Silk, Edward Peter.	Pvt.	E. Aurora, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Silliman, Jos., Jr.	Pvt.		Medical
Silshy, Seymour D.	Mech.	Olean, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Silver, George W.	Cook	10 William St., Stapleton, S. I., N. Y.	Battery C.
Silver, Sam G.	Pvt.		Battery E.
Simas, Antonio J.	Cpl.	366 W. 58th St., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Simonson, Charles	Mech.	1869 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Simonson, William C.	Pvt.	Coster St., Westbury, L. I., N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Simpson, John W., 2d.	Sgt.	East Craftsbury, Vt.	Battery C.
Sireci, Gesualdo C.	Pvt.	242 Emerson Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Skilon, John	Pvt.	609 Jefferson St., Minn., Minn.	Battery F.
Slavin, John P.	Pvt.	65 Catherine St., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Smart, Harold R.	Sgt.		Ordnance
Smellie, Robert W.	Pvt.	87 Buckingham Rd., Yonkers, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Smith, Claude A.	Pvt.	1626 3rd Ave. S., Ft. Dodge, Iowa	Battery F.
Smith, Edward J.	Pvt.	Scranton Ave., Valley Stream, N. Y.	Battery D.
Smith, Frank H.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 4, Walnut, Kansas	Battery C.
Smith, Henry V.	Pvt.	3026 Snelling Ave., Minneapolis, Min.	Battery A.
Smith, Herbert	Cpl.	53 Washington Sq., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Smith, John D.	Pvt.	200 W. 132nd St., N. Y. C.	Battery E.
Smith, Leroy	Pvt.	55 Waverly St., Springfield, N. Y.	Battery B.
Smith, Roland	Pvt.	2945 Grand Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery F.
Smith, Thos. A., Jr.	2d Cl. Mu.	Ridgely, Md.	Hdqrs. Co.
Smith, William J.	Pvt.	148 40th St., Corona, L. I., N. Y.	Battery C.
Smollon, F. J.	Sgt.	693 Halsey St., Brooklyn	Battery C.

Smyth, Dwight G.	Pvt.	251 W. 73rd St., N. Y. C.	Supply	Co.
Snodgrass, Russell B.	Pvt.	Avery, Iowa	Battery	E.
Snow, Harry C.	Cook	Franklinville, N. Y.	Supply	Co.
Snyder, Richard B.	Pvt.	395 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minn.	Battery	A.
Sofio, Edward G.	Cpl.	550 Park Ave., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Sonn, Leonard	Pvt.	910 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.	Battery	B.
Sonnemann, Jos. F.	Pvt.	Blue Mound, Kansas	Battery	B.
Soper, H. A.	Cpl.	Central Ave., Cedarhurst, L. I.	Battery	A.
Sovocool, Clifford C.	Pvt.	Addison, N. Y.	Battery	C.
Spang, Paul J.	Pvt.	201 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.	Battery	A
Spenceley, Arthur G.	Cpl.	22 Boltis St., Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	Battery	F.
Sperling, Fred	Pvt.	319 E. 77th St., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Stabile, Louis	Pvt.	2333 Arthur Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery	E.
Stades, Joseph	Pvt.		Battery	F.
Staiger, Daniel	Pvt.	198 Charters Ave., Crafton, Pa.	Battery	F.
Stallone, Joseph	Pvt.	325 W. 23rd St., N. Y. C.	Battery	E.
Stamuess, Otto	Pvt.	747 45th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply	Co.
Stamoules, E. J.	Sgt.	625 6th Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery	F.
Stange, Oscar	Cpl.	13 Ridgewood Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Stark, Fred	Pvt.	8 Crescent Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	A.
Stathis, Chris. J.	Pvt.	522 W. 183rd St., N. Y. C.	Battery	B.
Steffen, Frank G.	Pvt.	20 Hawley St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Stein, Herman	Pvt.	109 W. 118th St., N. Y. C.	Battery	E.
Stellwagen, George	Pvt.	170 E. 90th St., N. Y. C.	Battery	E.
Stephan, George F.	Pvt.	78 Tymon St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery	C.
Sterett, John Wm.	Cpl.	1456 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	B.
Stevenson, Ed. R.	Pvt.	Angola, N. Y.	Medical	
Stenvenson, M. D.	Cpl.	Bomp, Minn.	Battery	C.
Stewart, David	Pvt.	1741 W. 10th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	B.
Stillinger, R. H.	*Pvt.*	*R. F. D. 2, E. Aurora, N. Y.*	*Battery*	*E.*
Stine, Harry E.	Sgt.	30 Granite St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	E.
Stone, James Anson.	Pvt.	Masonic Ave., Wallingford, Conn.	Battery	B.
Stotz, John C.	Pvt.	140 Third St., Turners Falls, Mass.	Battery	D.
Stroh, William G.	Wag.	Attica, N. Y.	Supply	Co.
Strohecker, Harry	Pvt.	113 N. 61st St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.	Battery	F.
Stuard, Clinton, L.	Cpl.	Blasdell, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Stucker, Fred L.	Pvt.	304 Rogers Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	B.
Stueland, Joseph T.	Pvt.	Kanawha, Iowa	Battery	D.
Sturza, Jack	Pvt.	1626 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	C.
Sullivan, Daniel J. E.	Cpl.	479 52nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Sullivan, Edward A.	Pvt.	31 Chester St., Springfield, Mass.	Battery	D.
Sullivan, Henry F.	Cpl.	6311 5th Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery	E.
Sullivan, James C.	Wag.	503 W. 174th St., N. Y. C.	Supply	Co.
Sullivan, Wm. J.	Sgt.		Ordnance	
Svedahl, Ereing	Pvt.	3307 Cedar Ave., Minn., Minn.	Battery	F.
Swenson, Victor S.	Pvt.	Clark's Grove, Minn.	Battery	A.
Swanson, Edwin C.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 2, Box 8, Oakland, Neb.	Battery	E.
Swanson, Paul A.	Pvt.	Orandon, Wis.	Battery	C.

Swenson, Walter R.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 3, Stacy, Minn.	Battery F.
Swiader, Wojcieh	Pvt.	179 Prospect Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Swofford, John N.	Pvt.	Gallatin, Mo.	Battery B.
Talbot, John	Cpl.	2437 Valentine Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery D.
Talentino, Thomas	Pvt.	304 E. 45th St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Taylor, Harvey	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 7, Box 9, Pattonsburg, Mo.	Supply Co.
Taylor, Robert Wm.	Pvt.	167 Irving Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Teague, Virgil L.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Phillipsburg, Mo.	Battery B.
Teasdale, Thomas R.	Pvt.	361 Peckham St., Fall River, Mass.	Battery E.
Temple, Chris. R.	Pvt.		Medical
Tennyson, Edward	Pvt.	139 W. 98th St., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Thacher, Horace	Pvt.	5 Lafayette Ave., Ossining, N. Y.	Battery D.
Thines, Nicholas	Cpl.	204 Ideal St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Thomas, Frank	Pvt.	735 Utah St., Toledo, N. Y.	Battery C.
Thomas, Lewis	Cpl.	31 E. 39th St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Thomas, James P.	Pvt.		Hdqrs. Co.
Thompson, George	Pvt.	921 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Supply Co.
Thompson, George	Pvt.	457 W. 164th St., N. Y. C.	Battery C.
Thompson, Herman	Pvt.	New London, Minn.	Battery E.
Thompson, John G.	Pvt.	Blasdell, New York	Battery D.
Thomson, James D.	Pvt.		Battery F.
Thorne, Einer	Pvt.	271 Wesley Ave., Clinton, Iowa	Battery D.
Thornton, Donald F.	Pvt.	Holland, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Thorson, Martin	Pvt.	R. F. D. 60, Ceraca, Ill.	Battery F.
Thorwirth, Fred Wm.	Pvt.	East Aurora, Minn.	Battery E.
Tobin, Robert	Sgt.	424 41st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery A.
Todd, William H.	Pvt.	Mendon, Ill.	Battery C.
Tollefson, Herman P.	Pvt.	Hendricks, Minn.	Battery C.
Tonning, Iver	Pvt.	2742 Johnson St., Minneapolis, Minn.	Battery A.
Torstveit, Arthur	Pvt.	St. Helaire, Minn.	Battery E.
Toussounian, J. A.	Pvt.		Battery F.
Tracy, Chas. A.	H. shoer	309 W. 142nd St., N. Y. C.	Battery A.
Trapani, James	Sad.	219 Nassau Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs. Co.
Trautman, Albert	Pvt.	106 Humison Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery C.
Travis, Wright H.	Pvt.	Avoca, New York	Hdqrs. Co.
Trevino, Dale	Pvt.	P. O. Box 264, White Bear Lake, Minn.	Battery F.
Trimble, Frank	Pvt.		Supply Co.
Truesdell, Wm. J.	Pvt.	639 54th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery C.
Tucker, Albert F.	Pvt.	Downer, Minn.	Battery C.
Tulchinsky, David	Pvt.	554 Grand St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Tuman, Fred'k.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 4, Box 101, Dassel, Minn.	Battery A.
Tygret, Carl V.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 1, Batavia, Iowa	Battery E.
Ulrich, George L.	Pvt.	Olean Ave., Gardenville, N. Y.	Battery D.
Urbanski, Albert	Pvt.	18 Glenn St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery A.

Vaccaro, Anthony Cpl. 401 E. 100th St., N. Y. C.....Battery F.
Van Auken, A. R.....Pvt. Decatur City, Iowa Battery D.
Van Beek, Gerrit.....Pvt. Orange City, Iowa Battery E.
Van Buren, Ned.....Pvt. Summit, N. Y. Battery D.
Vanderheyde, Ed. A...Pvt. 507 W. 184th St., N. Y. C.....Battery A.
Vander Meulen, P. D..Pvt. Thornton Ave., Gardenville, N. Y...Hdqrs. Co.
Van Hoogenstyn, L...Sgt. 36 N. 17th St., E. Orange, N. J.....Battery E.
Van Pless, Wm. Fred.Sgt. 170 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.....Battery D.
Van Wickler, P. B....H. shoer ..319 Jeanette Ave., Linwood, L. I....Battery E.
Veasey, Joseph M.....Cpl. 511 E. 88th St., N. Y. C.....Battery A.
Velle, Otto P.....Cpl. Grant & Thomas Ave., Baldwin, N. Y.Battery D.
Vernon, Wm. Karl....Sgt. Port Washington Club, Port Washington, N. Y. Battery E.
Vernum, Joseph Pvt. 56 Eighth Ave., N. Y. C. Supply Co.
Vesta, Victor M.....Sgt. 1813 Crotona Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery F.
Vigliante, Angelo Pvt. 628 Lincoln Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery A.
Villeburn, Peter Pvt. Bejan, Minn. Battery E.
Vincer, Arthur F.....Pvt. Glenn Ave., Sea Cliff, L. I. Battery D.
Vogt, Fred'k. Herman.Pvt. Hammondsport, N. Y. Battery C.
Vogt, Lloyd E.....Pvt. Prospect Ave., E. Aurora, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
Vollkomer, Louis Pvt. Battery B.
Von der Empten, G. A.Pvt. Hammondsport, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Von Lampe, Wilhelm. Pvt. 2 Marble Hill Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery C.
Vottazzi, Tony Pvt. Battery D.

Wager, Robert Pvt. West Lebanon, N. Y. Battery D.
Wagner, Wm. M.....Bugler 956 Tiffany St., N. Y. C.....Battery D.
Walcher, Will Pvt. Ulm, Ark. Battery B.
Walker, Amos J.....Pvt. Sampsel, Mo. Battery B.
Walker, Herman W...Pvt. 736 6th St., N. E., Wash., D. C.....Medical
Walker, Leon Pvt. 496 Williams Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y..Hdqrs. Co.
Walker, Robert M....Pvt. Medical
Walker, Virgil A.....Cpl. R. F. D. 2, Sperry, Iowa Battery F.
Walker, Wm. E.....Pvt. Henderson, Mason, W. Va.....Battery F.
Wallace, J. M.....Rt. Su. St..Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.....Supply Co.
Walrath, Ray C.....Pvt. Hdqrs. Co.
Walsh, Edward Jos...H. shoer ..165 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery D.
Walsh, Robt. Jos.....Pvt. 682 Water St., N. Y. C.....Hdqrs. Co.
Walter, Alfred John..Pvt. 323 E. 89th St., N. Y. C.....Battery A.
Walters, Richard Pvt. 1039 Walden Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.... % Greiner Battery D.
Wancura, Frank Ed...Cpl. 66 W. 56th St., N. Y. C.....Battery E.
Wank, Jesse J.....Pvt. 29 E. 124th St., N. Y. C.....Hdqrs. Co.
Ward, Herbert A.....Pvt. Huntsville, Mo. Battery B.
Ward, Robt. Smith...Pvt. 795 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y....Battery D.
Warner, Waldo B.....Pvt. 765 58th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery A.
Warns, Howard O....Pvt. 126 High St., Painted Post, N. Y....Medical
Warren, Wm. R.....Pvt. 102 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.....Battery C.

Waschke, Arthur G...Pvt. Redwood Falls, Minn. Battery F.
Watson, John Pvt. 923 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery F.
Watts, James E.....Cpl. Battery F.
Waver, Harry G.....Pvt. Ordnance
Webber, George W...Pvt. Ironton, Minn. Battery F.
Weber, August W.....Pvt. R. No. 5, Box 113, N. Mankato, Minn.Battery B.
Weber, Fred'k. H....Wag. W. Hartford, Conn. Battery F.
Weddle, Geo. P.....Pvt. 311 W. 97th St., N. Y. C. Hdqrs. Co.
Wehrli, Walter Pvt. 445 W. 48th St., N. Y. C.....Battery A.
Weil, Mortimer Cpl. 319 W. 94th St., N. Y. C.....Supply Co.
Weil, Theodore F.....Pvt. 536 W. 163rd St., N. Y. C.....Battery B.
Weingarten, Jack Pvt. 286 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery B.
Weinhauer, Geo. H....Cpl. 553 *Hamburg Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y..Battery D.*
Weissberger, Morris..Pvt. 924 Prospect Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery D.
Welch, Isaac L.....H. shoer ..Cold Springs, N. Y.....Battery C.
Wellner, Henry M....Pvt. Emma, Saline Co., Mo. Battery B.
Wendel, Otto G.....Sgt. Main St., Gowanda, N. Y.....Battery C.
Wendell, William Sgt. 449 76th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Hdqrs. Co.
(Asst. Bd. Leader
Wenzel, Andrew J....Sgt. 2374 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...Hdqrs. Co.
Werner, Charles Cpl. 1885 First Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery C.
Westby, Haakon Pvt. Canby, Minn. Battery C.
Westman, Theo. C....Pvt. Chaffee, Erie Co., N. Y.....Battery B.
Westphalen, Frank J..Pvt. Battery B.
Wexler, Abraham Pvt. 204 Bush St., N. Y. C.....Battery C.
Weyrick, W. Pvt. Browerville, Minn. Battery E.
Wheeler, Leeds A....Sgt. 53 Ashford St., Allston, Mass.....Battery C.
White, Sidney Pvt. Battery C.
White, Daniel A., Jr..Pvt. 236 E. 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery C.
White, Wm. J.....Cook 51 Hillside Ave., Charlestown, Mass.Battery C.
Whitehead, W. L.....Sgt. 7 Winter St., Arlington, Mass.....Hdqrs. Co.
Whiteis, John D.....Pvt. 129 Pace St., Macon, Mo.....Battery B.
Withey, George W....Pvt. Battery F.
Whitmore, Arthur J...Pvt. Wiscay, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Whittaker, Coy Wag. Franklinsville, N. Y. Hdqrs. Co.
Whitten, Wm., Jr.....Sgt. 275 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.....Hdqrs. Co.
Wicks, Elbert C.....Pvt. Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.....Battery B.
Widmann, Ernest A...Cpl. 530 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery F.
Wiendieck, Geo. C....Pvt. 235 E. 87th St., N. Y. C.....Battery A.
Wienk, Vernon J.....Pvt. Otto, N. Y. Battery C.
Wilcox, Claude Pvt. Addison, New York Hdqrs. Co.
Wilkinson, Alfred ...Sgt. 539 E. 78th St., N. Y. C.....Battery E.
Wilks, Louis Pvt. 328 Beekman Ave., Bronx, N. Y.....Battery C.
Will, Fred A. Cpl. 634 Humboldt Pkway, Buffalo, N. Y.Hdqrs. Co.
Williams, Percy W....Pvt. E. Hampton, Conn. Battery A.
Williams, Russell P...Cpl. 541 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery B.
Willis, William R....Pvt. New Hartford, Mo. Battery B.
Wing, Fred'k. J.....Pvt. 127 Miller Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery B.

Winner, Niles M.	Pvt.	North Collins, N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Winther, Axel	Pvt.		Battery	F.
Wire, Amos W.	Pvt.	Gravity, Iowa	Battery	B.
Wohlford, Wm. Chas.	Pvt.	59 Pine Ridge Rd., Buffalo, N. Y.	Supply	Co.
Wolfson, David	Pvt.	1578 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	A.
Wollam, Glen	Pvt.	Cantril, Iowa	Battery	B.
Wollmar, Harry J.	Pvt.	595 St. Anns Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery	A.
Woods, Harlan H.	Pvt.	Rushford, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Wood, Thomas H.	Pvt.		Battery	E.
Wood, Wm. James	Pvt.	146 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	C.
Wright, Henry H.	H. shoer	Grove, Okla.	Battery	B.
Wright, Leonard S.	H. shoer	Oyster Bay, N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Wynne, Walter A.	Cpl.	256 E. 68th St., N. Y. C.	Battery	A.
Yaknbenas, Mike	Cook	74 Greenpoint Ave., L. I. C., N. Y.	Battery	F.
Yarbongh, H. E.	Pvt.		Battery	B.
Yeager, Edwin E.	Pvt.	Edwards, Benton Co., Mo.	Battery	B.
Yearnshaw, Chas. H.	Pvt.	Madrid, Ia.	Battery	B.
Young, Adolph	Pvt.	Clay Center, Kan.	Battery	B.
Young, Baldwin C.	Sgt.	Huntington, L. I., N. Y.	Battery	A.
Yphantes, Anthony F.	Cook	12 Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	C.
Zabel, Fred P.	Pvt.	145 4th St., Union Course, L. I., N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Zbornik, Frank R.	Pvt.	R. F. D. 3, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa	Battery	A.
Zeffers, Edward F.	Pvt.	West Valley, N. Y.	Battery	C.
Zeigengeist, A. O.	Pvt.	27 South St., Plymouth, Mass.	Battery	F.
Zell, Albin H.	Pvt.	Beardsley, Minn.	Battery	D.
Zeller, H. J.	Sgt.	1125 Park Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Ziehl, Martin	Pvt.	404 23rd Ave. N., St. Cloud, Minn.	Battery	E.
Zika, Frank	Pvt.	510 E. 86th St., N. Y. C.	Supply	Co.
Zimmerman, A.	Cpl.	154 Hopkins St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Zimmerman, Walter	Pvt.	29 Hume Ave., Bedford, Mass.	Battery	B.
Zioltkowski, John S.	Pvt.	R. R. 5, Box 36, Little Falls, Minn.	Battery	E.
Zittel, Edward John.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 3, Hamburg, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Zoeller, William	Pvt.	1898 Stockholm St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	A.
Znbko, John, Jr.	3d Cl. Mu.	2245 Hughes Ave., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs.	Co.
Zucco, Angelo	Pvt.	White Boar, Iowa	Battery	E.
Zwallich, Charles		1390 Prospect Ave., N. Y.	Battery	E.

THOSE WHO JOINED THE REGIMENT OVERSEAS

Adams, Elisha L.	Pvt.	Springfield, Mo.	Battery	B.
Adelman, Casper I.	Pvt.	R. R. 4, Starbuck, Minn.	Battery	F.
Alley, Sam W.	Pvt.	424 McCallie Ave., Chattanooga, Tn.	Battery	B.
Anderson, Jos. E.	Pvt.	Mulkey, Okla.	Battery	B.
Aspell, Gaylord C.	Pvt.	McIntyre, Iowa	Battery	C.
Ayotte, Alfred J. B.	Pvt.	205 Jefferson Ave., Salem, Mass.	Hdqrs.	...

Balke, Peter A.....Pvt. Climax, Minn. Battery A.
Bare, Clarence J.....Pvt. 25 Mystic Ave., Salem, Mass.....Battery A.
Beard, Harry C.....Pvt. 27 E. Main St., Middletown, Pa.....Supply Co.
Billingsley, Ben Pvt. Lehigh, Okla. Battery E.
Blades, Guy E.....Pvt. Manassa, Colo. Battery D.
Bois, Louis P.....Pvt. 423 Saratoga St., Boston, Mass.....Hdqrs.
Boltin, John C.....Pvt. 27 Windsor St., Orangeburg, S. C...Battery E.
Boreen, John S.....Pvt. Spicer, Minn. Battery B.
Bosler, Forrest H.....Pvt. 54 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga.....Supply Co.
Boyle, Joseph A.....Pvt. 529 Grant St., Hazelton, Pa.....Battery B.
Brozowski, Chas. Pvt. 23 Middle St., Fitchburg, Mass.....Battery D.
Brown, Geo. E.....Pvt. 116 Ely St., Elizabeth, N. J.....Battery D.
Brown, Martin Pvt. Browtown, Pa. Supply Co.
Buhecker, Rayd. W....Pvt. R. F. D. No. 1, E. Palestine, Columbus Co., Ohio Battery E.
Burger, Walter M.....Pvt. Wilbur, Nebr. Battery C.
Burke, Michael Pvt. Packer St., Avoca, Pa. Battery B.

Callaghan, John S.....H. shoer ..251 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.....Supply Co.
Campbell, Chas. C.....Pvt. Keokuk, Iowa Battery B.
Campinini, Samuel ...Pvt. Sykesville, Pa. Battery A.
Canady, Wm. J.....Pvt. Imboden, Va. Battery B.
Carden, Joseph M.....Pvt. 1902 Washburn St., Scranton, Pa....Supply Co.
Carr, J. E. Pvt. LaPorte City, Iowa Battery B.
Cella, Dominick Pvt. 138 MacDougall St., N. Y. C..... Battery F.
Charton, Raymond ...Pvt. Housel St., Canton, Ohio Supply Co.
Clarke, Henry A.....Pvt. Tuckerman St., Arctic, R. I.....Hdqrs.
Clawson, Willard A...Mus. Middlesex, N. Y. Hdqrs.
Cochran, Ira Mus. R. F. D. No. 1, Cookville, Texas....Battery F.
Cole, James O.....Mus. Dorset, Ohio Battery E.
Coleman, Daniel Wag. 2028 Wayne Ave., Scranton, Pa.....Supply Co.
Coleman, Rudolph Pvt. 395 Waddell St., Letonia, Ohio.....Battery D.
Colvard, Jos. W.....Pvt. Lizella, Ga. Battery A.
Coren, Hymen Pvt. East Port, Maine Battery D.
Conoway, Ephraim ...Pvt. Vaughnsville, Ohio Battery D.
Conti, Alphonso Pvt. Sterling Junction, Mass. Battery B.
Cooper, William F....Pvt. Fitzwilliam, N. H. Battery D.
Cotner, Geo. C.....Pvt. 216 Fairmont Ave., Sunbury, Pa....Supply Co.
Courchene, Aristido ..Pvt. 142 Sale St., Woonsocket, R. I.....Battery D.
Cox, Fred G.....Pvt. Powderville, Mont. Hdqrs.
Cullinane, John Pvt. Roxbury, Mass. Battery D.
Culliton, Austin J.....Pvt. Warren, Mass. Battery D.
Cunningham, Clifford..Wag. R. F. D., Hagertown, Md. Supply Co.
Curley, Thos. V.....Pvt. 100 Pine St., Dedham, Mass. Battery D.

Dahl, Alfred K.....H. shoer ..Savange, Mont. Battery E.
Decker, Burton A.....Pvt. Melmore, Ohio Battery E.
DeFederico, Federico..Pvt. Worlesburg, Pa. Battery C.

DeLoach, Frank W....Pvt. Grenoda, Minn. Battery C.
DePretto, Harry Pvt. 124 23rd St., W. New York, N. J....Battery C.
Dick, Albert C.....Pvt. 720 McKinley Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio Battery D.
Dilley, Arthur W.....Pvt. Sykes, Pa. Battery D.
Dillon, Euby E.....Pvt. Scrugges, Va. Battery D.
Dolphin, Edward W...Pvt. 72 Leonard St., Milford, Mass.....Battery D.
Donohue, Thomas Pvt. 5 Ashmont Pk., Dorchester, Mass...Battery B.
Dougherty, J. J.....Pvt. 1551 Fraser St., N. Philadelphia, Pa.Battery A.

East, Geo. W.....Pvt. 89 Bridge St., Springfield, Mass.....Battery F.
Elden, John A.....Bugler 404 61st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery C.
Elicker, Harry L.....Wag. 436 W. Princess St., York, Pa.....Supply Co.
Ellenberger, Samuel...Pvt. 1414 Gibbs Ave., N. E., Canton, O...Supply Co.
Evans, W. D.....Pvt. Edgerton, Minn. Battery F.

Fairfax, Cafir Pvt. Hoadly, Prince William Co., Va.....Battery F.
Finningar, Harry Wag. R. F. D. 1, New Holland, Pa.....Supply Co.
Ferlas, H. B.....Mus. 461 Hatch St., St. Paul, Minn.....Hdqrs.
Finch, Geo. A.....Pvt. Box 720, Youngstown, Ohio Battery F.
Fitzgerald, Robert ...Pvt. 94 Apricot St., Worcester, Mass.....Hdqrs.
Fleig, Louis H. shoer ..121 Schley St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Battery F.
Foster, Elbert H.....Pvt. Maud, Texas Battery E.
Foust, Wm. L. Pvt. 127 Arlington St., N. W., Canton, O.Battery D.
Fry, Thomas H.....Pvt. Atlas, Okla. Battery D.
Franklin, Robert Pvt. Adele, Miss. Hdqrs.

Galuzzo, James Pvt. 173 Capital Ave., Meriden, Conn....Battery B.
Golum, Barth O.....Wag. Mills City, Pa. Supply Co.
Goss, Lee R.....Pvt. Hickory Ridge, Ark. Battery A.
Gould, Ashley M.....Pvt. 445 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...Hdqrs.
Green, Fred Pvt. Butler, Vt. Battery D.
Greives, Ralph H.....Pvt. R. F. D. No. 4, Fulton Ave., Springfield, O. Battery A.
Gridley, Clinton E....Pvt. R. F. D. No. 2, Green, Kansas Battery C.
Griffith, Joseph A.....Pvt. 2201 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.....Battery A.
Guadazno, Ralph Pvt. 2037 First Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery C.

Hass, Chas. V.....Pvt. Stony Creek Mill, Pa. Battery E.
Haferd, Leo W.....Pvt. Carey, Ohio Battery C.
Harbuck, W. E.....Pvt. Floralla, Covington, Ala. Battery D.
Hardy, Albert W.....Pvt. Ellsworth St., Martinsville, Va.....Battery F.
Haugem, Ole Pvt. Ostrander, Minn. Battery E.
Hawkins, Andrew A...Pvt. Raymond, Hines City, Miss. Battery D.
Heaths, Arthur
Hegerle, Jos. A.....Pvt. 423 S. 10th St., Minneapolis, Minn...Battery D.
Heisel, W. E.....Pvt. 501 5th St., S., Virginin, Minn.....Battery F.
Henry, Earl W.....Pvt. 3008 S. 6th St., Canton, O.....Supply Co.

Hines, Clifford E.....Pvt. 221 Cherry St., Lebanon, Ohio.....Battery D.
Hoffman, Joseph Pvt. Sacramento, Calif. Battery C.
Hoffman, Lewis W....Pvt. R. F. D. 1, Lehigh, Iowa Hdqrs.
Hogan, Paul Pvt. 704 S. 5th St., Hamilton, Ohio.....Battery A.
Homas, James E.....Cpl. 419 W. 129th St., N. Y. C.....Battery D.
Homes, Albert P.....Pvt. Greentown, Ohio Battery D.
Huerta, Adolph Pvt. 314 S. Flores St., San Antonio, Tex.Hdqrs.

John, Milo Pvt. Versailles, N. Y. Battery C.
Jones, W., Jr.....Pvt. 771 Forest Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery D.
Josefson, John A.....Pvt. Two Harbors, Minn. Battery F.
Karcher, Louis Pvt. 3146 Heath Ave., N. Y. C.....Battery B.
Kane, Anthony N.....Pvt. 1916 Perryville Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.Battery D.
Keene, Marvin T.....Pvt. Bonham, Texas Battery C.
Keller, Otto A.....Cpl. 230 N. Rudolph St., Indianapolis, Ind. Hdqrs.
Kennedy, Wm. J.....Pvt. R. F. D. 2, Early, Iowa Battery A.
Kidd, Warren H.....Pvt. Columbus Grove, Putnam Co., O....Battery D.
Killian, Ed. J.....Pvt. 204 Crawford Ave., Altoona, Pa.....Battery E.
Koenig, Peter J.....Pvt. 1020 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati, O...Battery F.
Kremler, Alfred L.....Pvt. 369 Sumpter St., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery C.
Krueger, Geo. H. shoer ..R. F. D. No. 227, Von Ormy, Texas.Battery F.

Lackey, Jos. H.....Pvt. Ordway, Colo. Hdqrs.
Lashaway, Lloyd Pvt. R. No. 2, Box 157, Weston, Ohio...Battery F.
Lauria, Tony Pvt. 647 First Ave., New Haven, Conn...Hdqrs.
Lawson, Western Pvt. Liverpool, Ohio Battery E.
Lazar, Samuel Pvt. 18 Clark St., New Britain, Conn....Battery A.
Leidner, Emil F.....Pvt. 2017 Himrod St., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery E.
Lind, J. J., Jr.....Pvt. 253 Clinton St., N. Y. C.....Supply Co.
Litwin, Martin Pvt. 3 St. Anns Ave., Plains, Pa. Battery F.
Loftis, Jos. E.....Pvt. Almond, Wis. Hdqrs.
Long, Patrick J.....Pvt. 154 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery A.
Longuidici, Orazio ...Pvt. 103 Hester St., N. Y. C.....Battery E.
Lowenstein, Louis Pvt. 342 Rodney St., Brooklyn, N. Y.....Ordnance
Lyon, Harold F.....Pvt. 215 Flower Av., E. Watertown, N. Y.Battery D.

McGann, Sidney A....Pvt. 312 Jackson Ave., L. I. C.....Battery C.
McHugh, John J.....Pvt. 496 Linwood St., Brooklyn, N. Y...Battery E.
Majchszak, Jos. Pvt. 54 Wilkins St., Buffalo, N. Y.....Battery C.
Makey, Frank E.....Mech. Castleton, N. D. Battery C.
Mara, Michael Pvt. 538 Central Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y....Battery D.
Martinoz, Adelaide ...Pvt. Vallecitos, N. M. Supply Co.
Martinez, Frank Pvt. Holcomb, Kansas Battery A.
Maziarke, John W....Pvt. 2431 S. Karlov Ave., Chicago, Ill....Battery C.
Mebane, Jos. Pvt. DeKalb, Texas Battery C.
Merry, Ernest F.....Pvt. 215 N. Grant St., Detroit, Mich.....Battery B.
Mestas, Hiraclio Pvt. Cabezon, N. M. Battery B.

Metcalf, Clarence	Pvt.	Porterville, Erie County, N. Y.	Battery B.
Meyers, W. A.	Pvt.	Montrose, Colo.	Battery D.
Migl, Willie J.	Pvt.	Flatonia, Fayette Co., Texas	Battery D.
Napert, Emile	Pvt.	6 First St., Berlin, N. H.	Battery E.
Neschim, Clarence W.	Cpl.	Spring Valley, Minn.	Hdqrs.
Nestlen, Wm.	Pvt.	4911 7th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery D.
Norling, Emil	Pvt.	St. Maries, Idaho	Battery E.
Olsen, Clarence	Pvt.	St. Ansger, Iowa	Battery C.
Onsager, Gussie	Pvt.	Waukon, Iowa	Battery E.
Otto, Raymond C.	Pvt.	416 E. 8th St., Muscatine, Iowa	Battery A.
Palasch, Alex	Pvt.	1585 St. Marks Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Pappas, Wm.	Pvt.	265 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Battery D.
Parker, H. H.	Pvt.	Dixie, Okla.	Battery F.
Parr, Garrett	Pvt.	Stephenville, Texas	Hdqrs.
Parrett, John R.	Pvt.	Huntington, Mass.	Battery D.
Paz, Evaristo	Pvt.	602 Dolorosa, San Antonio, Texas	Hdqrs.
Peace, Philip E.	Pvt.	Paolie, Pa.	Battery A.
Peterson, John	Pvt.	Leadora, Idaho	Battery A.
Petraglia, Johnson	Pvt.	2248 First Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery B.
Phillips, John	Pvt.	327 Pacific Ave., Willmar, Minn.	Battery F.
Pompa, Ramon	Pvt.	Lincoln St., Phoenix, Ariz.	Battery F.
Porter, Chas. M.	Pvt.	Iliad, Mont.	Hdqrs.
Poveno, Jos.	Pvt.	R. R. Y. M. C. A., 2nd St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Princippi, Guiseppe	Pvt.	236 York Ave., New Brighton, S. I., N. Y.	Battery D.
Provensano, Luice	Pvt.	207 E. 105th St., N. Y. C.	Battery F.
Ramsey, Benton	Pvt.	Beaver Springs, Texas	Battery C.
Reid, Samuel A.	Pvt.	Onslow, Iowa	Battery C.
Reinhart, John	Pvt.	434 Himrod St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery F.
Reynolds, John H.	Pvt.	Cameron Mills, N. Y.	Battery C.
Reynolds, Leslie C.		Springtown, Texas	Battery D.
Rice, Jos. A.	Pvt.	New Orleans, La.	Battery B.
Richenau, Walter	Pvt.	Fredericksburg, Texas	Battery A.
Roddenberry, A. L.	Pvt.	Graham, Ga.	Battery D.
Robbenolt, J. A.	Pvt.	R. R. No. 2, Tracy, Minn.	Battery F.
Roberts, Ezra	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 2, Morrisville, N. Y.	Battery A.
Roth, F. J.	Pvt.	265 Audubon Ave., N. Y. C.	Hdqrs.
Russell, Mauritz	Pvt.	Cokato, Minn.	Battery F.
Salisbury, Orvie	Pvt.	Nephi City, Utah	Battery F.
Sapamaro, Frank	Pvt.	Meadowdale, Wash.	Battery E.
Schmidt, August	Pvt.	101 Boyd Ave., Jersey City, N. J.	Battery B.
Schulman, Morris	Pvt.	482 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery E.
Schwalb, Emanuel	Pvt.	144 Nepperham Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.	Battery E.

Schwartz, Henry	Pvt.	32 Minerva St., Tonawanda, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Sciutteri, Guiseppe	Pvt.	Melville, N. J.	Battery	F.
See, Frank W.	Pvt.	55 Division Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	E.
Shapiro, Louis	Pvt.	1958 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	A.
Sherman, Robt.	Pvt.	24 Bradley St., New Britain, Conn.	Hdqrs.	
Shoffner, Roy B.	Pvt.	257 Montford Ave., Ashville, N. C.	Battery	B.
Smisek, Jos.	Pvt.	5901 Woodland Ave., Cleveland, O.	Battery	E.
Smith, Spencer H.		53 Washington Square, N. Y. C.	Battery	F.
Stopher, Everett	Pvt.	Armour, So. Dak.	Battery	E.
Stasulis, Leo	Pvt.	381 W. 4th St., S. Boston, Mass.	Battery	F.
Stutzman, Blair	Pvt.	267 Front St., Binghamton, N. Y.	Battery	F.
Symmes, Paul	Pvt.	Graniteville Rd., Westford, Mass.	Battery	F.
Tansey, George	Pvt.	Richmondville, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Temming, William A.	Pvt.	Concordia, Mo.	Battery	B.
Trepkovitz, Vedoc	Pvt.	P. O. Box 222, Springdale, Pa.	Battery	A.
Tsamopoulas, Con.	Pvt.	282 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.	Battery	C.
Turner, Chas. S.	Pvt.	Chula, Ga.	Hdqrs.	
Vacca, Cornino	Pvt.	Taconite, Iowa	Battery	B.
Van Corbach, Wm. B.	Pvt.	Iveton, Iowa	Battery	E.
Von Pless, Wm. S.	Sgt.	170 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.	Battery	D.
Warner, Espie	Sgt.	Owingsville, Ky.	Battery	B.
Weiss, Edward J.	Pvt.	304 Berwick, Easton, Pa.	Hdqrs.	
Weller, Foster J.	Pvt.	722 Dewald St., Canton, Ohio	Battery	E.
Wilkenson, O. E.	H. shoer	Owasso, Okla.	Battery	B.
Williams, William	Pvt.	Shady Springs, Raleigh Co., W. Va.	Battery	B.
Willis, Geo.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 2, Hickox, Ga.	Battery	C.
Wilson, John J.	Pvt.	Farnhamsville, Iowa	Battery	E.
Wisnisky, Stanley	Pvt.	Mollenauer, Alleghany, Pa.	Battery	E.
Witbey, Geo. W.	Pvt.	Ossian, N. Y.	Battery	F.
Wolf, Albert	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 3, Windon, Minn.	Battery	A.
Worman, Oliver	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Dunbar, Pa.	Battery	A.
Yates, Wm. T.	Pvt.	107 E. Mahony Ave., Mahony City, Pa.	Battery	E.
Yoblonsky, Morris	Pvt.	1781 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	F.
Zerbenobsky, Benny	Pvt.	201 Siegel St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	F.
Zettler, Harris	Pvt.	Rancon, Ga.	Hdqrs.	
Ziegler, John J.	Pvt.	99 Himrod St., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	F.
Zill, Zirkarno	Pvt.	181 Graham Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Battery	A.
Zimmerman, Wm. E.	Pvt.	29 Hume Ave., Medford, Mass.	Battery	A.
Zipperer, Jos.	Pvt.	R. F. D. No. 1, Box 34, Marlow, Ga.	Battery	F.

REGIMENTAL SONGS

CAMP UPTON

(Written in the early days, when the soldiers spent most of their time digging stumps to clear the ground for drill)

Camp Upton, you've got to hand it to us,
We're there, you bet your boots!
We have a band that toots!
We have a gun that shoots
Some shoots, boys!
We're going to have a drill-field maybe,
Nobody knows the day;
But we're the fiercest little bunch of brutes
That ever went into the woods and pulled the roots.
Camp Upton, you've got to hand it to us,
3-0-4 F. A!

—Attributed to Capt. J. A. Doyle.

THE PROPHYLACTIC NEEDLE

(Tune, In My Harem)

(Written when the recruits were being inoculated for typhoid and paratyphoid)

Oh, the Needle, the Needle, the prophylactic Needle!
And your arm don't have a minute
The Needle isn't in it.
Para-typhoid, Oi oi, typhoid!
Captain, I'm so seek!
All they do is punch me full
Of holes all through the week.

Oh, the Needle, the Needle, the prophylactic Needle!
Oh, I ought to be in bed,
But I have to work instead, the Captain
Tells me it's good for me!

—Attributed to Capt. J. A. Doyle.

THE DEAD HORSE BRIGADE

(Written on the Vesle front when the Band was busy burying dead horses. See page 120.)

(Tune, Chopin's Funeral March)

We are the men of the Dead Horse Brigade,
We are the men of the Dead Horse Brigade,
Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah!
We are the men of the Dead Horse Brigade.

Solo:

For we dig one horse's grave each day,
And we never get a cent more pay.
Let us hurry, let us not delay,
For we have to dig another in the morning.
We are the men, etc. (Repeat chorus.)

—Musician Oscar Stange:

MATÉRIEL

(Tune, When I Get You Alone To-night)

(Written when, on paper, tractor-drawn 4.7's had replaced the horse-drawn 3 inch guns)

When we get our matériel,
Then the horses can go to hell.
When we slip into high, how the old dust will fly—
Chug chug chug chug, watch us go by!

When we slip them our first big shell,
How those Germans will run and yell—
They will wish they were in heaven
When they hear our four point seven,
When we get our matériel.

Caterpillars will pull us through,
There is nothing they cannot do.
With a great many clanks we'll shoot by the tanks,
Chug chug chug chug, just watch the Yanks!
We will shoot up the bloody Hun
As it's never before been done—
All the Boche will hit the timber
When they see us first unlimber
With our brand new matériel.

—Written and sung by the Anti-Glee Club.

WE'RE THE 304 F. A.

(Tune, The British Grenadier)

Some talk of the Regular Army
And some of the National Guard,
But we're the National Army,
And the best bet on the card.
And of all the snappy outfits
In the A. E. F. to-day,
There's the Trois Cent Quatre with the soixante quinze,
There's the 304 F. A.

We're the Trois Cent Quatre with the soixante quinze,
We're the 304 F. A.
We'll go from here to Berlin,
And we'll never ask the way.
We're the Trois Cent Quatre with the soixante quinze,
We're the 304 F. A.

—Attributed to Lieut. C. B. Welling.

THE MESS-KIT RAG

(Original tune)

"Come and get it, come and get it,"
That's the time when we all shine.
"Come and get it, come and get it,"
Then we all jump into line;
Then the cook with a look
Like a tin-horn sport,
Says, "No more seconds,
We're running short."
Then you turn around and yell,
"Take your meal and go to hell!"
NO SECONDS!
That's the Mess-Kit Rag.

—Musician Oscar Stange.

THE VESLE AND THE ARGONNE

(Tune, Lord Geoffrey Amherst)

The 304th Artillery that hails from old New York
Is a regiment that everybody knows;
For we started down at Upton in September 'seventeen,
And we lived through the Yaphank snows—
Yes, we lived through the Yaphank snows.
Then off across the ocean we were shipped with all our men,
And they were soldiers loyal and true,
And we shot up all the Huns that ever came within our sight,
And we looked around for more when we were through.

CHORUS:

Oh, the Vesle and the Argonne,
They were names known to fame in days of yore,
Now forever made glorious
By the fighting of the 3-0-4.

And now the war is over, for the Dutchmen had enough,
Yes, too much, if the truth be told,
Of our screaming high explosive and our shrapnel's deadly rain,
And the world knows they're laid out cold—
All the world knows they're laid out cold.
And for our gallant regiment, among the first to fight,
There is a big time coming some day,
When the ocean ferries get around to carrying us home,
And we sail past our Statue up the Bay.

—First verse and chorus by Chaplain J. M.Howard.
—Second verse by Lieut. H. Lillibridge.

REGIMENTAL HISTORY

Oh, first we went to Baccarat to learn to fight the Huns,
And all we did was eat and sleep, we never worked the guns.
The Germans never fought by night, they never fought by day—
A quiet place to learn to fight was up in Reherrey.

Chorus:

Home, boys, Home, it's home we ought to be,
Home, boys, home, in the Land of Liberty,
The Ash and the Oak and the Sour Apple Tree
They all grow together up in North Amerikee.

Oh, then we went to Farm des Dames across from old Bazoches,
And took up a position for to harass Henry Boche,
But Henry shelled us night and day and gassed us in between—
As hot a spot was Farm des Dames as any I have seen.

Then we went across the Vesle and up to Vauxcéré.
The doughboys tried to catch the Hun but he was on the way;
And when we settled in the town he ranged us to a dot,
And every time he wanted to he dropped one on the spot.

Then the Wops relieved us and we went out South by West,
We hiked from Fismes to Menehould with never any rest;
We took up a position on a hill above Chalade,
With all the big and little guns the U. S. Army had.

Then we fought the Argonne from Hazrée to Grandpré,
And took in Abri Crochet and La Viergette on the way.
We showed the Hun some fighting and some brand new Yankee tricks,
Then we handed Heinie's number to an outfit from Camp Dix.

Then we all were granted leave and hit the trail for Nice,
But first we spent a week in Paris dodging the Police.
Then Pershing planned another push and called us to the line,
Because he knew without us he could never cross the Rhine.

We started with the usual push but soon were in a race—
The nags the Frogs had given us could never stand the pace;
So we parked the First Battalion in the city of Verpel,
And sent the dizzy Second on to give the Dutchmen Hell.

The Second started hell-for-leather riding over France;
They tried to catch the infantry but never had a chance.
McDougal got the section up and got it damn well hit,
And then the Boche decided it was time for them to quit.

We get a lot of rumors and we hear a lot of dope,
The Sergeant tells the Corporal when he has cause to hope.
And still we practice fighting and liaison in the mud,
And every rumor that we get turns out to be a dud.

And now the war is over and we'll soon be safe at home,
All sitting in Bustanoby's and blowing off the foam.
The Germans fought a dirty war and raised a lot of Hell,
But when they got the Yankee's goat then they were S. O. L.

—Lieut. C. B. Welling.

SOME DAY, BROADWAY

(Tune original)

Some day, Broadway,
When all of my troubles are through,
I'm coming back, gun baggage and pack,
To find repose in you.

Your lights so bright
A haven of rest they will be.
Though far 'cross the foam,
I'm coming home,
Some day, Broadway.
—Corporal Hagan, Battery F, in *Oh, Oh, Mademoiselle.*

CHLORINATION

(Written in billeting area when all water had to be chlorinated)
(Tune, Old Camp Meetin')

Did you ever see a captain chlorinate his water?
Oh, my my, hellelujah!
When the doctor's around he does it as he oughter,
Oh my my, hellelujah!
For the typhoid germ is hangin' round,
Szzz—szzz-szzz, whoo whoo!
In Aubepierre it can't be found
In good old 304.
Chlo-rin-ation!
Lister! Number One, Number Two, Number Three,
Para-typhoid!
Para para para para para-typhoid!
Bye and bye.

—Officers' Quartet.

I WANT TO GO HOME

(Written for the Officers' Mess in Aubepierre)

I want to go home, I want to go home!
The children and chickens get under your feet,
The cows they go roaming all over the street,
The mud is almost to your knees,
And the only bright spot is Louise.
I'm too young to drown in this hell of a town,
I want to go home!

—Capt. Huntington Lyman.

BATTERY A

Hello, hello, Battery A!
We're going back to New York town,
We came over here to fight with France,
And clean out the Argonne with our soixante quinze.
But now we're on the sailing list,
So line up your section for that last DISMISSED!
Good-by, France, we're on our way,
Hello, hello, Battery A!

—From the show, *Here and There.*

BATTERY B

Just see those Battery B boys,
Left right, left right,
Just watch them snap into it,
One two three four—
They fought right through the Vesle,
At no place did they fail,
And through the Argonne Wood
They stood
And fought like heroes.
They made the Kaiser goose step,
Eins Zwie Drei Vier,
And at the Meuse we gave them hell.
When we get home some day,
You'll hear the people say
The boys of Battery B are on parade.

—From B Battery's Minstrels.

BATTERY C

(Tune, So This Is Paris)

Battery C boys, Battery C boys—
We never had a chance to see Paree.
It was hike, hike, hike and fire a while,
Then make up your packs and hike another mile.
Battery C boys, Battery C boys—
We'll soon be going home across the sea.
Although we never had a chance to see Paree,
To have some fun and get a run in by some M. P.,
President Wilson heard our guns,[1]
That's good enough for me!
Battery C boys, Battery C boys—
Oh, the Hoboken pier is where we want to be.

—Cpl. C. Beveridge.

[1] See page 223.

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